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The Author and Wife
Jeff C Riddle. & Manda

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THE
INDIAN HISTORY OF THE MODOC WAR

AND THE CAUSES THAT LED TO IT

⁂

Davis

By JEFF C. RIDDLE

THE SON OF WINEMA

(The Heroine of the Modoc War)

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TO THE PUBLIC.

In writing this little book I want to say, I did what I thought was my duty. I have read so many different works on or about the Modoc war of 1872 and '73. The books I read were so disgusting, I must say that the authors of some of the books certainly were never in the neighborhood of the Lava Beds. They must have dreamt of the Modoc war.

I have read Capt. William T. Drannan's book, "Thirty Years on the Plains," where he wrote about the Modoc warriors. According to what he says, he captured and killed more Modoc warriors than Capt. Jack really had when he commenced fighting. Jack only had fifty-two warriors in all. I knew every one of them. It is such men as Mr. Drannan who mislead the public in regard to Indian wars. Mr. Drannan certainly was not anywhere near the Lava Beds at the time of the Modoc war of 1872 and '73, as I do not remember meeting him at that time.

In my work I aim to give both sides of the troubles of the Modoc Indians and the whites. The Indian side has never been given to the public yet. I have one drawback: I have no education, but I have tried to write as plain as I could. I use no fine language in my writing, for I lack education.

JEFF C. RIDDLE.

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[1] "This boy Char-ka, meaning in English The Handsome Boy, Jeff C. Riddle, will be heard from sometime in the future in behalf of his mother's people." This statement was taken from page 71 of the book entitled "Wi-ne-ma and Her People," by A. B. Meacham, Hartford, Conn., 1876. A prophecy that has now been fulfilled by the same Jeff C. Riddle, who has now written the only Indian history of the Modoc War.

PREFACE.

Mr. Riddle, the author of the following history of the Modoc War, has included in his text all that need be said by way of foreword and introduction. He is himself a Modoc Indian, the son of the chief figure in that struggle, and he was an eye witness of most of the events that he describes. There have been other histories of the Modoc War and of some of these the author gives his opinion—an unflattering one. Most of them were written from hearsay and naturally from the point of view of the white man. Here we have the point of view of the Indian, but it is a point of view that is consonant with accuracy and with impartiality. Mr. Riddle's story can speak for itself.

It may be said in conclusion, that it has been thought advisable to have the story practically as it came from the author's pen. Here and there a word has been changed where the meaning has seemed obscure, and an occasional date has been rectified, but with these exceptions, there has been no attempt either to correct the form or to embellish the language.

The present publication of Mr. Riddle's story may derive a certain opportuneness from the fact of its appearance on the forty-first anniversary of a racial struggle written in red upon the face of California history, and upon that of Oregon as well.

Wi-ne-ma, the Author's mother; present day.

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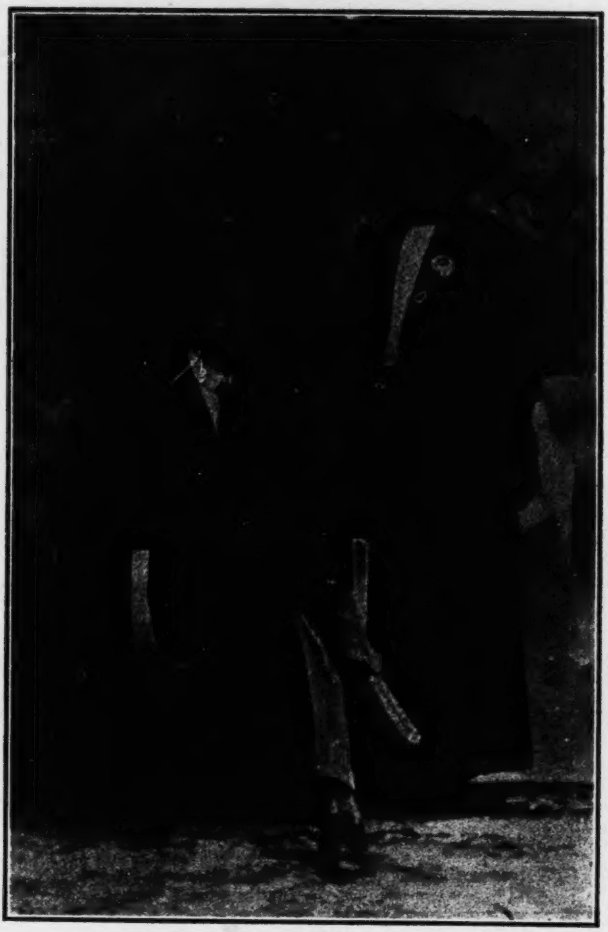

George Riddle, Minerva Riddle; the Author's eldest son and daughter.

Jim B. Riddle, the Author's second youngest son.

Bidwell Riddle, the Author's youngest son.

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CHAPTER I.

Captain Jack's father and his people at home in the Tule Lake and Lost River Country.

Captain Jack's father and his people lived quietly on the shores of a beautiful body of water which was named Wrett Lake, or Tule Lake, California, by the white people. Jack and their followers were Modoc Indians. A few Rock Indians or Combutwaush lived on the southeast shores of Tule Lake.

The Modocs[1] and Combutwaush people lived a nice, peaceable life. They hunted the deer, antelope and bear on the hills and mountains that hemmed in Tule Lake. They shot the ducks and geese with their bows and reed arrows and caught fish in Lost River. The women gathered roots, cammus and wocus for winter use. They lived in peace and harmony with all the tribes that joined them from all sides. The other tribes were the Piute Indians, east; Pit Rivers, south; Shastas, west; and the Klamath Indians on the north.

They were living thus until the white people began to travel through their country; that must have been in the year 1848 or 1849.

Even then the Modoc people lived in peace for some time. On seeing the first emigrant wagon, with the people of a different color from themselves, they all ran for the hills. They thought that God had sent Evil Spirits among them to punish them in some way. But they soon learned that the white people were human, so they became friendly toward the emigrants. Every time any of them saw a train of wagons they would meet them. They liked the white man's bread, coffee, and other eatables that the emigrants gave them. It went on thus for several years.

Along about the year 1853, the Pit River Indians waylaid and killed quite a number of emigrants, both men and women, somewhere near the place where Alturas, California, stands now. Some of the emigrants made their escape and reached Yreka, California, and gave the alarm. The miners made up a posse of sixty-five fighting men and headed for the scene. Jim Crosby was chosen captain of the men. They went through the Modoc Indian country, met several bands of the Modocs and had no trouble with them.

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[1] Tule Lake country is called Mowatoc by the Indians, so the Indians that lived in that part of the country were called Mowatocknie, meaning people from the Mowatoc country.

The company went out to the scene of the killing; buried all the murdered they could find, but did not find any Pit River Indians. Although the company rode for miles around the surrounding country, their search for the guilty tribe was in vain, so they started on their return trip to Yreka, California. The company rode all day, and along towards evening, they struck camp on the east side of Tule Lake.

Some Modoc Indians visited the white man's camp the same as usual. The white people had treated the Modocs finely The very first white people that the Modocs had got close enough to had given clothes and flour, coffee and tea, bacon and blankets to them. so they liked the emigrants, for they had been treated so nicely by them. They were really glad when there were emigrants in their country. That was the reason the parties that visited Crosby's company were not afraid.

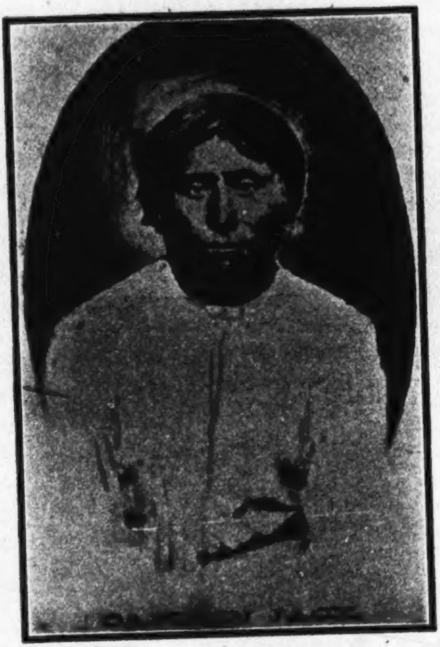
Captain Crosby gave the Indians some bread, bacon, etc. That night while Captain Crosby's men were asleep, there were about twenty Indians lying flat down on their faces, just a few paces from the lone sentinel or guard that was walking his beat. He knew the Modoc Indians were friendly, so he said to himself, "There is no hostile Indian in twenty miles of here; I guess I'll just sit down for a few minutes"; so he sat down. It was not long until he was fast asleep, so the twenty Indians wiggled towards their prey like snakes, now with their heads up and again with their faces close to the ground. The white boys were dreaming of their sweethearts or their homes. All at once their dreams were cut short. When they awoke, they heard the Indian warwhoop which was so well known by all the old frontiersmen. The most of the white boys went into the lake. Only one got a serious wound. Five or six others got hit by arrows. Capt Crosby emptied his six-shooter; he routed the Indians. The attacking Indians were the Pit Rivers. They followed Crosby and his company and attacked them in the Modoc country.

Capt. Crosby and his men left their camp early that morning. They had not gone far when they saw a few Modoc men and squaws. The Indians were preparing their morning meal. Crosby ordered his men to fire on the Indians, which they did. Only three Indians made their escape out of fourteen. That was the first Modoc blood spilt—by white man. The ones that made their escape, went from village to village and spread the news that some of their number had been killed by white men, not in war; so the Indians vacated their camps. Some took to the mountains, others got in the thick tules, so they escaped Crosby's men. Crosby traveled clear around the north side of Tule Lake up Lost River, until he came to the Natural Bridge. He did not see any Indians. The whites crossed the Natural Bridge and headed for Hot Creek, known now as Oklahoma, California.

There they met some Hot Creek Modocs. The Indians were friendly. They did not know that the white people were seeking their lives. Instead of trying to get away, they came right up with their wives and children and said, "How do!" The answer was a volley from the white man's deadly guns. Only a few made their escape. Several women and children were murdered in cold blood, as well as men.

Capt. Crosby and his men reached Yreka the next day, after he had killed the last-mentioned Indians. The men had quite a few scalps to show to their friends, but they did not say that some of the scalps they carried were off poor old, innocent squaws and little children. The citizens in Yreka gave Capt. Crosby and his men a big dinner and a dance at night, in honor of his great brave deed that he had done. If the good citizens of Yreka had known the actual facts about the killing of the Indians by Crosby and his men, they would have hooted Crosby and his men out of town.

Crosby and his men boasted that they had two pitched battles with the Indians; that they were outnumbered in both battles. They did not say that they had fired on peaceable Indian families and secured their scalps. It was such men as Crosby in the early days that caused the deaths of many good, innocent-hearted white people in the West.



Kei-in-to-poses, The Modoc Chief of Dark Color. Taken after he was captured.

CHAPTER II.

Captain Jack's father calls Council.—Indians all attend.—Combutwaush attend also.—Legugyakes ready to move against the white people.—Modoc Chief lays cause on the Pitt River Indians.—Captain Jack, a small boy at that time, says good words for the white emigrants.

This Council took place about five or six months after the Modoc Indians had been killed by Crosby's men. Captain Jack 's father in his opening speech said, in part: "My people, we was born in this country; this is our land. God put our fathers and mothers here. We have lived here in peace. Our fathers had some troubles with the Pitt River Indians and some other tribes. We always beat them. Now, my people, I see we cannot get along with the white people. They come along and kill my people for nothing. Not only my men, but they kill our wives and children. I did not give the white men any cause to commit these murders. Now, what shall I do? Shall I run every time I see white people? If I do, they will chase us from valley to mountain, and from mountain to valley, and kill us all. They will hunt us like we hunt the deer and antelope. Shall we defend our wives and our children and our country? I am not afraid to die. If I die in war against the white people, I will die for a good cause. Is there any one present that can say I am lost, or is there any one here that can say I am not saying what my heart tells me to say?"

After he said his last words he stood like one in a dream. Legugyakes[1] got up. He looked at every face before he said anything Finally he commenced by saying:

"I am a Combutwaush. I am a leader of my people. My people are only a handful. I have listened to the chosen words of the Modoc Chief. He predicts the truth: we shall all be killed in time by the white men if we run every time we see them. I am not going to run. I am going to fight. I will get some of them before they get me. I say, fight! I am going to lead my men to the first white man's camp I see. I will see what they will do when they see their women and children killed, lying around dead, food for the coyotes, bugs, ravens and buzzards. My heart bleeds to know that we have been treated bad by the white man. If any of our people had stolen their horses or killed any of their people, then they would kill some of us. I would say that they are wrong. I say, as a leader among my people, I intend to kill the first white people I see. There is no one here that can turn my mind. I am going to do what I say."

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[1] Legugyakes was the name of one of the chiefs in early days.

When he finished his speech, he still kept his position by standing. A boy got up and made his way towards the center of the group of Indians. Perhaps the boy was fourteen years old, but small for his age. After reaching the place he had selected to stand, he folded his bare arms across his breast, and stood with his head on his breast for some time. Finally he raised his head slowly, cast his eyes over the people, and said:

"Some of you men may think that I have no business to say anything in this Council. What made me get up and come forward was this: I heard what my father said about our troubles; I also heard what Legugyakes said. I want to say, that both of our leaders are wrong."

Kind reader, this boy was Captain Jack. He was a savage, a born savage, but you will see what he tried to get his father to do at that time, and you will see also, after he took his father's place as a chief, how he tried to get along with the white people. The boy said in part:

"I am a Modoc; I am not afraid to die, but that is not it. We have not killed any white people yet, so let us not kill any. I know they have killed some of our people, but we cannot blame them. The white men that killed our people was attacked by Indians, while they were sleeping. A few of them got hurt. That was done in our country. These men thought the Indians that attacked them was Modocs. None of you has told the white people that it was the Pitt River Indians who made the attack. For my part I cannot blame the white people for firing on our people. If I was a man today, I woulld not plot against white people. The next white people that comes through our country with their families won't be responsible for the act of the white men that killed our people many moons ago. Why should we kill the innocent women and children? It is wrong to take life when not in war. I see that the white people are many. If we value our lives or love our country we must not fight the white man.

"Now I want to say to you, Legugyakes, if you kill any white people, I will see that my father shall not help you. My word I will make good if I am a boy."

So Jack's father came forward and said, "My people, you have heard what my son said. You all know that he is nothing but a baby. He is afraid to fight. He is afraid of death, but he has spoken some good words. I think I see in him a wise man and a good leader of our people when he becomes a man. I cannot take the words of my baby son; I am like Leguyakes. I shall fight for my country that God gave me." So the council was called off by the chiefs.

One day an Indian was out hunting far from his village. He looked south. He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked again. He said to himself, "I thought I could not be mistaken; it is many white people coming." He got behind a little ridge and started on a run for his village. He reported to Legugyakes the Combutwaush leader, what he had seen. Legugyakes said, "Tonight, when the stars are dim, will be our time."

Meanwhile a train of wagons was making its way through the eastern part of the famous Lava Beds where the Modoc Indians made their last stand in the year 1873. The jaded oxen and tired horses of the emigrants were lugging the heavy wagons, with their high bows and white canvas tops. The train of wagons looked like a huge snake wiggling its way through that part of the Lava Beds. Some of the men were walking. The women and children were riding and happy. The men saw some Indian tracks, but thought nothing of it. The men were anxious to get over the next little raise. When the first man on horse-back rode over the raise, he waved his hat in the air, turned his horse and galloped back, met the wagons and told them that he had just seen a big lake.

The train moved forward and in a few minutes they called a halt on the east shore of Tule Lake. After they had been there a few minutes they pushed on, as the grass was not plentiful where they stopped. The train moved on until towards evening, and found a nice camp ground. This place is two miles south of the California and Oregon boundary line. The emigrants turned their horses and cattle loose to graze. They gathered dry sage-brush and built their campfire to prepare their evening meal, not knowing that the most of them never would prepare another meal. Poor, innocent travelers; they were all happy,for they knew that they would soon reach civilization again, for after they consulted their maps they knew they were on the shores of Wrett Lake, California. About one mile northeast of the emigrant camp was a small hill covered with black sage-brush and juniper trees. On that hill Legugyakes and his men were laughing and talking; joyful, for the prospects before them was an easy victory.

One runner had been sent to notify Capt. Jack's father that many white people had stopped at Wa-ga-kan-na, this being the name of the place that the emigrants had camped at. (Wa-ga-kan-na means, at the little canyon, in the Modoc language). Jack's father called his men together and told them that many white people were camped at Wa-ga-kan-na, that Legugyakes and his men were going to attack them. He was going to help kill the white people that killed his people. Capt. Jack and some other boys were out from the camp playing. He saw the people astir in camp, so he ran to his father's lodge and asked his father what was the matter. His father told him. The boy caught his father and told him not to go. He cried and begged for him not to join Legugyakes. "Let him do the dark deed, father," he says, "it's a coward's work to sneak up to any one and take his life."

"Father," he pleads, "it is bad enough to kill in battle. Do not lead your men to kill or help kill them poor people. They do not expect trouble. If you do help kill them white people, do you know, father, that you will be guilty of killing your own wife and your son and many of your own people. The white men will come here with more people than you have got, and kill us all."

The old man was headstrong; he called in his men; he told them to go with him one and all. "Do not listen to what my boy says; he is young; he cannot lead me." The boy raised to his full height, faced his father and his men, and said, "Men, do not listen to my destructive father; he seeks the lives of all of us. If you do what he wants you to do; that is, kill innocent people, we are all doomed." The wise boy touched the hearts of the braves and only a few followed their chief.

Jack's father and Legugyakes met on the little hill and there sealed the lives of the poor emigrants. After supper the white people in camp sat around their campfires and, I suppose, talked about the new country they were going to, and about their homes that they had left behind, little suspecting at that time, that there was a strong body of half-naked savages watching their campfires, and wishing it was near daylight. The white men dropped off one by one to their beds to dream about their new homes they intended to build for their families. The fires went out one by one. At last the last fire died out, which the Indians noticed with glee. The emigrants had no guard out. They all slept the sound sleep of death.

About midnight some of the emigrants' horses got scared and snorted. None of the whites took any notice of it. The Indians were just a short distance from their sleeping victims. The dawn of daylight found the Indians within striking distance. They whispered to one another to lay down when it got good and light. One or two whites were up. They had just started the fires to burning good. All at once about fifteen Indians jumped at the white men, howling like wolves.

The two men were struck down before they realized what was the matter. Nearly half of the white people were killed or wounded before they offered battle. Some of them were half asleep when they were shot with poisoned arrows. At last the emigrants rallied. They got their guns and commenced shooting. The Indians retreated, leaving their dead behind. The white man's aim was good. After the Indians retreated to a safe distance, they got together and held a council of war. They decided to send two runners, one south, and the other north for help. Sometime in the afternoon the runners got back to their comrades with many more bloodthirsty savages.

Men and women were all astir at the emigrant camp, caring for the wounded, digging trenches, etc. The Indians renewed their attack about midnight, but were put to rout by the whites. Their aim was deadly. Soon as darkness was at hand the Indians commenced on the heart-stricken emigrants again. The white man's guns did not do any damage. All their shooting was guess-work. A few of the emigrants made their escape on horse-back in the forepart of the night. After midnight the rest of them made their escape. The first ones made their way towards Yreka, California; the others went towards Ashland, Oregon.

The Indians charged the emigrant camp next morning at the break of day, but were surprised to find that their intended victims had got away. Some of them said that none had escaped; that they were all there dead. When it got good and light some of them found the tracks of their fleeing victims. None of them took up the trail; they were too eager to loot. One Indian found a little girl ten or twelve years of age. He took her and said, "I will take this girl and care for her; some day she can get among her kind of people; I will give her a chance. Now I ask a favor of all you men: Do not kill her." They all promised him that the girl would not be harmed. They divided everything among themselves; they set fire to the wagons and burnt them. They left the dead white people lay where they had fallen. They all took to the mountains: some going north, some south, and others east.

The party that went north took the white girl along. After the party had gone about three miles the Indians got into a fight among themselves. During the mix-up the white girl was killed accidentally. She was left under a big juniper tree. Two days after the massacre there was a few Indians on the big mountain that stands north of the outlet of Lost River, watching a heavy dust that was raising up like a mighty cloud. The dust settled and it began to raise heavier than ever, right close to the Natural Bridge, near where now stands the beautiful town, Merrill, Oregon.

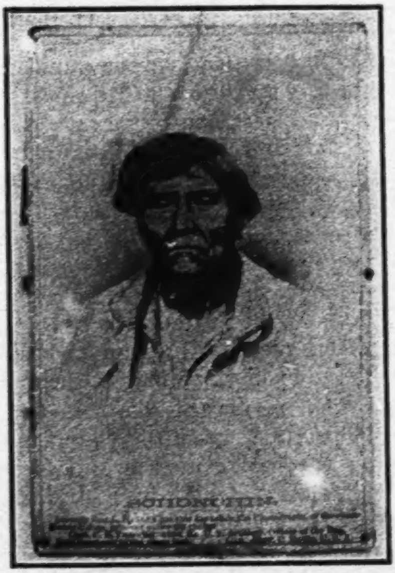
The cause of the dust was a strong body of hardy white men from Yreka, California. Some of the escaped emigrants had reached Yreka and given the news of the awful massacre. The citizens took to arms and were ready to start for the scene in less time than it would take a man to walk two miles. The writer's father, Frank Riddle, was one of the men in this company. If my memory serves me right, it was in the year of 1851. The captain of the men was from Ohio. His name was Al. Woodruff. Woodruff halted his men on the north side of Lost River, dismounted them, and they had a few crackers and some dried meat to eat. Some of them filled their pipes and began to smoke. Woodruff and Riddle were standing on some rocks about the middle of the river and were in earnest conversation for some time. Finally they both came ashore by stepping from rock to rock. Woodruff instructed his men that if they saw any Indians, not to fire on them until he ordered them to. He said, "There are some Indians around hereabouts that are peaceable. We do not want to kill anyone that does not need killing, white or black. I know that all the Indians that lives hereabouts did not take a hand in this massacre. If they did, there would not have been one white person left to tell the yarn." The men answered by saying, "You are the Doctor, Captain." Before the men mounted to go, two Indian men and their wives came right up to the white men. By signs, they let the white men know that they had been up on Klamath Lake for nearly one moon. They knew nothing of the massacre.

Woodruff moved on towards the scene of murder at a lively gait. When they reached Wa-ga-kan-na they dismounted. The scene before their eyes was heart-breaking. Every man took his hat off. The men stood with their heads down. When Woodruff spoke, the men raised their heads up, and every eye was wet. Some of the men's bodies shook with grief. They gathered the dead and laid them side by side in the trench, and covered them up, the best they could do under the circumstances. They went north perhaps a mile, and

"Moons" means month.

stayed over night. They were not disturbed during the night. The company took up the Indian trail the following morning and had not gone far when they found a little white girl dead under a juniper tree. Frank Riddle took his gray double blanket and wrapped it around the poor little girl's remains. He and some of the other boys dug a shallow hole under the tree and covered her over the best they could.

The company left the trail at this place, and started off west, reached little Klamath Lake that evening, camped over night, was on the road bright and early next morning, and met two or three bands of Hot Creek Indians. The Indians took to the rock and brush. Woodruff went on like he did not see them, and reached Yreka, California, the following day.



John Schonchin, Modoc Sub-Chief. Indian name Skonnes, meaning Stick-out-head. Photo by Heller, taken after he was captured. From the collection of Mr. John Daggett.

CHAPTER III.

Volunteers from Rogue River, Oregon, make a trip through the Modoc Country; killing done; joined by Ben Wright and his men.

The Modoc people were driven from place to place, after they left the mountains, and went back to Tule Lake. After they massacred the emigrants at Wa-ga-kan-na, they went to the mountains, and lived there for nearly two years. They were the guilty parties. The Modocs that did not take a hand in the massacre continued to live in the valleys. The chief among them was Schonchin's father.

The whites named the place where the massacre took place, Bloody Point. The massacre at Bloody Point did not stop the white emigrants from coming through the Modoc country. Every little while there would be an Indiàn killed. It went on thus for some time. No more whites were killed in the Modoc country; some emigrants being killed out in the Pitt River country right along.

About the year 1856, month of June, about thirty-five men started for Tule Lake from Rogue River, Oregon. They came out to Keno, Oregon, and turned and went down the Klamath River and on to Yreka, California. When they got to Yreka they stated they were hunting Indians. There was a man by the name of Ben Wright who told them he would like to hunt Indians. The Oregon volunteers invited Wright to join them and go along; so Wright got some men that liked to hunt Indians to go with him. When they all got together they numbered over one hundred men. They all left Yreka some time in July to hunt down the Modoc Indians. They found some Hot Creek Indians, jumped onto them and killed a few. Wright was ths chosen captain of the company. Wright traveled all through the Klamath Indian country, killing Klamath Indians wherever he could find them. He went through Goose Lake country, killed Paiute Indians wherever he got a chance. He came down Spragues River, Oregon, and killed a few Indians some place near where the Openchain ranch[1] is now. In the fall he went to Tule Lake and found some Indians. He did not attack them. He found one that could speak a little white man talk. He told that Indian that he was the Indians' friend. He or his men did not want to hurt any of them. He said he was a peace-maker. Said the Great Father had sent him to the Modoc country to make peace with the Indians. He told them that he would go away tomorrow to get some things for the Indians to eat and then they would have a big talk. Ben Wright and his men made his word good with the Indians. They all left the following day.

The Indian that had the talk with Wright spread the news among the Modocs and Rock Indians or Combutwaush that he had at last found a good friend. A white man with many men had told him he would be back in three or four days with plenty to eat for the Indians while they talked to make peace. The word went from village to village of the big feast and intended council. Three days after Wright and his men had left the Natural Bridge, forty-five men and a few squaws was camped near the Natural Bridge waiting Wright's return. They were anxious to be friends with the white people, and the prospects were good for a big feast. On the fifth day from the day Wright had left, he and his men all returned; all seemed to be very friendly with the Indians. They dismounted a short distance from the Indian camp. While Wright's men were busy pitching tents, Wright walked over to the Indian camp. He told them he would like all the Indians to move over near his camp. Said it would be much better when they would hold their council the next day, for if it kept raining they would be unable to hold an open council. We will have to get in my biggest tent; we will keep dry. The Indians agreed to his wishes. Wright located the camp site for them. He encamped them right on the bank of the river, where the river made a quick bend. Wright's camp was right back of the Indians' camp. They had the Indians hemmed in next to the river. The Natural Bridge was about half a mile southeast of this camp.

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[1] Near Bly, Oregon.

Wright gave the Indians a whole beef and flour and other foodstuffs. The Indians were very happy. That evening they pulled up sage-brush and built wind-breaks and got tules and built shelters. The Indians and whites were having a jolly good time that night, until near the midnight hour. After midnight, everything was quiet. The whole camp was in slumber. The Indians little thought that that evening would be the last they would enjoy on this earth; their talk was, they were all glad that they had found a friend. Capt. Jack's father said he was tired dodging the whites. He seen a great future for his son and their people.

Long before daylight, if any of the Indians had been on guard they could have seen Ben Wright's men all up and looking after their arms. They could have seen men making their way down the river towards the Natural Bridge, carefully picking their way through the tall sage-brush. A few minutes after these men had left their tents, about forty in number, the Indians could have seen these same men on the north bank of Lost River, opposite their own camp, fingering the triggers of their muskets, assured by their Captain Wright, that they would have a fine morning's sport.

On the south bank of Lost River, where the two camps were, the rest of Wright's men were laying low behind their own tents, anxiously awaiting the brightness of morning to come. The sky begins to fade in the east, it gets quite light. Ben Wright looks along his gun barrel; he turns slowly around to his men and says, "It is not light enough; we will wait till it is good and light. I want to get every mother's son of them Injuns. Boys, don't spare the squaws; get them all!"

The birds began to sing. Capt. Jack's father raises his head; he tells his squaw it is day. "Let's get up," he says; "it is raining. I wonder why the white people are not up?" The Indians begin to show signs of life. Capt. Jack's father was the first one up. He looked to his bow and quiver. It is still unstrung. All the rest of the Indians had unstrung their bows, because it was raining when they retired. Capt. Jack's father went towards his white friends' camp, looking for dry twigs, to start a fire. When he got even with the tents, he met Wright face to face. Wright drew his revolver and shot the Indian dead, and he yelled; told his men to be up and at them. The Indians all jumped to their feet, got their bows and offered fight, but could not do anything. The whites shot them down so fast on the south bank, they jumped in the river, thinking if they could make the opposite bank, they possibly could make their escape. When they got about half way across, the whites on the north bank opened fire on them. Only five escaped; every one of them wounded; quite a few squaws were killed. Not a man on the white side was hurt.

After the Indians had been butchered, Wright ordered the camp to hustle. It was not long till the Wright men were all traveling towards Yreka, California, with all kinds of Indian scalps dangling from their shot pouches. The second night after Wright's arrival at Yreka, the citizens gave Wright and his men a big dance. He was the lion of the day, and proclaimed the mighty Indian Hunter, Savage Civilizer, Peace-Maker, etc.

Died at Quapaw Agency, I. T. (Oklahoma), 1879.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Jack becomes Chief of his people.—John Schonchin,[1] Sub-chief, loved by his people.—No trouble with the whites.—Jack's orders obeyed.—Jack becomes a mighty trapper.

Capt. Jack, though young and inexperienced as a leader, called a council. Told his people that through him, they, his people, would never be led in a trap and killed. "Now, we will go and see about our killed relatives." The second day after the Wright massacre, Jack's men and women were at the scene of the massacre. They gathered all they could find and cremated them. They only recovered about half of the killed; the rest had sunk to the bottom of the river. Jack kept watch along the river for months and recovered a few more of the dead.

Jack and his people dodged the white people for about two years. He never offered to kill any white people. He told his men that he wanted the white man as a friend, not as an enemy. Jack goes to Yreka, California, taking some of his men with him. He finds a man in Yreka that tells him he will be his friend and help him and his people. This man was Judge of Siskiyou County, California (Judge Roseborough). He proved to be a true friend to Jack afterwards.

Jack returned to his home on Lost River,* Oregon, in a few days, and told his followers that he and his men were well treated in Yreka, and had been assured by Roseborough (Big Chief, he called him) that he would be a friend to the Modocs. He told them, "I know he meant what he said; we will live in peace from now on. I will go and see Roseborough again soon; I want to find some more men like Roseborough."

In a short time he made another trip to Yreka. He was welcomed by the whites at Yreka. He stayed in town five or six days. Jack got acquainted with several leading men of Yreka, among them John Fairchilds, E. Steele, Pres. Dorris, and others. These men told Jack to live in peace in his country and he and his people would not be bothered. Jack was a happy man when he and his men left Yreka. Jack traded a pony for a lot of steel traps and it was not long till he was a very good trapper. His people went to Yreka every few days. After Jack's second trip to Yreka, along about the year of 1859, the whites began to settle in Capt. Jack's country. Jack and his people lived near the Natural Bridge, on Lost River, on both sides of the river. They welcomed the settlers. They got along fine; the settlers gave the Indians work, making juniper posts and rails, etc. Among the first settlers were Abe Ball, Brotherington Miller, Boddys, George Nurse, Caldwell, Bibus and Overtons. The most of these people settled on the north side of the Tule Lake, from Frank Adams' horse ranch[2] around the lake east. They all had horses and cattle. The Indians never bothered the settlers, and were not bothered in return.

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[1] Spelled in Modoc as Skonches, meaning to go with head down or forward.
*2½ miles southeast of the present town of Merrill, Oregon.

Abe Ball had a cabin near where the Clint Vanbrimer ranch is now. Ball and one Indian named Skukum Horse were chums. Skukum Horse would go and stay over night with Ball any time he felt like it. Ball always was glad to have him around. One evening Skukum Horse went to Ball's, tied his pony and gave him hay the same as usual, and went to the cabin and knocked. Ball opened the door, but refused to admit the Indian. They had some hot words. Ball sent Skukum Horse away from his cabin door on a trot by the point of a gun. Ball had a visitor that evening. He did not want Skukum Horse to see who his visitor was. The visitor happened to be one of the Modoc's opposite sex. Ball and Skukum Horse met in a few days after they had the hot words. Ball wanted to explain things to his Indian friend. The Indian told him he could have told him who was with him that evening without getting so mad or threatening to shoot. One word brought on another. They had another falling out. They became hated enemies as the time rolled by. Ball and Skukum Horse never showed friendship towards one another again. The settlers kept coming into the Lost River country and made homes. The first man that settled in Langells Valley, Oregon, was a man by the name of Langell. The valley was named after him. The first man that lived in Poe Valley, Oregon, his name was Poe. Likewise the valley was named after him. Going back to Abe Ball, he lived on Lost River for a long time after he had trouble with his friend, Skukum Horse.

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[2] This ranch is near the town of Merrill, Oregon.

The country was getting pretty well settled up. Ball and his friend had another falling out in the year 1868. Ball wrote to Capt. Knapp, the agent at Klamath agency, stating that the Modocs were getting unruly; that they were killing the settlers' cattle and demanding flour and other provisions from the settlers. He was afraid that the Indians were preparing for war. He stated that the settlers were at the mercy of the savages. It was not long after Knapp got his first letter from Ball, he got another one from him stating that the Indians were giving war dances; stating that the bucks were getting bold, and there must be something done. He stated the settlers must be protected. Capt. Knapp then wrote to the Indian office in Washington, D. C., explaining Abe Ball's communications, whereupon Knapp got orders from the Indian office to investigate.

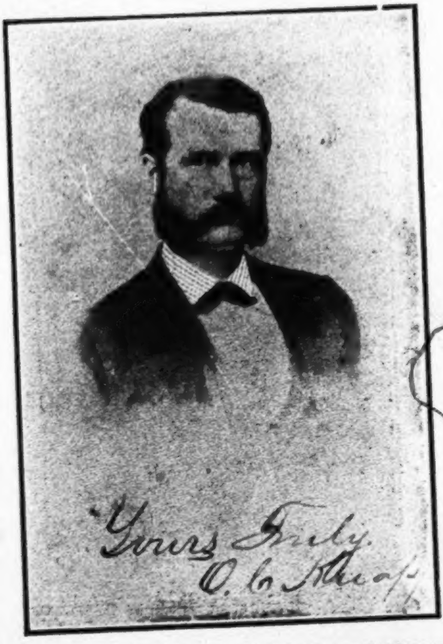
Col. A. B. Meacham, at that time of Salem, Oregon, was appointed Peace Commissioner by the government to go to the Modoc chief, Capt. Jack, and John Schonchin, sub-chief, and hold a peace conference with them. Col. A. B. Meacham, I. D. Applegate, John Meacham, George Nurse and Gus Horn and a company of soldier cavalrymen were ordered to go in November, 1869. The writer's father and mother, Frank and Tobey Riddle, were the interpreters. The writer, who was a small boy at that time, was present at the peace council. The peace council was well attended by the Modocs. They all agreed to go to Klamath Agency, Oregon, immediately, providing that Peace Commissioner Meacham would promise to protect them from the Klamath Indians. Meacham told them that they would be fully protected by Capt. Knapp, then agent for the Klamath Indians. Jack and Schonchin agreed to be ready to start with their people the next day for their new home on the Klamath reservation.

The next morning Capt. Jack was ready with all his people for the journey. It took eight big government wagons with mule teams to haul the Modoc women and their clothing, etc., up on the reservation. The point is known as Modoc Point today, named on account of the Modocs being settled there in November, 1869.

Jack in a few days had all his people well settled. About the month of December he called on the Indian agent, Knapp, at the agency. He told the agent that he wanted chopping axes, cross-cut saws, wedges and maul rings. He said he wanted to put his men to work making rails, etc. Agent Knapp furnished Jack with what he asked for. Jack went home to the Modoc settlement happy. In a few days the Modoc men were working like beavers. They made nine hundred pine rails in a very short time. It commenced to snow. Jack told his men to quit for the winter, as it was bad weather; but as soon as the weather would get good in the spring, they would commence making rails again. It only snowed a day or so and quit. The snow soon melted off. Jack concluded to commence work again. The Modocs went out one morning to work. Only split a few rails. Along came five or six Klamath Indians with their wagons and teams, and loading their wagons with the rails that Jack's men had made, drove out of sight in the timber. Jack and his men did not stop work. Jack told his men that the Klamath Indians wanted to pick a fuss with him, but we shall not quarrel with them or fight them. If they come and load more rails in their wagons, I shall ask them who gave them authority to haul away our rails. While he was talking thus to his men, the Klamath teams again came in sight. The wagons stopped at the rails again. The work of loading rails commenced by the Klamath Indians. Jack walked slowly over to where the Klamaths were busy. He asked one of the men who had told them to take away the rails. The Klamath Indian struck himself on the breast and said, "I did." The other Klamath Indians ran up to Capt. Jack, got all around him and took turn about and told him that was their country and all the timber belonged to them. One old Klamath man said to Capt. Jack: "I am a Klamath Indian. This is my land. You have got no business to cut my trees down. This is not your country or land. The grass, water, fish, fowl, deer and everything else belong to me. I will take all the rails or posts you and your men make. My agent will protect me and all my people. You, Capt. Jack, cannot help yourself. Tule Lake is your home. Go there and live, and do what you please." At this juncture Jack replied, "I am a Modoc; I am not afraid of you, but I will not quarrel with you or your people. I think the agent will protect me and my people." As he said his last words, he turned his back on the angry Klamaths, and walked back to where his own men were still at work. He called his men together and told them what the Klamaths said to him. "Now," he said, "we shall quit for the present. I do not want any of you to quarrel with these Klamaths. I will take you, Bogus Charley,

Bogus Charley, Modoc warrior. The reason he was called Bogus is, he was always telling jokes on the people. He died on the train while en route to see his sister, at Walla Walla, Wash., 1881.

and go this very day and see the agent. I think he will protect us." They all went back to their camps. Jack and Bogus Charley started immediately for the agency, a distance of about eight miles. On their arrival at the agent's, they were met by a crowd of Klamath Indians. The Klamaths taunted them; told them they were all cowards. Jack and Bogus Charley worked their way through the crowd and got into the agent's office. Mr. Knapp was in. He asked Jack what he could do for him. Jack told him about making the rails, about the Klamaths hauling them away, and what the Klamaths had told him. He told the agent he did not want any trouble with the Klamaths. "I have come to you for protection," said Jack.



Capt. O. C. Knapp, U. S. Agent at the Klamath Reservation, served in the Union Army during the Civil War and was promoted twice for gallantry and meritorious services at the battle of Mission Ridge, Tennessee, and during the Atlanta campaign. Honorably discharged at his own request, returned to his home at Bellefontaine, Ohio, where he died April 16, 1877.
By the kindness of the Rev. E. M. Knapp.

Mr. Knapp said to Jack, "Perhaps, if you move your people up Williamson River a few miles, the Klamaths will not bother you. Let your rails go, Jack, and move your people right away. If these Klamath Indians bother you after you get to work upon the river, I will attend to the fellows, but by all means, Jack, don't fight any of them. Leave everything with me. Jack thanked him. Jack and Bogus Charley got back to their settlement in the evening. Jack called a council that night. He explained everything to his sub-chief, John Schonchin, and his people. The two chiefs decided to move in a few days, which they did. The Modocs settled north five miles up the river from their first settlement at Modoc Point. They did not do any work of any kind the rest of the winter. The Klamath Indians visited with the Modocs frequently They got along tolerably well. In March, 1870, the Modoc Indians and nearly all the Klamaths went fishing on Lost River, ten miles east of Linkville, now called Klamath Falls, Oregon. The Klamaths and Modocs all went back to their homes on the reservation in April. Jack and his men commenced making rails again, near their new homes in May. Had only made three hundred when the Klamath Indians commenced to haul them off. Jack stopped his men. He told them that he and Bogus Charley would go and consult their agent. They went and saw the agent. Jack told the agent what the Klamath people were doing. The agent replied: "You black son of a b——; d——m your heart; if you come and bother me any more with your complaints, I will put you where no one will ever bother you again. Now, get out of here and be d——m quick about it, too." Jack stood with his arms folded across his breast. He said, "Bogus Charley, tell this man that I am not a dog. Tell him that I am a man, if I am an Indian. Tell him that I and my men shall not be slaves for a race of people that is not any better than my people. If the agent does not protect me and my people I shall not live there. If the government refuses to protect my people, who shall I look to for protection?" Bogus and Capt. Jack went back to their settlement with sad hearts. Jack called a council that afternoon, and said to his followers: "I have been to see our agent. He threatened to kill me. He sent me out of his house. He will not protect us. He must be afraid of these Klamath people. I do not want my men to be slaves for these Indians, and they shall not be. My people are just as good as these Indians here. I am not afraid of them, but I shall not fight them. I am going back to my own country. If I stay here I will be killed. I know it, for I cannot stand for what the Klamath Indians do and say. I just as well die in my own country." Next day in the forenoon, Capt. Jack and his entire band of Indians was back on the banks of Lost River on their old camping grounds. Some of the Modocs visited their friends, the settlers, and told the settlers that they could not get along with the agent and Klamaths. One man by the name of Whitney, said he was glad to see them back. "There is plenty of room for all of us here. I know we can get along fine."

Jack's people all went in different directions in the month of June, 1870, to gather roots. The men all happy, some of them went to work for the settlers. They did not have any trouble with any of their white neighbors. Abe Ball, Skukum Horse's friend, had left while the Modocs were on the reservation. Jack's people went to Yreka quite often. The white people did not harm any of Jack's people; neither did the Indians bother the whites. The Modocs led and lived happy lives until September, 1872. Some of the white men told Scar-Face Charley that the soldiers would be after them soon.

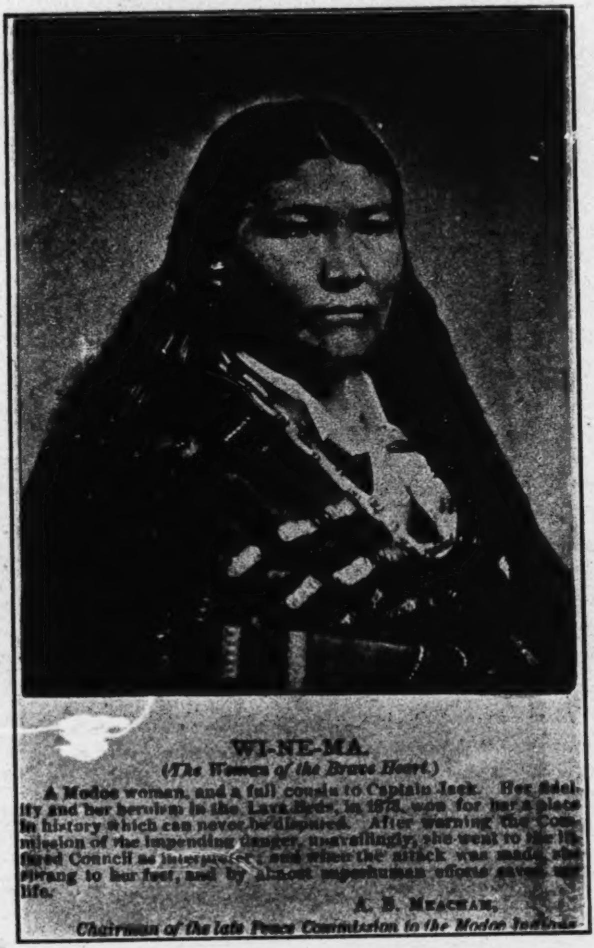
John Fairchild rode one day into Capt. Jack's camp on Lost River. That was in October, 1872. The people gathered around Fairchild, all glad to see him. Fairchild was one of the best friends the Modocs had. Whenever he told them anything, they believed him. Fairchild told them that day that he was pretty sure the troops would be after them next month. He told them not to offer battle, but to go with the soldiers to the Klamath agency. He told them the soldiers were like them black birds, pointing to a flock of black birds. Scar-Face Charley told Fairchild that if the soldiers did not open fire on them they would not fight. Fairchild bid the Indians farewell and left for his ranch in Hot Creek, California.

CHAPTER V.

Captain Jack and John Schonchin hold Council with their people after talk with John Fairchild.—Jack tells the men not to offer fight if the soldiers come—"Depend on me, my people, I will do the right thing—we will not be hurt." —The shooting between Scar-Face Charley and Major Boutelle.

November 28th, 1872, the agent at Klamath agency sits in his office reading a telegram from the Secretary of War at Washington, D. C. The message read like this: "Major Jackson, Fort Klamath, Oregon: Go to Lost River and move Capt. Jack and band of Modoc Indians onto the Klamath Indian reservation, Oregon; peaceable if you can, but forcible if you must."

Tobey Riddle rode towards Lost River from Yreka, California. She pats her bay mare on the neck, saying, "This has been a hard trip for you today. I will soon get there, Snippy, but we cannot stay long at Capt. Jack's camp. We must go on tonight towards Yainax." Tonight the noble animal strains its every nerve. She goes away in a fast trot, then at a gallop, then off like the wind. At last she reaches the top of the small ridge. She stops her faithful mare, looks long at the white specks of canvas at Jack's camp, and says to herself, "I guess my people are safe yet!" In a few minutes Tobey is among her people. They gathered around her. She tells in these words, "I am glad to see all of you. I left my home this morning about fifty-eight miles. I cannot stay overnight here. I must go on to my father and brother." Jack replies, "Cousin, you look tired and anxious; what is the matter? Your folks are just over the hill at Nuh-sult-gar-ka. Your brother, Charley, is better. Did you hear of him being sick?" Tobey shook her head. She was crying. After she overcame her grief, she said, "The soldiers will be here tomorrow. I rode hard in order to reach you people. What I want to tell you is this: "Do not resist the soldiers. Do not offer fight; if you listen to the officers, you people will not



WI-NE-MA.

(The Woman of the Brave Heart.)

A Modoc woman, and a full cousin to Captain Jack. Her fidelity and her heroism in the Lava Beds, in 1873, won for her a place in history which can never be disputed. After warning the Commission of the impending danger, unavailingly, she went to the ill-fated Council as interpreter; and when the attack was made, she sprang to her feet, and by almost superhuman efforts saved my life.

A. B. MEACHAM,
Chairman of the late Peace Commission to the Modoc Indians.

This photo was taken in Washington, D. C., 1873.
From the Smithsonian collection.

get hurt. Go back to the agency. You all know John Schonchin's brother and my brother, Charley. All their people are living at Yainax[1], and no one bothers them. They are Modocs. Go to Yainax, where the other Modocs are. You will be safe if you take my advice, but if you fight the soldiers, all of you will be killed. You cannot whip the white people. There is too many of them. You people could never kill all the soldiers the government could send here." Capt. Jack: "I do not want to fight, and I do not expect to fight without the soldiers force me to fight; if I am forced to take up arms against the soldiers, I will die game."

While Jack was still talking, Tobey Riddle mounted her trusty animal. She reined her animal around and said, "Farewell, my people, we may never meet in this world again, but if you people just take my advice, you will all die natural deaths, one by one, near your native country." She tapped her trusty animal on the neck. The mare started in a gallop on the trail headed for Nuh-sult-gar-ka, where now stands the town of Bonanza, Oregon. Tobey arrived at her destination long after sun down, told her folks that the soldiers would be after the Modocs, over on Lost River tomorrow. Some of the Indians packed up that same night and made their way towards Yainax, Oregon. The ride Tobey Riddle made was on the 17th day of November, 1872. The distance this woman rode on that short November day was about seventy-five miles.

As soon as Tobey left Capt. Jack's village on Lost River, Oregon, near the Natural Bridge, Scar-Face Charley, Shaknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, Steamboat Frank, Hooker Jim, Skukum Horse, Curley Headed Jack and others got their ponies and started around the north side of Tule Lake to see the settlers. They told the white settlers; namely, Boddys, Brotheringtons, Overtons, Miller, Bibus, Browns and all the others that the soldiers would be at their village the following day. If the soldiers did not treat them right, they were going to fight. "We came here to see you men. All we ask of you men is to stay at your homes. Take no hand against us. We promise that not one of you will be hurt. Just stay at your homes. Let the soldiers lick us." The settlers all promised to stay at their homes. The Indians went back to their villages, well satisfied with their mission. After sundown a company of soldiers, cavalrymen, commanded by Major Jackson, was dismounting near a ford on Lost River, four miles from the Indian village up the river. The ford is now called Stukel Ford. The commander told his brave soldiers: "We will wait here till near the morning hour; then we will go down and pay the reds a visit." Eight or nine miles southeast of the company of soldiers, fifteen or twenty settlers had collected together in one of the settler's homes, and were talking about the war. They were preparing for war against the Modocs.

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[1] Meaning in Modoc, At the Hill. Sub-agency at the east end of the Klamath Reservation, Oregon.

Left to right: Shaknasty Jim, Modoc warrior; Indian name
Ski-et-tete-ko, meaning left-handed person. Hooker Jim, Mo-
doc warrior; Indian name Ha-kar Jim, meaning Let-me-see.
Steamboat Frank, Modoc warrior; Indian name Slat-us-locks,
meaning sitting down clumsily. Judge Fairchild of Yreka, Cal.

Kind reader, these men are the same men that had promised Scar-Face Charley and his men that same evening, that in case the Modocs got into a fight with the troops, they would stay home and do as the Indians had requested them to do. Capt. Jack and John Schonchin stayed up till a late hour that night, trying to reach some conclusion for the following day. They decided one and all to not offer battle, unless the soldiers forced them to fight. All of the Indians went to their lodges and were soon sleeping, not thinking in the least that they would be routed by daylight. There was not one of them but what thought the soldiers would come to their villages in day time. They soon afterwards found out that was not the case.

Steamboat Frank, a Modoc warrior. Indian name Slat-us-locks, meaning sitting down clumsily. Died in Oakland, Maine, 1885, while studying for the ministry under the auspices of the Society of Friends.

Long before the dawn of day on the morning of November 29, 1872, the soldiers were on their way down Lost River, headed for the Modoc village on the south bank of Lost River. The captain called a halt about one mile from the village, told the boys it was too dark to good shooting yet. "We will go on when it gets lighter," he says. If one could have penetrated the darkness, he could have seen fifteen or twenty men, less than a mile from Curley Headed Doctor's lodge, and four or five other lodges on the north bank of Lost River, straight across from Jack's lodge. This body of men are the settlers. These men were very anxious to secure a few Modoc scalps at the risk of their own lives.

The Indian dogs had been barking nearly all night. The old squaws had been very uneasy on account of the barking of the dogs. One or two of the old women did not go to sleep all night. Just at daybreak, one old woman went out and started up the river. She was on the south side. She had not gone but a short distance when she discovered the soldiers advancing. She turned, got back in the village and gave the alarm. Every Indian was up and dressing in no time to speak of. One of the braves jumped in a canoe and paddled across the river and told the Indians on the north side that the soldiers were right at their village. One of the Indians on the north side of the river went out to see about his pony he had picketed. He run onto the settlers. The men told the Indian they had come there to watch the battle, if any should take place. The Indian let on as if he believed what they was telling him. At the same time he told the writer, afterwards at Yainax, he was expecting every moment to be struck down. The Indian's name was Little Tail, now deceased.

The soldiers rode right up to Capt. Jack's lodge and stopped.. Then they advanced a few steps on foot and halted. By that time the braves were all around through the village. Major Jackson demanded Capt. Jack. Scar-Face Charley told the major he would go and get him. Jack appeared in a few minutes. A few of his men were with him. Every Indian had his gun with him. Jackson told Capt. Jack that the Great Father had sent him to go and get him, Jack and all his people and put them on the Klamath reservation. Jack replied, saying, "I will go; I will take all my people with me, but I do not place any confidence in anything you white people tell me. You see you come here to my camp when it is dark. You scare me and all my people when you do that. I won't run from you. Come up to me like men, when you want to see or talk with me." The major assured Jack he did not want any trouble. He says: "Jack, get all your men up here in front of my men." Jack called his men together. They did it, eyeing the soldiers closely. Some of the old men were saying, "Maybe this man wants to repeat what Ben Wright did to us Modocs years ago." When all the Modocs got in front of Jackson and his soldiers, Jackson says to Capt. Jack: "Now, Jack, lay down your gun here," pointing to a bunch of sage-brush. Jack hesitated. At last Jack says: "What for?" Jackson told him, "You are the chief. You lay your gun down, all your men does the same. You do that, we will not have any trouble." "Why do you want to disarm me and my men for? I never have fought white people yet, and I do not want to. Some of my old men are scared of what you ask me to do." Jackson said: "It is good, Jack, that you do not want to fight whites. If you believe what you say, Jack, and you will give up your gun, I won't let anyone hurt you." Jack looked at his own men and ordered them to lay down their guns. Every Indian stepped up smiling, and laid down his trusty muzzle-loading rifle. Scar-Face Charley laid his gun down on top of the pile of guns the Indians had stacked, but he kept his old revolver strapped on. Jackson ordered him to take his pistol off and hand it over. Scar-Face said: "You got my gun. This pistol all lite. Me no shoot him you." Jackson ordered his lieutenant, Boutelle, to disarm Scar-Face, whereupon Lieutenant Boutelle stepped forward and said: "Here, Injun, give that pistol here, d——m you, quick." Scar-Face Charley laughed and said: "Me no dog. Me man. Me no fraid you. You talk to me I just like dog. Me no dog. Talk me good. I listen you." Boutelle drew his revolver, saying, "You son — — b——, I will show you now to talk back to me." Scar-Face said, "Me no dog. You no shoot me. Me keep pistol. You no get him, my pistol." Boutelle leveled his revolver at Scar-Face's breast. Scar-Face drew his pistol. At the same instant, both pistols made but one report. The Indian's bullet went through Boutelle's coat sleeve. Scar-Face jumped and got his gun. Every Indian then followed suit. The soldiers opened fire on the Indians.

Not more than thirty feet from them, the Indians piled on one another, trying to get their guns. After the Indians got their guns they gave battle. The soldiers retreated after a few minutes of firing, leaving one dead and seven severely wounded on the field. The Modocs lost one warrior killed and about half a dozen wounded. The Modoc warrior killed was known as Watchman; his Indian name was Wish-in-push.*

When the Indians saw that their comrades on the south bank was into it, they jumped in their dugouts to go across and assist in the fight. When they were about in the middle of the river, the settlers on the north bank fired on them. George Faiuke fired the first shot, saying: "Up at them, boys!" The Indians returned the fire from their dugouts. They turned around and paddled back to the north side. By the time the Indians got on the bank the settlers were way back in the thick, tall sage-brush, shooting all the time with but little effect, only killing one old squaw on the north side, killed one little baby, shot out of its mother's arms while she was running to get in the thick tules. One man had his arm broken. His name was Duffey.[1] On the white side three men were killed. On the south side one able-bodied warrior was killed; one girl about fifteen years old killed; two small

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*"Major Jackson finally rode over to me and said, 'Mr. Boutelle, what do
you think of the situation?' 'There is going to be a fight,' I replied, 'and the
sooner you open it the better, before there are any more complete prepara-
tions.' He then ordered me to take some men and arrest Scarface Charley
and his followers. I had taken the situation in pretty thoroughly in my mind
and knew that an attempt to arrest meant the killing of more men than
could be spared, if any of the survivors were to escape. I was standing in
front of the troop. I called out to the men, 'Shoot over those Indians,' and
raised my pistol and fired at Scarface Charley. Great minds appear to have
thought alike. At the same instant, Charley raised his rifle and fired at me.
We both missed, his shot passing through my clothing over my elbow. It
cut two holes through my blouse, one long slit in a cardigan jacket, and
missed my inner shirts. My pistol bullet passed through a red handkerchief
Charley had tied around his head, so he afterwards told me. There was
some discussion after the close of the war, as to who fired the first shot. I
use a pistol in my left hand. The track of Scarface Charley's bullet showed
my arm was bent in the act of firing, when he fired. We talked the matter
over, but neither could tell which fired first. The fight at once became gen-
eral. Shots came from everywhere, from the mouth of the tepees, from the
sage brush on our left, from the river bank and from the bunch of braves
in which Scarface Charley was at work. As soon as I had time to see that
I had missed, I suppose I fired another shot at Charley, at which he dropped
and crawled off in the brush. Just then an Indian dropped on his knees
in the opening of a tepee a few yards from our right front, and let slip an
arrow at me. This I dodged and the subsequent proceedings interested him
no more."
(This is Major F. A. Boutelle's version of the affair with Scarface Char-
ley, as written by him for Cyrus Townsend Brady's book entitled, "Northwest
Fights and Fighters," from pages 266 and 267.)
Major Boutelle now resides in Seattle. Major Jackson resides in Portland.

[1] Duffey was the father of Watson Duffey, who resides near the author's
place. He died at the Yainax, Oregon, on the 19th day of December, 1897.

children killed; one old woman, helpless, very old, burned up; Skukum Horse shot below the right nipple, making a bad wound.

After the Indians repulsed the soldiers, the women took to their dugouts, many going along the river through the tules, towards the lake on foot. Some of them hid right close to their camp so they could leave under cover of darkness the following night. The warriors got together, some on both sides of the river. The older men started right for the Lava Beds, and quite a few of the women and children in their dugouts or canoes. The Indians on the north bank of Lost River collected together and decided to kill the settlers. The settlers had all gone home. About ten o'clock a. m. Hooker Jim led the Indians on to the settlers' homes. By sundown Hooker Jim and his men had killed eighteen settlers, but they never touched a white woman or a child. Bogus Charley told Mrs. Boddy that she need not be afraid of him. He said this just as Mrs. Boddy used to tell it. "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Boddy, we won't hurt you. We're not soldiers. We men never fight white women; never fight white girl, or baby. Will kill you women's men, you bet. Soldier kill our women, gal, baby, too. We no do that. All I want is something to eat. You give, I go. Maybe I see white man; I like kill him. No like kill white woman." She said she gave him flour, sugar, and coffee. He thanked her and went on his mission of killing.

Kind reader, would these settlers have been killed if they had stayed at their homes as they were requested to do by the Indians? No, sir. The settlers would never have been bothered, not a bit more than their wives were. The Modocs never harmed one child or woman since Capt. Jack became a chief. Major Jackson's soldiers shot down women and children in Jack's village. Mind, kind reader, these men that shot the squaws and children were white men, government soldiers, supposed to be civilized. Jack, a born savage, would not allow his men to do such a coward's work, as he called it.

When the soldiers saw that the Indians had all left their village along in the afternoon, they went back to see after their dead. The soldier boys found a very old squaw. She was so old she could not walk, was blind, could not see. The soldiers took tule matts and heaped them up on the old squaw till they got a big pile heaped on her, say like a load of straw. One of the boys lit a match and set the pile of tule matts on fire that they had heaped on that poor old helpless blind squaw and burned her up alive. After the matts burned up, the body of the old squaw was laying drawn up burned to a crisp. One of the officers saw her. He said: "Boys, kick some sand over that old thing. It looks too bad!" Mind you, gentle reader, this happened right under the eyes of the officers of this United States government that was in command that twenty-ninth day of November, 1872.

One-Eyed Mose, a Modoc warrior. Indian name Mose Ki-esk. Husband of One-Eyed Dixie. Died near Bly, Oregon, 1910. Cousin to Capt. Jack. Photo by Mr. Heller, 1873. From the Collection of Mr. John Daggett.

I can write many and many such doings on the white's side. It was not the Indians altogether that did the dark deeds that happened in early days in the West. The people at large never got the Indian side of any of the Indian wars with the white people of the United States, although some tribes did some awful bad deeds. On the other hand, the white people did the same. The Modoc Indians never killed white women or children after Capt. Jack became chief of the Modocs. Jack would never allow such doings.

ONE-EYED DIXIE.

One-Eyed Dixie, a Modoc squaw and survivor, now residing at the Snake Camp, near the Yainax, Klamath Reservation, Oregon. Photo by Mr. Heller, 1873. From the Collection of Mr. John Daggett.

CHAPTER VI.

Captain Jack and his people all arrive safe in the Lava Beds.—Captain Jack occupies the largest cave, known nowadays as Captain Jack's Stronghold.—Indians all live in different caves.—They make preparations for war.

After the Modocs all got well settled in the Lava Beds they took life easy for about two weeks, keeping two men on guard night and day. They did not intend to be caught napping. They was expecting troops all the time. About midday, January 15, 1873, one of the Modoc guards saw a large body of horsemen about two miles west of their camp on a ridge. He reported to his chief. The chief ordered his men to prepare for battle. The enemy disappeared. The men that appeared on the ridge, was a company that was out on a scouting expedition, sent out by General Gillem, from John Fairchild's ranch near Hot Creek, California.

General Gillem had his headquarters at Fairchild's ranch. He had about two hundred soldiers under his command at that time. The scouting party returned to Gillem's headquarters late in the evening of the 15th and reported to the general that they had located the Indian camp. The general ordered a company of cavalrymen on the morning of the 16th to advance on the Indians and rout them out of the Lava Beds, and chase them if they could get them started. Spare none. The troops started for the field of action, early morning of the 16th. They arrived at the foot of the hill on the southwest of the Tule Lake edge of the Lava Beds in the afternoon. The troops camped there for the night about one mile and a half from the stronghold. Before sundown a company of Oregon volunteers and some twenty or thirty Klamath Indians arrived, also made their camp alongside of the soldiers. The soldiers and volunteers put their guards out, two hundred yards from the camp.

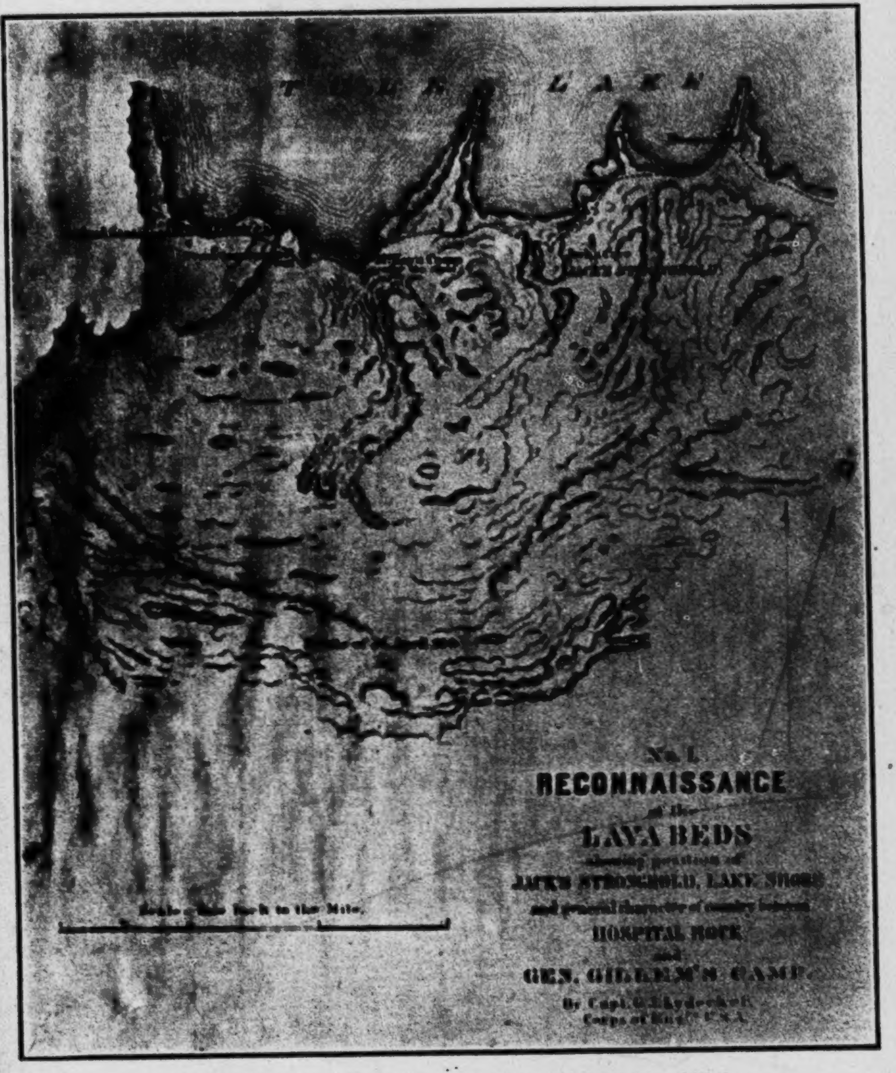
The men after supper sat around their campfires, all discussing the events of tomorrow, how they were going to whip the Indians. One volunteer says to his comrade: "Say, Jim,

The Fairchild Ranch on Cottonwood Creek, near Dorris, Siskiyou County, California. Founded by the late Judge J. A. Fairchild. This is where some of the Modoc Warriors surrendered.

By the kindness of the present owner, Mr. J. P. Churchill of Yreka, Cal.

how are you going to eat your Modoc sirloin for dinner tomorrow, raw or cooked? I am going to eat mine raw. I don't want to take the time to cook it. I want to clean 'em all up before I stop, the red devils." Jim replied: "Bill, gol darn it, I don't like the idea of facing these red devils. I wish I had stayed at home. I believe, Bill, these reds are going to be hell; gol darn it, I do. I heard these Modocs was gol darn good shots; darn it, I don't want 'em to shoot at me." "Say, Jim, play sick in the morning. You won't have to go out to face 'em at all; you are afraid of them Injuns; Jim, I'll go, and I will bring some Modoc steak in for you tomorrow evening." "Bill, gol darn it, don't talk about them Injuns. They are bad medicine; gol darn it, they be." Some of the volunteers were going to capture nice looking Indian maids and make them cook the company's meals.

One of the volunteer's beats was right on the shore of the lake. He was on the lookout for the Indians pretty close for a short time. He got sleepy and did not pay much attention to his duty. The moon came up. The volunteer noticed the moon and stopped and rubbed his eyes. He yawned and was just in the act of starting again on his beat. All at once he saw his own shadow in the lake. He levelled his gun at his shadow and fired, and at the same time he yelled like ten Modoc warriors. The camp was in commotion. They thought the whole Modoc nation was right in amongst them. Some of the volunteers broke for the hill like escaped horses. Some of them tucked their blankets close over their heads and imagined themselves safe from the Modoc bullets. They soon found out that the guard had been dreaming. The guard told them that he had seen the Injun swimming right up to him with his gun in his teeth. "I shot the devil. He sunk right where I shot him." Some of the boys next morning went down to where the guard had killed the Injun, but found the water only ten inches deep. They concluded that the guard did not kill any Indians. The boys teased the Indian-killer so much about him shooting at his own shadow, he pulled his coat off and said: "He could lick any mother's son in the company."



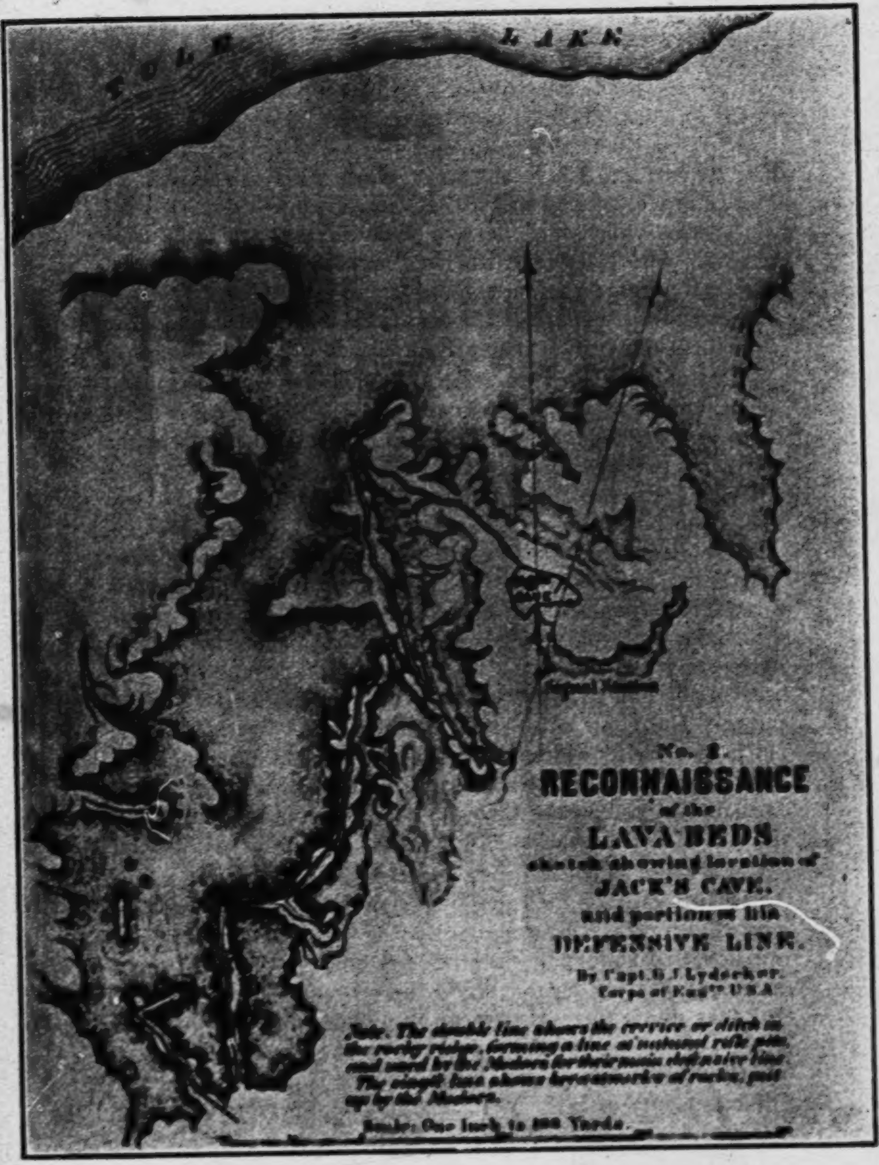
Showing the place where the Peace Commissioners were killed.

Bill, the sirloin-eater, did not show up till after breakfast, looking like he had been sick for four months.

The morning was clear and bright. Not a cloud in sight. The soldiers and Oregon volunteers advanced on the Modoc stronghold very slow and cautious. Not an Indian was in sight. Finally the troops reached a place where they found plenty of fresh tracks. The soldiers halted to take observations. The volunteers led by their captain, Nat Beswick, passed by the troops. Some of the volunteers were saying: "I know them black devils would run when they learned that we volunteers would get after them. We want Injuns. Show us your Injuns, and we will show you some dead ones." The volunteers had not gone more than fifty yards after passing the soldiers when a shot rang out in front of the advancing volunteers. That shot was the beginning of a hard day's battle.

After the first shot, everyone stood still, although Nat Beswick was rolling around in front of his men cursing the Indians with everything he could think of. Finally Beswick shouted to his men thus: "D——m your souls; get me out of here. Can't you see I am shot; my thigh is broke." Two of his men jumped and raised him up. Just then the Indians opened a heavy fire on the volunteers and soldiers. The soldiers and volunteers were fired on so suddenly, when they were not expecting it. It was all confusion with them for quite a lapse of time. At last they rallied, and beginning firing, it was not long till the battlefield was enveloped in smoke. Then to help the matter, a big bank of fog came from the south and settled over the two opposing contestants, and lay over the battlefield all that 17th day of January, 1873.

The Indians being at home in the Lava Beds, knew the natural fortifications. They had the advantage over their enemy. The volunteers and soldiers fired volley after volley into the rocks and fog, but never an Indian could they see. They fired at the sound of the Modoc shots. The fog lifted up high in the afternoon just for a minute or two. The troops and volunteers greeted it with loud cheers. The bugle called charge. Every man went forward with his gun grasped tight, eager to sight a Modoc. The Indians kept up a heavy fire on-



No. 3.

RECONNAISSANCE
of the
LAVA BEDS
sketch showing location of
JACK'S CAVE,
and portions of his
DEFENSIVE LINE.

By Capt. G. J. Lydecker.
Corps of Eng'rs U.S.A.

Note. The double line shows the crevice or ditch in the rocky ridge, forming a line of natural rifle pits, and used by the Modocs for their main defensive line. The single line shows breastworks of rocks, put up by the Modocs.

Scale: One Inch to 100 Yards.

the charging forces. Men were falling all the time, while they charged. They were exposed all this time to the deadly fire of the Modocs. The fog now banked over the opposing parties more dense than ever. No man's eye could penetrate more than twenty yards. The Modoc chief with Ellen's man, a Modoc brave, decided to get the warriors together and charge the enemy, which they did with good results, as the enemy retreated with bad order, leaving their dead and wounded behind. It was getting late. The troops and volunteers withdrew to their camp, taking some of their wounded and dead with them that had fallen early in the day.

Just before sunset the bank of fog worked its way north like some live monster and settled over the north part of Tule Lake. The Modoc warriors seeing that their enemy was retreating, went out in the battlefield, eager to find something. They found two Klamath Indians hid in a little cave. They took them both prisoners. In their search they found a few dead soldiers and also four or five dead volunteers. They found nine carbines and six belts pretty well filled with carbine cartridges. Some of the braves went to the grounds where the troops and volunteers had retreated in bad order. They were overjoyed when they saw all kinds of guns that had been in the hands of the brave Oregon volunteers or sirloin-eaters. The guns were composed of Spencer sporting rifles, old patent Henry rifles, Remington rifles, and Ballard rifles. They also found the next morning ammunition scattered all over the ground where the volunteers had made their hasty run for life. The soldier boys carried their guns with them.

The chief called his men together at the war-dance fire the night following the battle. Not one of his men was missing. ,Every brave answered to his name. They gave a big war dance that night in sight of their enemy. Some of them made speeches, saying they knew the white people were many, that they did not expect to whip the white men. One of the men said—it was Shaknasty Jim—"I can stand off twenty of them volunteers now, because I have got me a nice Henry rifle and plenty of cartridges. I also have plenty of volunteer hats."

The soldiers and just a few of the volunteers went out to the battlefield the morning of the 18th, recovered their dead, and returned to camp. The Indians did not offer battle. The boys recovered their dead without being molested. A little while after the dead were brought to camp the soldiers got orders to move on to the Indians and renew their attack. The volunteers could not go, as they did not have guns enough to go around. Before the boys got ready to go, a messenger arrived from Fairchild's, stating that Gillem wanted the company to report to him that day, so they gave the dead a hasty temporary burial and started for their headquarters, cursing the Indians, vowing vengeance to the Modoc tribe. The volunteers vacated their camp immediately upon the departure of the soldiers, headed for Linkville, now known as Klamath Falls, Oregon. The most of the boys were gunless and hatless. The Klamath Indians accompanied the volunteers. Two of their number were missing.

The Modoc Indians in the Lava Beds noted the departure of the soldiers and volunteers and Klamath scouts with delight. They amused themselves by making the two captured Klamath prisoners, cutting all kinds of monkey-shines, war dances, and so forth. One of the Klamath prisoner's name was Psin-ta-tum-weis, translated in English, "Night Traveler." The other the writer forgets the name.

Dr. J. O. Skinner, late surgeon in the U. S. Army during the Modoc War, now residing in Washington, D. C., writes that "Lieut. Sherwood, 21st Infantry, who was killed the same day that Gen. Canby was killed, but on the other side of Tule Lake (Col. Mason's camp), and where he happened to be at the time. Sherwood was officer of the day and went out alone to see what the Modocs wanted. They were waving a white flag but when he got near enough to them to hear them they requested him to leave his sword and pistol where he was, and come out and talk to them. This he did, to show them he was honest in his intentions. But this magnanimity on his part cost him his life, since they opened fire on him with fatal effect as soon he he was close enough. It was the basest sort of treachery on the part of the Modocs. I got Sherwood off the field after he was mortally wounded. He died shortly afterward."

CHAPTER VII.

Colonel A. B. Meacham again reappointed Peace Commissioner—Rev. Thomas and General E. R. S. Canby being the other two witn Frank Riddle and wife Tobey, or Wi-ne-ma, Riddle, as government interpreters.—They open up Peace Councils with Captain Jack, John Schonchin and their warriors.

Judge Steele and Judge Roseborough[1] of Yreka arrived at Fairchild's ranch some time in February, 1873, about the middle of the month,[2] as near as the writer can remember. On the 28th day of February, Judge Steele, Judge Roseborough and John Fairchild, accompanied by Riddle and Winema, the interpreters, visited the Modocs in the Lava Beds. The above-mentioned parties did not fear the Modocs, as they all were the best friends the Modocs had. When the party of peace-makers dismounted at Capt. Jack's stronghold, the Indians greeted them sullenly. Jack demanded the nature of their visit. Winema replied first by saying: "Our object is to have a good talk with you people, which will be explained to you tonight. We intend to stay all night with you people." Scar-Face Charley said: "Yes, you folks might stay here longer than you want to. Winema, you know we have been fighting the white people; we have not quit yet." Winema interrupted by saying, "Charley, we know all what you say, but listen, these men here," pointing to the whites, "are your friends, and I am a Modoc. That is the reason we come here among you. We know you will not harm us. We are here to help you people, not to destroy you." Charley said, "All right, we will see." At this juncture Capt. Jack ordered two braves to care for the travelers' horses, also offered food. The peace-makers partook of some of the dried meat that was offered. Soon afterward Jack entered his cave or stronghold followed by the peace-makers and most of the braves, all bearing their guns.

[1] Judge A. M. Roseborough, born about 1815 in Tennessee, came to Siskiyou county, California, in 1853. Was a member of the firm of Steele, Roseborough and Berry, until he succeeded Westbrook as County Judge in 1856, and continued in that office until elected District Judge, which office he held until the adoption of the new State Constitution, when he removed to Shasta county and then to Oakland, California, where he resided until he died, on November 8, 1900.

[2] February 23, 1873.

Judge Roseborough opened up the council with these words: "Capt. Jack, I have come here as your friend. We have been friends for many years. I am your friend in time of peace and I am your friend in time of war just the same. Steele and Fairchild are the same; Riddle and his wife are your friends. You all know that we are not afraid of you people. Just a short time ago you was fighting the soldiers and volunteers right here. We know that. Then next we come right among you people. We did not bring any guns or pistols with us. We do not need them. We trust you people because you are our friends. If you want to kill us, we cannot help it. You could do it easy, but I know you people will not even think of killing us. We place all of our confidence in you all."

Judge A. M. Roseborough. Died on November 8th, 1900, aged about 85 years. Buried at the Catholic Cemetery, Oakland, California. From the Collection of Mr. John Daggett.

Jack's reply: "Judge, your confidence shall not be in vain. You people shall not be harmed. I will not take life when not necessary. I know life is sweet, but I shall kill in self-defense every time if I can. I cannot help it. I know that I and all my people are doomed. I cannot hold out long in these rocks against the soldiers with the few men I have. I know that you, Judge, are a forerunner of some great men that intend to make some kind of offer to me which I am unable to tell at this time, but I will say I cannot promise anything, whatsoever the offer may be." Winema had told him what their mission was before the council took place.

Fairchild told the Indians that Frank Riddle and Winema would explain to them just what the Great Father in Washington wanted to do for the Modocs. Steele and Roseborough also said: "Our interpreters will tell you everything, Jack. Riddle is a good man, Jack; he will not tell you anything that will lead you and your people into trouble." Riddle said: "Jack, I am glad to be here among you people tonight. I am sorry you are in trouble, but trouble is known the world over. There is thousands of people that is living quite peaceable and happy lives that have been in war. The way they did this they had big councils. The leading men like you talked over their war and made peace. They quit fighting. You can do the same. It does not matter if you did kill white people, if you will listen to the men the government sent here to make peace with you. You will all be safe and will be treated right. The men that the government sent to talk with you people are at Fairchild's ranch now. They were afraid to come this time to see you, so they sent us. We knew you would not hurt us. We are here with you. These men at Fairchild's are your friends. Their names are General Canby, one preacher, Rev. Dr. Thomas, and Col. Meacham, the same man that talked to you on Lost River just before you went to the reservation. Now, Jack, I want you to make peace. The soldiers won't hurt any of you if you talk peace."

Winema then tolk Jack that if he would talk peace and make peace with the Commissioners, they would make arrangements for them, so they would live happy in the future.

Jack said, "All right, go back and tell them great men that I am willing to hear them in council and see what they have got to offer me and my people. Tell them to come and see me any time, or send for me. I will go and see them if they will protect me from my enemies while I am holding these peace councils. Tell them that I am willing to hear anything they have to offer, if it is reasonable."

Roseborough congratulated Capt. Jack on his decision and soon afterwards took their departure for Fairchild's ranch, early in the morning. Immediately after their arrival all five called on Col. Meacham and the other Commissioners, told them that the chief was ready at any time to proceed with the peace councils. The Commissioners greeted the news with joy.

Frank Riddle and his wife, Winema, took a message, March 9th, to Capt. Jack, telling Jack that the Commissioners wanted to see him in person at their camp at Fairchild's the folowing day. The chief asked Riddle if he thought they wanted to get him away from his people to make him prisoner or kill him. Riddle assured Jack not to be afraid to go. He would not be harmed in any way. The chief said, "All right, Frank, I believe you. I know you to be a good, honest man. I will go with you and Winema tomorrow." Frank and Winema sit up nearly all night with Jack and others telling them not to fight any more. Jack promised them he would not fight, if he was not forced, but "If I am forced to fight I will fight as long as I am able to stand up. I am not afraid of the men that want to talk with me, them soldiers I mean. I think they want to lead me into a trap like Ben Wright did with my people when I was a boy." He was told that the present Commissioners would not do that, that they would not have any soldiers with them at the councils. Riddle told him that when he talked with Meacham the next day he could make all arrangements about the intended council, what they was to do and where to hold the councils. Jack was satisfied with the explanation.

Next morning Jack was ready for his journey with Bogus Charley, Boston Charley, Hooker Jim and Dave Rock. Riddle and wife arrived with the above-mentioned Indians at headquarters, Fairchild's ranch, in the afternoon. After the party had refreshments they all went to Col. Meacham's tent and commenced proceedings of their first peace council. General Canby taking the leading part on the white man's side, assisted by Col. Meacham and the Rev. Dr. Thomas, Capt. Jack being spokesman on the Indian side; Winema and Riddle acting as interpreters.

Tobey and Frank Riddle's cave in the Lava Beds. This cave was used by them and the author before the killing of the Peace Commissioners; after that they removed to Gen. Gillem's camp. Rocks in the foreground, part of chimney used for cooking purposes.

The writer was present at the above-mentioned council. The agreement and compact reached on that day, the 10th of March, 1873, was:

"General Canby and my men," pointing to Meacham and Thomas, "do make a compact to you, Capt. Jack, that we on our side will not commit any act of war on our side as long as these peace councils are going, if you do not commit any act of war on your side as long as we hold these peace councils."

Jack replied: "I agree to the compact." Jack further said after the compact was made, "General Canby, I want to tell you that my word is good and as solid as a big rock. I will live up to my compact with you men. You will find that out yourself, but if you live up to your part of tthe compact, I will be surprised, for it will be the first time any white man will stand up to their word with us Modoc Indians. I do really hope from the bottom of my heart, General, you will keep your promise within reach of your memory from now on." The general laughed and told Jack what he said he meant. "You shall see, my brave, that you are entering an agreement with a man." Whereupon Jack held his hand out to Canby, saying: "General, two men has met. I profess to be a man if I am nothing but an Indian."

Jack and his men took their leave soon after the council the same evening, escorted a few miles by troops. Canby concluded to move his camp to Vanbrimer's ranch, five miles nearer to Capt. Jack's stronghold. Gillem moved his whole army also. The move took place March 15th. A company of cavalrymen went out the same day to take observation near the Modoc stronghold. The company pulled in to the Vanbrimer ranch in the evening with twenty-three head of Modoc ponies. On the 16th, being the next day, Princess Mary, Capt. Jack's sister, Bogus Charley and two other Modoc women came to the Vanbrimer ranch, and asked for their ponies. Canby told them to go home. "When peace is made you shall get your horses," he said. Princess Mary begged the general to let her take at least her brother's horse. General Canby told her his word was law. Bogus Charley and women went back to the stronghold without the stolen ponies. The chief told them it was all right. Maybe we will get them back some time.

On the 21st the soldiers were well settled at the foot of the hill, one mile and a half from the Modoc stronghold. The army at that time numbered about five hundred. Troops had been arriving all the time. Col. Mason, with his troops of about four hundred, was stationed on the peninsula north of the stronghold across the lake. Gillem's army and Mason's army numbered nearly one thousand fighting men.

On the 23rd Winema and the writer took a message to Jack, stating that on the following day the Commissioners wished to have a council half way between the stronghold and military camp in a tent. Jack and his men told the messenger that he knew that the soldiers intended to kill him and all his people. If they did not why was they moving on him for with so many men? But he said, "I am a true Modoc. I am not afraid to die. I am not afraid of them brass buttons. Tell the Commissioners I will meet them in council tomorrow." So on the following day they met in council. Quite a few Indians were visiting the soldiers while the council was in progress. Nothing was reached in the first day's council. Jack and Chief John Schonchin wanted the government to give them a piece of land near the Fairchild ranch. Canby, Meacham and Thomas could not agree to the wish of the Indians. The council ended without any agreement. Day after the council a large body of Indians visited the soldiers' camp, also the two stores run by Pat McManus of Yreka and Wallbridge of the same place.

On the morning of the 27th Bogus Charley and Hooker Jim came to Gillem's camp, saw Canby and Meacham, told them that Capt. Jack wanted to hold council with them that day. The Commissioners agreed. Hooker Jim went back immediately. Jack and a few of his men were at the council tent when the Commissioners and interpreters arrived. Canby told them he was glad to meet them, that he hoped they would be able to reach an agreement that day. Capt. Jack said: "General, we can make peace quick if you will meet me even half way. It takes two or more to agree on anything. You see, General, you want to lay the plan and want me to agree with you, which I cannot do. If you will only agree to half of what I and my people want, why, we can get along fine."

"Capt. Jack, I want you to understand that you are not to dictate to me. I am to make peace with you, nothing else."

Jack: "Well, General, I hardly think you ought to dictate to me. I think you ought to be aware of the fact that I am not your prisoner or slave, today, anyway. All I ask of you is to give me a reservation near Hot Creek, California, or near the Fairchild's ranch."

Canby: "Jack, you know I cannot do that."

Jack: "Then give me these Lava Beds for my home. No white man will ever want to make homes here."

Meacham: "Jack, the general or any of us can't promise you any place until we make peace."

Jack: "If that is the way you explain it to me, how will we make peace? I will not agree on anything you men may offer until you agree to give me a home in my native country."

Thomas: "Capt. Jack, you never could get along with the white people in this country because there has been blood spilt here by your people."

Schonchin: "I thought that we was not to mention anything that happened in the past. We are only to talk of peace."

Thomas: "What I just said and what took place in the first fight will never be forgotten."

Jack: "Why, if that is the case, we never will make peace or we never would be safe in any country."

Canby: "Listen to me, you Indians have got to come under the white man's laws. The white man's law is strong and straight."

Jack: "All I want is your promise that you will give us a home in this country."

Meacham: "We cannot make you that promise. You never could get along."

Canby: "I tell you, Jack, get all your people together and come out under a flag of truce. A white flag means peace. No one will hurt you under the white flag."

Jack: "Look here, Canby, when I was a boy a man named Ben Wright called forty-five of my people under the flag of truce. How many do you think got away with their lives?" Holding up his hand, says five. Holding his hand in the same position he closed his thumb and two fingers. Eyeing the general closely, he says "Two of them are there, pointing over his shoulder, in the Lava Beds, alive today. You ask me to come out under a flag of truce. I will not do it. I cannot do it."

Canby: "That was wrong."

Jack: "Your white people at Yreka did not say it was wrong. They gave him a big dinner and dance at night, called him the hero."

Meacham: "Jack, we are different men; we are not like Wright; we want to help you people so you can live in peace."

Jack: "If you want to help us give me and my people a home here in our own country; we will harm no one."

Canby: "Capt. Jack, we have told you and John Schonchin that we are unable to give or even promise you a home in this country, so do not say or ask anything that is not in our power to grant."

Capt. Jack: "My true man, do you remember the compact we made at Fairchild's ranch, not so very many days ago, through the same interpreters that's here now with us? Canby, you told me that any terms you reached with me in council the Great Father in Washington would do. Now you tell me that you have no power to do for me what I ask."

Thomas: "Brother Jack, let me talk next. God sent me here to make peace with you, brother. We are going to do it, I know it, God says so. All we got to do is to trust God. Everything will come around right. God sees and hears everything."

Jack: "Brother Thomas, I may trust God, but what good will that do me. I am sorry to say I cannot trust these men that wear blue cloth and brass buttons."

Canby (a little angry): "Jack, what have these blue cloths and brass buttons done to you, tell me?"

Jack: "They shot our women and little babies for us."

Canby: "Did not your men kill settlers and them innocent?"

Jack: "The men killed were not innocent. They were the first to fire on my people on the north banks of Lost River."

Tobey: "Mr. Canby, do not get mad; you cannot make peace this way. You too, Jack, be a man, hold your temper."

Canby: "Thank you, Tobey; tell Jack we will now proceed right."

Schonchin: "Canby, if you are a man, which I hope you are to be, do not talk about the past. If I wanted to, I could tell you of things that has happend lately that is not good."

Canby: "Schonchin, tell me about some of the things that you have reference to."

Schonchin: "I do not want to, Canby, for the simple reason you cannot tell of anything that we did that will compare with what your people had done in your native land in the past."

Capt. Jack: "General , if we are to see which one of us are the best talker, we will now commence. You say we are not to have a home in our country because we killed some settlers."

Canby: "Yes. You see, Jack, the settlers would never treat you right, but if you will give up your men that murdered the settlers we might make arrangements so you could live in this country."

Jack: "General, will you give up your men to me that shot our women and children?"

Canby (laughing): "Why, Jack, you have no law. Only one law can live at a time."

Capt. Jack: "I will tell you what I will do. Canby, if I give up my men that killed the settlers, let them be tried with you law, will you give up your men that shot our women and children and let them be tried by your law?"

Canby: "No; our men that killed your squaws and children did it in war."

"Jack: "So did my men when the settlers were killed; it was in time of war."

Meacham: "It is getting late. I think we had better quit for the day. Maybe in our next council we will be able to come to terms."

Schonchin: "I have my doubts. If you Peace Commissioners have not got the power to do anything for us Muckluxs[1] (Indians), I cannot see what good you can do towards making peace, but we will see next council. We will reach terms sure. I do not like to see so many soldiers. They are not here for any good purpose. I know it. I feel it. I see it."

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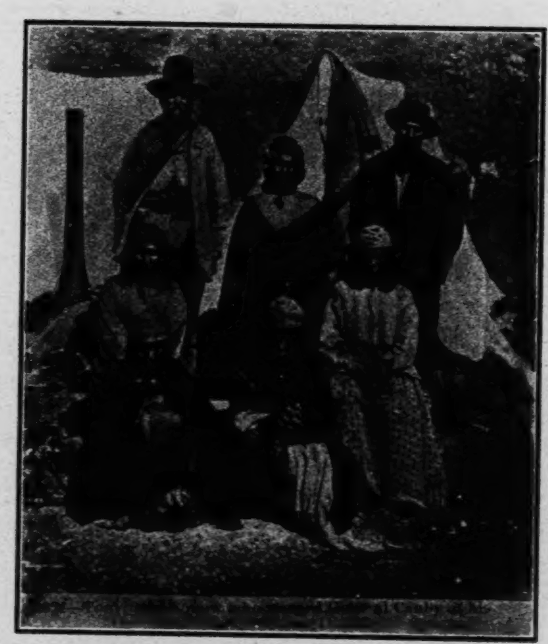
[1] Muckluxs, meaning Modoc people or Indians.

Thomas: "Brother Schonchin, don't get scared. The soldiers will not hurt you; don't be afraid."

Schonchin: "Oh no, I ain't scared or afraid. Do not let that worry you, Thomas."

Canby: "When you are ready for our next council let us know."

They all parted after a good handshake all around; some of the Indians going with the Commissioners to their quarters or camps.



Capt. O. C. Applegate. In front of him the first is Long Jim's (a Modoc warrior) wife, Indian name Lac-el-es; the second is Me-hu-no-lush, (she is blind). Wi-ne-ma Tobey Riddle is in the rear; in front of her is Sau-kaa-dush. Frank Riddle at the right; in front of him is Martha Mainstake, sister of Betsy Pokumkus, The Wild Girl, Indian name Lauw-Lauw-Waush. These four Modoc squaws were prisoners in charge of Captain O. C. Applegate. This photo was taken by Muybridge at Riddle's camp, 1873.

CHAPTER VIII.

The two Chiefs hold Council with their warriors all night, after the last Council with the Commissioners.—Jack taunted by some of his men, branded as a coward or a squaw.—Canby's life sealed, also Meacham's and Thomas'; Dyar and Riddle not to be spared.

After their council, March 27th, with the Commissioners, the Indians held a war council. John Schonchin, leading man, was assisted by Black Jim. Schonchin told his men he knew peace was out of the question, as the Commissioners would not agree on anything that he, Schonchin, suggested. He jumped up and shouted his speech thus: "My people, I am old. I have been trapped and fooled by the white people many times. I do not intend to be fooled again. You all see the aim of these so-called Peace Commissioners; they are just leading us (*Muckluxs*) Indians on to make time to get more soldiers here. When they think there is enough men here, they will jump on us and kill the last soul of us. I know it. Now I want to hear some one of you to give your opinion on what I said, or what shall we do." Black Jim, when Schonchin concluded, mounted a big rock. Every eye was on him. Jim said: "Schonchin, you see things right. I for one am not going to be decoyed and shot like a dog by the soldiers. I am going to kill my man before they get me. I make a motion that we kill them peace-makers the next time we meet them in council. We just as well die in a few days from now, as to die a few weeks from now. All that is in favor of my proposition, step up to me. John Schonchin, Boston Charley, Dave Rock, Shaknasty Jim, Little Steve, Ellen's man, Bogus Charley, Curley Headed Doctor, Steamboat Frank, Boncho and four or five others came forward and declared themselves ready to kill the Commissioners. The other Indians never moved. After the Black Jim men made their war speeches, one man that was sitting pretty well back from the sage-brush fire got up and came forward. His name was Weuim.[2] He said: "I am a Modoc. I'm one of you. I object to the way you decide. You are wrong. Schonchin is not head chief. Capt. Jack is our head chief. I have not seen him tonight. We shall not, must not, reach any agreement or plot against any one or parties when he is absent. Let us hear Capt. Jack's idea or opinion on what you men have decided to do." Black Jim said: "All right, Weuim, I will go and fetch him here."

Jack and Jim were among the rest of the Indians. In a few minutes, Weuim stepped forward and addressed Jack in the following words: "You have been holding peace councils with the peace-makers. You are our head man. Now, I want you to tell these people here tonight what you think of the councils, or, in other words, what is your intentions. Tell us. You ought to know by this time. Do not be hasty. Weigh your words, Jack, for you know I for one depend on you and will stand by your judgment." Capt. Jack searched every

William Faithfull. Indian name Weium. Died Nov., 1911, at the Klamath Reservation, Oregon.

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[2] William Faithfull the Modoc warrior, who warned Wi-ne-ma that the Peace Commissioners were to be murdered.

face the best he could by the dim firelight. He knew something was wrong among his men. He did not know that Schonchin, his sub-chief, had been talking war. Finally he said: "Weuim, I just do not know how to commence, but will say I have a hard fight ahead of me in the coming councils, to save my men that killed the settlers, or to win my point to secure a piece of land in this country for our future home, but I am going to do it without any trouble. All I have to do is to hold the councils and stick to my point. I shall win, at least, I think I will. All I ask you people to do is to behave yourselves and wait. I do not want to do anything rash, that will not do. We may go to Yainax, Oregon, where our other Modoc people are. They live in peace, why can't we?"

Schonchin said, "Yes, I have a brother at Yainax. I know he enjoys life there with his people, but he nor any of his Yainax people killed whites, but we have. We never could get along there, even with our own blood, let alone the whites." "Oh yes, we could Schonchin. I will work it so no whites will bother us. They will protect us in time. The way I intend to do is this, with them peace-makers. I will hold out for a reservation at Hot Creek or right here in the Lava Beds, as I have been doing. When they see I insist on either one of these places, they will offer us Yainax. Then I accept with the understanding I take all my people, none to be tried for murder. My people, depend on me, I will pull you all through right."

Black Jim jumped on a big rock and said: "Jack, you will never save your people. You can't do it. Are you blind, my chief? Can't you see soldiers arriving every two or three days? Don't you know the last soldiers that came brought big guns with them that shoots bullets as big as your head? Then you say you are going to win your point. Never! The Commissioners intend to make peace with you by blowing your head off with one of them big guns. You mind what I tell you, Jack, the only way we can get an even start with them peace-makers is to kill them next council; then all we can do is to fight until we die. If I had my way them peace shammers would have been killed long ago, before so many soldiers got here. They are going to force us to leave our country or fight, and I am going to fight, and soon, too. I will not be trapped like our fathers were." Jack never said a word. Others followed Black Jim in pretty much the same kind of talk. Jack said: "My men, your talk looks reasonable, but does not my talk look reasonable and safer for all of us?" Ten or twelve men rushed up to Jack, saying: "Your talk is not good. Let us take the advice of Black Jim. We are doomed. Let us fight so we die sooner. We have to die, anyway."

Jack turned from his crazed mob and said: "I cannot agree with you tonight." Black Jim caught Jack, saying: "You are head chief. Promise us that you will kill Canby next time you meet him." Schonchin already said he would kill Meacham. Jack says: "I cannot do it and I will not do it." Hooker Jim stepped up to Jack and said: "You will kill Canby or be killed yourself. You are not safe any place. You will kill or be killed by your own men." Jack says: "This is not fair, my men. Why do you want to force me to do a coward's act?" "It is not a coward's act we ask of you to do. It will be brave to kill Canby in the presence of all these soldiers. You show them you dare to do anything when time comes." "But my men, I will not promise just now." One of the men said, "You will," as he placed a squaw's hat on his head, and another one threw a shawl over his shoulders. They tripped him and threw him down on his back and taunted him by saying, "You coward, you squaw. You are not a Modoc. We disown you. Lay there, you woman, you fish-hearted woman. Jack jumped to his feet, threw the woman's hat off his head. He shook the shawl from his shoulders and said: "I will do it; I will kill Canby, although I know it will cost me my life and all the lives of my people, but I will do it; still, I know it is a coward's work, but I will do it. He pushed the men out of his path and went to his cave. He said nothing when he entered his cave. Schonchin and his few followers danced the war dance till the break of day. After their breakfast, they indulged in sham battles and war songs and more dancing.

Jack refused to see any of his men for two days after he had been forced to give them the promise to kill Canby. All of that time he was trying to study out a plan to withdraw his promise. He sent for Weuim on the third day, told Weuim that he was sorry of what he said to Black Jim. "I do not want to kill General Canby *Muna-huh Lockaa* (translated, he is a big chief). Weuim, tell me, what can I do? I cannot collect my thoughts. Come to my rescue, save me and my people." Weuim's reply: "*Lockaa Gewo* (translated, my chief, call a council). We will all attend. I will see that all the men will hear what you have to say. Let the council be tomorrow, daytime, so you can look us all in the eyes when you talk." "*Eh Shep kager mish nuh nenh-huh maust nah ke wopker* (translated), "Yes, I thank you," said Jack. "That is what we will do." Weuim went from cave to cave, told the people that their chief wanted to see every one of his braves in council tomorrow. His object, to prepare for the future. The braves all agreed to be present. Weuim went and told Jack that every one agreed to be at hand when the council opened.

Every warrior was up bright and early next morning. All got ready at an early hour for the council. The sun was very warm that morning. It had been storming for three or four days. Jack proposed to have the council out in the sunshine. After all the warriors had seated themselves on rocks and brush, Jack walked in front of his warriors. He folded his arms across his breast; he dropped his head, and stood still for several minutes. He raised his head, looked every man in the eyes with a steady gaze. Some of them dropped their eyes to the ground. They could not eye him. He scratched his head for some moments longer. At last he said: "My people, I feel degraded. I feel as though I was lost and among strange people. I feel like a man that had been kicked out and away from his friends and his kin. I am almost ashamed to commence my talk, for my heart tells me I had just as well talk to the clouds and wind. What I am going to tell, you would have listened to with willing ears a few years ago, but now it will all be in vain, but nevertheless I will say what I want to say to you all. In the first place, I want to say that life is sweet; love is strong; man fights to save his life; man also kills to win his heart's desire; that is love. But let us see, man must be on the right side before he does the killing, then he shall be justified in what he did in the eyes of the white man's laws. Also that is our law; you all know it. My people, let us love life, let us not walk into the jaws of death. Death is mighty bad. Death will come to us soon enough. One by one we will be called away from our loved ones by the Great Father. We can look back on our lives. We remember our loved ones that were taken away from us. Can we do it without feeling sad? No, we cannot. It is the nature of mankind to mourn the dead. I say again, let us not cause the soldiers to repeat what they did for us in our fight with them on Lost River. They killed our women and children.

Captain Jack

If any of us are to fall with a soldier's bullet, let them commence. My men, if the soldiers commence on us, we can fight better, stronger and braver. You know why, because we will be fighting in self-defense, for I have the promise of the peace-makers that there shall not anyone be hurt as long as the peace councils are going. I promised them as a man that there would be no act of war committed on our side as long as we held the peace councils. My people, let me show the world that Capt. Jack is a man of his word. My braves, you made me promise you something a few nights ago that I am sorry of. Do not hold me to it. I ask you this for the

Capt. Jack's family: Lizzie, the young wife; Mary, his sister; old wife and daughter.

Photo by Mr. Heller, taken after they were captured. From the collection of Mr. John Daggett.

love I have for you all. If you hold me to what I said in passion, we are doomed. Hooker Jim, you know that as well as I do."

Hooker Jim: "Chief, we hold you to the promise. You have to kill Canby. Your talk is good, but, my brave chief, it is too late to put up such talk now. Why didn't you talk like that when we were at Klamath agency? Now it is late for that kind of talk. You know it yourself." Jack said: "All you that are in favor of me to murder Canby raise to your feet." All stood up but about a dozen. Jack says once more. "Shall I kill that noble man, General Canby?" "Yes, yes," from many mouths. Jack says: "All right. I see you do not love life nor anything else. I'll do it, but not tomorrow. I will say this again, my people, if Canby refuses to give us a home in our country, I will ask him many times. If he won't agree to do what I want, then, only then, I will commit the bad act. But if he comes to my terms I shall not kill him. Do you men hear?" They all said, "Yes." "Will that do?" "Yes."

Gen. Frank Wheaton, U. S. A. Died June 18, 1903, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER IX.

Last Council, April 11, 1873.—Canby and Dr. Thomas killed.—Colonel Meacham saved by Tobey Riddle, althoough badly wounded.—L. S. Dyar and Frank Riddle make their escape.—Tobey Riddle struck down by Boncho, a Rock Indian.

April 9th the Commissioners sent Tobey Riddle to Capt. Jack's stronghold with a message stating they wished to hold council with Jack and five of his men, unarmed. The writer went along with his mother, Tobey Riddle, that day. Tobey, a few minutes after her arrival at Jack's cave or stronghold, delivered the message or told them the wishes of the Commissioners. Jack agreed to the meeting. He said: "I will meet them tomorrow right after dinner time. I shall do as the peace-makers wanted me to do. Just five men will be with me, unarmed."

Tobey, after having an understanding with the chief about the time they should look for the Indians at the peace tent, visited the different caves until late in the evening. When Tobey and the writer had gone about half a mile on the trail, Weuim stepped from behind a big rock in front of Tobey's horse. He held his hand up. He walked up to Tobey's horse, laid his hand on the horse's mane, and said in a low voice: "Cousin Tobey, tell them peace-makers not to meet these Indians in council any more. They will be killed." Just then another old Indian stepped up with his gun across the hollow of his left arm. He said: "Weuim, what are you telling Tobey?" Weuim said: "I just told cousin here in case we did go to war I want her to care for my little girl that is over to Yainax." The old Indian said: "Oh! that's all right, if that is all you said." Tobey looked Weuim in the eye and said: "All right, Cousin Weuim, I will do as you say. I understand." Weuim nodded his head, said "Good-bye till we meet again." Tobey reined her horse into the winding trail once more, taking the trail for Gillem's camp. Just before she reached camp she said to the writer: "My boy, in case I and your father get killed, stay with Mr. Fairchilds, he will care for you till my brother comes after you, but if I can prevent it the Peace Commissioners shall not meet Capt. Jack and his men in council any more." All the time that she was talking to her boy she was crying, as her heart was broke. "My boy, you heard the words that Weuim said. I believe him. I know he tells the truth. Now it stays with me and you to save the Commissioners, and if it is in my power to do it I will, God knows. We must save them." A few minutes after we got to our own camp, Frank Riddle, the writer's father, knew what the Indians intended to do in the next council. Tobey was so anxious about the intended massacre, she could not eat her supper. "Let us go and warn the Commissioners," she says, "for I know what Weuim told me this evening is true; Weuim never tells lies. I know him to be a truthful man." When she said the last words she started for Col. Meacham's tent, followed by Riddle and boy. Col. Meacham received the interpreters with an extended hand and a manly smile on his pure and honorable face, saying to the

Gen. E. R. S. Canby.

writer in a playful way: "Well, Jeff, I hope you and your mother brought Capt. Jack to terms today." Jeff replied by saying: "Mr. Meacham, I and mother learned on our way to camp the intention of the Indians." Tobey says: "Jeff, tell Meacham what we were told by Weuim." I told Mr. Meacham just what Weuim said and also of the other old Indian. Meacham looked Tobey straight in the face and said: "Is it the fact?" He was assured it was.

Frank Riddle spoke for the first time, saying: "Mr. Meacham, I have known you for many years, that is the reason we took you into our confidence. My wife's life is in danger. I know you will keep what you have been told by my boy and wife as a secret. Of course, General Canby, Thomas, and Mr. Dyar will have to promise me before we tell them that they will not betray my wife and boy." Meacham said, "Mr. Riddle, your confidence is not misplaced when you trust me. I will have the parties you refer to here in a few minutes," which he did.

After Mr. Canby, Thomas, Dyar and Mr. Fairchilds seated themselves, Tobey says: "My friends, I have something to tell you men tonight that concerns all of you, but I must ask you before I tell you not to tell any of the Modocs where you was told, what I am going to tell you men, and by whom. My life and man's life and little boy's life will be in great danger. Now, gentlemen, do you all promise what I tell you to keep it a secret?" Meacham was the first man to say, "Tobey, anything you tell me that's for our good I will keep it to myself, depend on me." Canby was next to speak. "Mrs. Riddle, as a man, I promise you not to say a single word to any Modoc of what you are to tell us." Thomas was next. He got on his knees, clasped his hands, and said: "Sister Tobey, I am a minister of the Gospel. I have my God to meet, and in the name of God I will not divulge any secret that you many tell me." Dyar next. "Tobey, you know me; trust me as I trust you and your husband." Fairchilds: "Tobey, I know how to keep a friend's secret. I shall not and will not expose you folks to any danger, for I feel that you learned something very bad and dangerous today."

Tobey said, "All right, my friends, I depend on you. I was told this evening by my cousin Weium on this side of the Modoc camp that the next time you meet Jack and his men in council you would all be shot to death. That will be tomorrow afternoon. Jack agreed to meet you tomorrow, but for his own reasons not till afternoon. My boy Jeff heard what Weium said, so please do not give Weium away. He is your friend. If he had not been your true friend he never would have told me. What I tell you is the truth. Take my warning. Do not meet them people in council any more. If you do you will be carried to this camp dead, from the peace tent."

Canby smiled, and said: "Mrs. Riddle, I believe you are telling us just what was told by your cousin. I will not tell on you or your cousin, but I'll say this: The little handful of Modocs dare not do that—kill us in the presence of a thousand men. They cannot do it."

Dr. Thomas said: "God will not let them do such a thing. I trust in God to protect us."

Frank Riddle said: "Gentlemen, I have known these Modocs for a long time. If they have decided to kill you commissioners they will do it—I know it. If you men go tomorrow to meet them Modocs you will never see the sun rise again in this world."

Meacham, Dyar and Fairchilds agreed with Riddle. Canby said: "We shall in the morning see what there can be done." He bid all good night and went to his tent, likewise they all went to their tents except Riddle and wife. They sat up till after midnight discussing about the intended massacre. They was trying to hit upon a plan to save the officer. Meacham was willing that the council should not take place. Meacham's last words that night was, "Well, I will see that Canby will not meet them Indians in council tomorrow. I will do my best to prevent it."

On the morning of the intended council, April 10th, 1873, Bogus Charley and Boston Charley came to Gillem's camp about ten o'clock. Rev. Dr. Thomas met them, fifty yards or more from Col. Meacham's tent, and said, "Good morning, Bogus Charley, good morning, Boston," before they said

"Good morning." He put his hands on each Indian's shoulder and said, "Why do you Indians want to kill us? Don't you know we are your friends?" Bogus Charley says, "Who said we wanted to kill you, or was going to kill you?" Thomas said: "Riddle's squaw, Tobey." Bogus said she lied if she said that. Thomas said, "I thought she lied, Charley, that is why I ask you." Boston Charley turned back right from the spot for Capt. Jack's stronghold, to tell the chief that Tobey had betrayed them. Bogus Charley and the Rev. Dr. Thomas walked arm in arm to Col. Meacham's tent. Both entered Meacham's tent. Canby, Fairchilds, Dyar, Riddle and wife also went to Meacham's tent. Bogus Charley was very friendly with all. He nor Thomas said a word about their first talk, a few minutes before. Bogus was saying that he had no doubts but what they would be able to come to some terms that afternoon. He said he and all the people was very tired of the life they were leading. "We want to make peace right away." While Bogus was thus holding the attention of the Commissioners, Hooker Jim stepped in and said, "Tobey, Capt. Jack wants to see you at his cave. He sent word to you men"—looking at Meacham and Canby—"that he was unable to meet you in council this afternoon as he promised yesterday." Tobey said, "All right, I will go and get ready." She stepped out, followed by Riddle, Meacham and Hooker Jim.

Meacham asked Hooker Jim what Jack wanted with Tobey. Jim said: "He wants Tobey to tell him why she lied." "Who said she lied, and what about?" inquires Meacham. "You know, old man Meacham, she told you we was going to kill you men next time we met in council." "Who said she told us that?" "Who? did you say, Meacham? Why, that man you call God's man, Thomas. You know him, Meacham, Preacher Thomas." Tobey was just in the act to mount her horse when Meacham walked up to her saying, "Wait a moment, I want to speak to you, and your husband, before you go. Come to my tent, and come in." Riddle and wife went in with him.

Meacham told Tobey that Thomas had told on her. "It is dangerous for you to answer Jack's summons. If Jack wants to see you, we will ask him to come here. I don't want you to go."

Tobey said: "I'll go; I'm not afraid to go, Meacham. I am willing to do most anything to bring around peace; I am going."

Meacham, handing Tobey a derringer: "Here, take this along, you may need it, but I had rather for you not to go."

The Peace Commissioners' tent, near where they were killed.
Photo by Muybridge, 1873.

Just then the Rev. Thomas walked in and said, "Hello, friends, getting ready for council?" Riddle looked Thomas in the eyes and said, "Thomas, you lied like a yellow dog last night when you promised my wife that you would not say anything about what she was to tell. Jack has sent for her. You are the cause of it. I tell you this, Rev., if my wife ain't back here by sundown, I'll take my gun and shoot you in the right eye, you black-hearted son of a dog." Thomas threw his hands up and said, "Brother Riddle, get down on your knees and pray to Almighty God for forgiveness." Riddle said, "You living yellow dog, you might get down and pray the caps off your knees, then God would not forgive you for what you said last night." Tobey mounted her horse and headed for the famous Modoc stronghold.[1]

When she rode up to Jack's stronghold, every Modoc brave was there to receive her. Hooker Jim and Bogus Charley also. Tobey jumped from the saddle, got a good firm hold on the halter rope, sat down on a rock, and addressed Jack thus: "Well, I am here. What can I do for you, or do you want to do something for me?" Jack said, "Yes, Tobey, you can do something for me. I understand you told the peace-makers we was going to kill them the next time we met. Did you?"

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[1] Since writing the history of the Modoc War of 1872 and '73 it has been in my mind that I did not do justice to Rev. Dr. Thomas, who lost his life on the 11th day of April, 1873, while in council with Capt. Jack and a few of his warriors. The Honorable Thomas was killed the same time the noble officer, Gen. Canby, met his death. A. B. Meacham was also wounded.

Although it has been forty-one years since the Rev. Thomas was killed, I remember him like it had not been over ten years ago, as I now recall his noble face and fine manners. His aim in those days of trouble with the Modoc Indians was good; he tried with his whole heart to bring about peace; he was a friend to them. He did not want to see them mistreated. I remember one evening, while talking with father and mother, he said: "Sister Tobey, your people has been mistreated from the first time the white people came into this country. It makes my heart ache to know how they have been wronged. But, thank our God, they will not be wronged any more. I will see that they shall have justice. I love the Indians more than I do my own race. We have got to deal with the Indian just the same as we have to with children. You see, Sister Tobey, we must treat them with kindness; promise them nothing that we cannot fulfil; by doing thus we get their confidence. They will believe what we tell them. We cannot do anything with them by threats or force. I do not believe in war; we should not have war."

My gentle reader, this noble man Thomas little thought that within a few days he would be begging for mercy of one of these very people that he wanted to see saved from the horrors of war. That man he pleaded for mercy with was Boston Charley, who paid his own life for the life of Thomas on the third day of October, 1873, at Fort Klamath, Oregon.

With a rope around his neck, with three others—Capt. Jack, Schonchin, and Black Jim.

Thomas, when he went in company with Gen. E. R. S. Canby on the morning of April 11th—that was a day or so after mother and father warned him and the other Peace Commissioners that they would be killed the next time they met in council—as I was going to say, when he started for the council tent on that morning of the 11th, he knowed he never would walk back over that trail; he knew he was to die that day. But it was his duty to meet them Indians; he went to his death with faint hopes that something would happen that would stay the hands of the murderers; he died trying to save people that did not respect his pleading.

Since I have grown old I have a warm place in my heart for Rev. Dr. Thomas. I do not confound his name for not believing my mother's warning. I do not think of him with curse words for betraying mother. For I know he had a motive in what he did I know he was too good a man to do wrong, and know at the same time, he was doing wrong. So long as I live I will remember the Rev. Thomas with only the very best thoughts.

Tobey: "Yes, I warned them against you. You know I told them the truth, don't you? You do intend to kill them, my husband, too." Jack: "Well, Tobey, tell me who told you about it." Tobey: "It was not a dream, altogether. The spirits told me that you people was going to kill the Peace Commissioners. I believe in spirits; they never lie." Capt. Jack: "Tobey, do not play with me. I am desperate today, so the quicker you tell me who told you the better. I mean every word I say. Don't play with me—not today, anyway."

Tobey: "Jack, you deny, then, that you intended to kill the Commissioners?" Jack: "I will say, who ever said I was going to kill the peace-makers, lies. If I find out who started the lie on me I will make him or her suffer. Now I demand of you to tell me who told you; what you told the peace-makers. Hurry, tell me, I will take your foolishness no more."

Tobey jumped up on a big rock, unbuttoned her coat, and said:

"Jack, I am a Modoc. Every drop of blood in my veins is Modoc blood. I told the Commissioners of your plot and cowardly intention towards them. I did not dream it. The Spirits did not tell me, either, but one of your men told me that he knew all about it. He is right here now among you. I see him right now, but I will never tell you who he is."

She drew the derringer out of her pocket with her right hand and waved it over her head. She struck herself on the breast with her left hand and said: "Now, Capt. Jack, shoot me right here," pointing at her breast, "if you dare. Shoot me if you dare, Jack. You are not brave enough to shoot me when I tell the truth. I have a loving husband and a dear son, but I am not afraid to die while I am doing my duty. Shoot me, I say again, if you dare! The soldiers will avenge my death, you never will be able to fight the white man."

Three or four guns were leveled at Tobey, at that instant. Jack threw his hands up, told his men to put their guns down. He was obeyed instantly. Eight men, Weium among them, stepped up to the side of Tobey and said, "We die with this noble, brave woman." Capt. Jack got among them and said, "Me, too!"

Jack offered his hand to Tobey, which she took. Jack said: "My brave woman friend, no one shall hurt you in my presence. They step over my dead body first. You are a true Modoc. You have proved it today. Some one told you a mistake. We are not going to kill any one if everything goes right. You tell them peace-makers that we will be at the tent early tomorrow, six of us, unarmed. Nothing will happen if they talk sense to me. Now, Tobey, it is getting late. Get on your horse, and go back to your husband and boy. I detail these eight men, your friends, to escort you within talking distance of the soldiers' camp. Some of the boys will be over to your camp tomorrow morning same as usual. Do not think hard of my words I spoke to you a little while ago. I was mad."

Tobey: "Thank you, Jack, but these men don't have to go with me as my escort." "Let them go, Tobey. Some of my men has evil hearts." Tobey waved her hand to the people and started for Gillem's camp; four braves ahead of her horse and four behind, their guns slung carelessly over their shoulders, every one of them accompanied Tobey right to her tent. Frank Riddle invited them all to Charley La Booth's restaurant where they ate a hearty meal and immediately departed for their caves in the Lava Beds.

. Meacham, soon as he found out that Tobey had got back safe, came over, told Tobey to come over to his tent and tell him, General Canby, and the others what her experience had been since she left that day noon with Jack and his warriors. They went to Meacham's tent together. The writer, of course, went too. Tobey told the above mentioned gentlemen all that took place, everything that Jack said, and done, and everything that she did, and said. Canby said: "Mrs. Riddle, I congratulate you on your safe return; we shall see what the husky Capt. Jack will do tomorrow at our council.".

Tobey said, "Canby, take my word; do not go; you will be killed. I know that these Modocs will kill all of us tomorrow if we go. They may not kill me, but I am afraid of them. They are sure that the soldiers are going to attack them soon as they get their orders from Washington. You see, they are desperate, so don't go, for the love of your family. Heed my warning, for I have warned in time. Save yourself."

Canby said: "Friend Tobey, I thank you very much for your kind words, but where my duty calls me I go as a soldier. You see, I have got to go." Mr. Meacham said, "General Canby, we don't have to meet Jack tomorrow. Let us not go. Tobey is giving us good advice." Canby said, laughing, "Col. Meacham, Tobey has got you scared. Do not show the white feather. Colonel, if you don't go, I'll meet them alone tomorrow. These Modocs are not fools. They won't try to harm us, only half a mile from our army in plain view."

At that Frank Riddle said: "Mr. Canby, before we go tomorrow I want to have a talk with you, General Jeff Davis and General Gillem." "All right sir, Mr. Riddle."

Morning of April 11th, 1873, the Peace Commissioners was all up early. Canby and Thomas went from tent to tent side by side. They little thought that was their last day on earth. Riddle and wife was with Meacham all morning, Tobey trying to get Meacham not to go, even if the others did go. Meacham called Fairchilds in his tent. He handed him a package that contained over one hundred in money, two finger rings, and his gold watch and chain, saying: "John Fairchilds, I am going to my death. Send that package to my wife. She lives in Salem, Oregon. I don't like to go, but I am not a coward." Meacham stepped out of his tent, his face flushed, and was ready, as he said, to go to his death.

Canby and Thomas came up and asked Meacham and others if they were ready. Tobey walked up to General Canby, placed her right hand on his arm, and said: "Canby, once more, and for the last time, I beg of you not to meet Capt. Jack today. He will kill you. He said he was going to kill you. Canby, believe me, I tell you the truth. Meacham will not go if you don't, so don't go." She was crying. "Canby, I will hate to see you shot today. I do not want to see any of you men killed. You will wish you had taken my warning, when it will be too late, so please take my warning while you are at yourself." Thomas said: "Sister Tobey, them Modocs will not hurt us. God will not allow it." Tobey said: "Thomas, my poor, doomed friend, I pity you. You betrayed me, but I forgive you. You too will beg for your life before the sun sets; so, my friends, let us not go."

Canby said: "Well, gentlemen, it is time for us to start; let's go." Riddle says: "Hold on, General, I want to have that talk with you and the other generals, also Fairchild, before we start." Canby said: "All right; we go too, General Gillem." He taking the lead, the others following, all walked into General Gillem's big tent, and found all the officers in. Canby said: "Brother officers, Riddle wishes to have an understanding with you gentlemen in regard to our council with the Modocs today." General Gillem spoke—he being the head officer—"All right, Mr. Riddle, what is it?"

Riddle said: "It is this: These men, General Canby, Rev. Thomas, Col. Meacham and Mr. Dyar are going to meet Capt. Jack and his men in council today against my will, also against the wishes of my wife, Tobey. We have warned them time and time again of the danger. As I tell you now, gentlemen, they will be killed today. I know it. I and my wife have done our best to prevent this council, but Canby don't seem to believe us. What I want you gentlemen to know is this: If I happen to make my escape, I want my hands clear. I don't want any blame to fall on me or my wife, if she escapes, for as I said a few moments ago, we did our best to save these men; that's all I have to say."

Gillem said: "All right, Mr. Riddle. I'll see you through, but do you really believe these Indians will undertake to kill the Commissioners?"

Riddle: "Yes, sir, I do. I know they will."

Canby: "Well, brother officers, I bid you all a last farewell. From what Riddle says this is my last day." Laughing, he started for the peace tent, closely followed by Thomas. Canby had a box of cigars under his arm for the Modocs. When the interpreters, and Dyar and Mr. Meacham, arrived at the peace tent, Canby and Thomas was there, and eight Indians all smoking General Canby's cigars. They was all laughing and talking, having a good, joyful time.

Meacham was the first to dismount. Meacham took the halter rope and just wrapped it around the root of a sagebrush, but did not tie it. He took his overcoat and hung it on the saddle horn. Hooker Jim watched Meacham all the time. After Meacham sat down on a rock, Hooker Jim walked up to Meacham's horse, took the rope and made it fast to a big brush. Canby, Thomas and Frank Riddle did not have any horses to attend to. They walked to the peace tent. Jack and all his men walked to the peace tent, also. The Indians present in council on that memorable day were, namely, Capt. Jack, chief; John Schonchin, sub-chief; Black Jim, policeman; Hooker Jim, Boston Charley, Bogus Charley and Slolux, or Elulk Salt-ako.

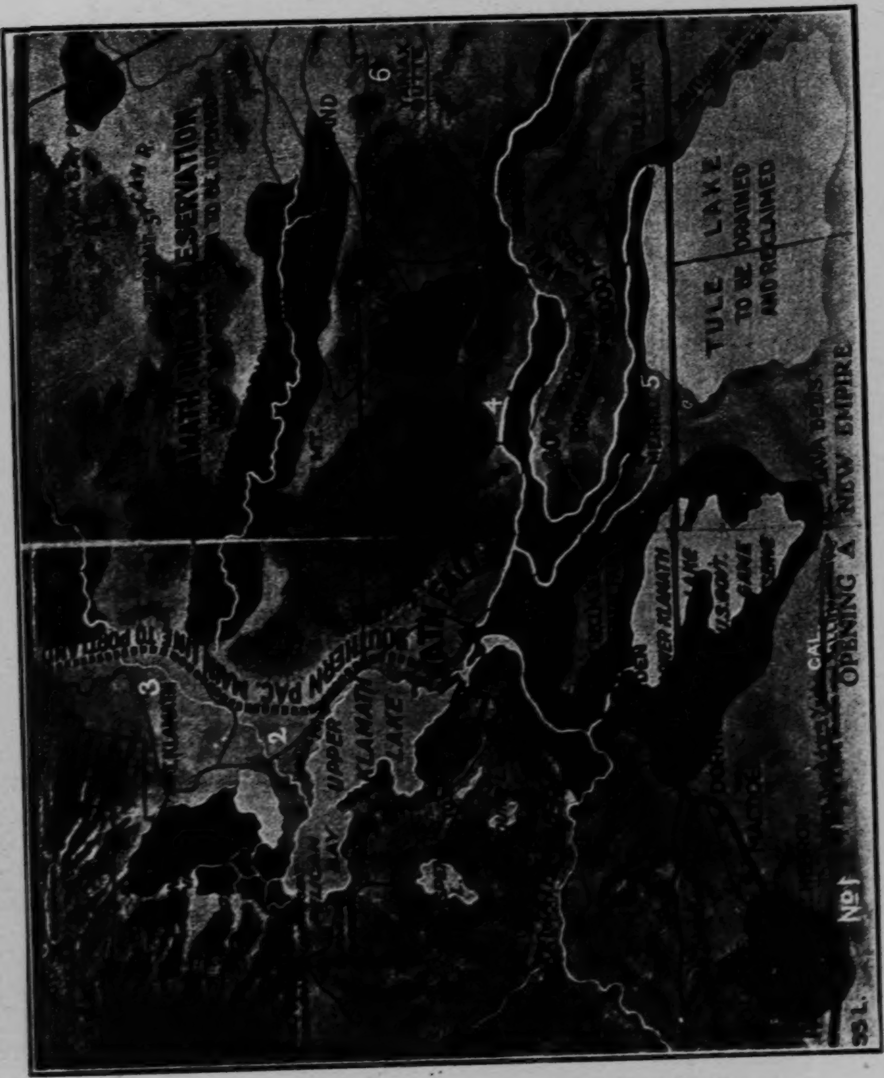
The council opened, the Commissioners sitting from left to right: Gen. E. R. S. Canby, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mrs. Tobey Riddle, interpreter; Col. A. B. Meacham, Frank Riddle, interpreter; L. S. Dyar. Capt. Jack facing Canby; Schonchin facing Meacham; Boston Charley facing Thomas; Bogus Charley facing Tobey Riddle; Black Jim facing F. Riddle; Hooker Jim facing Dyar. The other one stood up back of his companions.

Mr. Canby opened up the council by saying: "My Modoc friends, my heart feels good today. I feel good because you are my friends. I know you are my friends. We will do good work today. I know you people better every time I meet you. I know I will be able to make you see things right today. You will see as I see. I am willing and ready to help you people. Jack, I know you are a smart man. That is the reason I want you to come to my terms and make peace. It is bad to fight. Be a man, and live like one. As long as you live in these rocks you won't be living like a man. You will be looked upon as a bad man and, will say further, the Great Father at Washington said, "I will not let Capt. Jack live where he is, in the Lava Beds. He has been in trouble with my children. I will have to find him and his people a new home, a good home where he won't have any more trouble." You see the Great Father said that he has got many, many, many soldiers. He will make you go. He sent me, Dr. Thomas and Meacham here to see you and talk good to you and make

No. 1. Supplies for the U. S. troops were all brought in from Yreka, Cal., over this road to the Lava Beds, during the Modoc War, which occurred in the northeastern part of Siskiyou county, California, near the Modoc county line. The killing of the Peace Commissioners also occurred in the above vicinity.

No. 2. This is where the Modocs camped when they were brought back in 1869. This point is on the east side of Klamath Lake, on the Klamath Reservation, Oregon, and is about 19 miles north of Klamath Falls.

No. 3. This place is where the four Modocs were hung. It is about 37 miles north of Klamath Falls, Oregon.

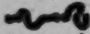


No. 4. This place is known as the gap at Lost River, Oregon, where Curley Haired Jack, one of the Modoc prisoners, killed himself. It is about 10 miles east of Klamath Falls.

No. 5. This is where the first fight between the Modocs and U. S. soldiers occurred, on November 29, 1872. This place is southeast of the town of Merrill, Oregon, and near the California boundary line, and is also the place where they lived before they were removed to Modoc Point in 1869.

No. 6. This is where the Modoc survivors now reside (at Yainax).

peace. You do what I want you to do. These soldiers won't shoot you, but if you act mean and won't listen to me and these men (pointing at Thomas and Meacham), maybe Great Father will say, 'My soldiers, go in Lava Beds, get Capt. Jack and all his people, make him come out.' If you kill all these soldiers the Great Father will send more soldiers. Next time you cannot kill all of them. Now, best thing you can do is to come out of these rocks with me. I won't let the soldiers hurt you. What do you say? I want you to talk now; use sense this time. Jack, you understand everything good now. The white man's law is straight and strong. What I say is law; that is, if you and I agree on anything."

Capt. Jack's answer: "Gen. Canby, your law is as crooked as this (holding up a sagebrush twig). The agreements you make is as crooked as this" (making a mark with his finger in the dirt like this  "Less than one month ago you made a compact with me that you would not commit no act of war on your side, if I would not on my side as long as we held these peace councils. I have not committed any act of war on my side yet, have I?" "No," said Canby. "What have I done? Tell me," said Canby. "Gen. Canby, the first thing you and your soldiers did, you moved your whole army from Fairchild's to Vanbrimer's and on the same day stole part of our ponies and refused to give them back. The next thing you did you all moved right under my nose, more soldiers arriving every three or four days, bringing big guns that shoots balls as big as your head. Does that look like peace? No, many times no. You have broken your compact with me. Do you think that I can't see what's going on? How do you, or can you, expect me to believe you now? Since I have learned that you are not a man of your word; if a man goes back on one thing he will on another. Take away your soldiers; take away your big guns, and then we can talk peace. Either do that or give me a home at Hot Creek. Do not tell me of your beautiful country, away off. Hot Creek is good enough for me. I want to tell you, Canby, we cannot make peace as long as these soldiers are crowding me. If you even promise me a home, somewhere in this country, promise me today; although your word is not much good, I am willing to take you at your promise. Thomas and Meacham will make it stronger if they promise with you. Now, Canby, promise me. I want nothing else. Now is your chance." Hooker Jim got up, walked up to Meacham's horse; he took Meacham's overcoat; he put his left arm in the sleeve. All this time he never took his eyes off Meacham. He got his other arm in the other sleeve. He drew the coat on easy, until the coat was pretty well on his shoulders. Then he jerked it on himself with a quick move, buttoned it up, and walked up to the crowd, striking himself on the breast and said, "Me Meacham now." Mr. Meacham pulled his hat off and offered it to Hooker Jim, saying: "Here, Jim, take my hat and put it on, then you will be Meacham." Hooker Jim says: "All lite, me get him hat puty quick, no hurry. You keep while, him hat mine, you see by-n-by." All the other people did not say a word while Meacham and Hooker Jim was talking.

Capt. Jack commenced his talk again: "Canby, do you agree to what I ask of you or not? Tell me. I am tired waiting for you to speak."

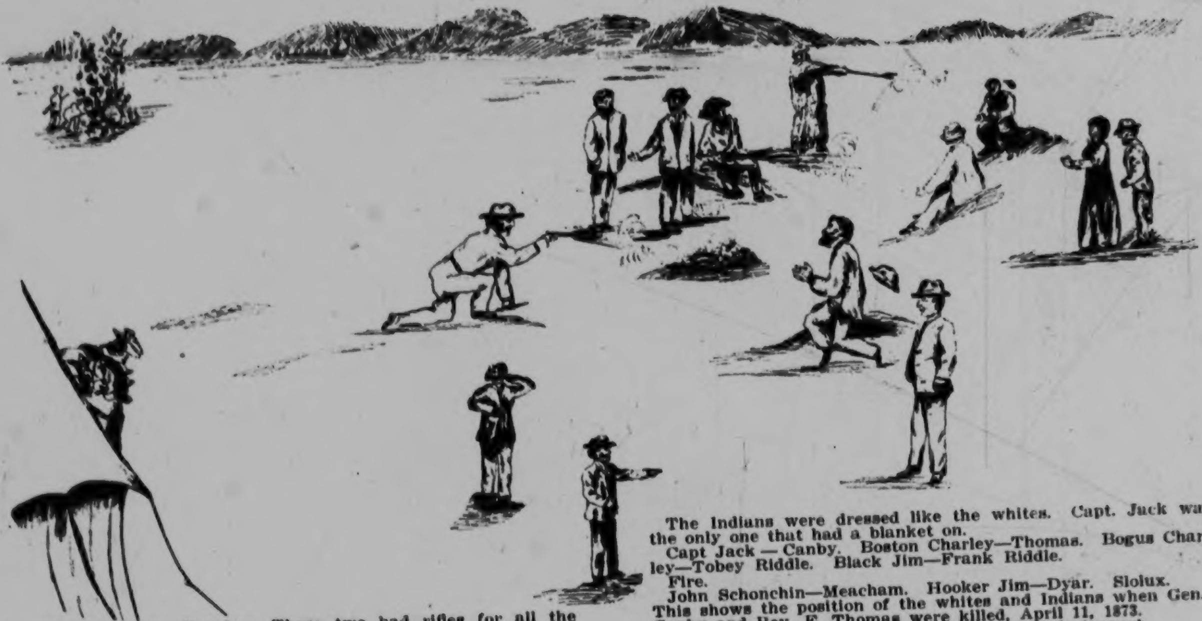
Meacham to Canby: "General, for heaven's sake promise him." Just then Capt. Jack got up and walked behind Meacham's horse. Schonchin says to Meacham:

"Meacher, Meacher, give us Hot Creek for our future home. Give us Hot Creek, I say, Meacher!"

Meacham said: "I will ask the Great Father at Washington for you people."

Jack was back, standing right in front of Canby. Before Tobey could interpret what Meacham said, Capt. Jack said:

"Ut wih kutt (let's do it), or, "all ready." He pulled his pistol, as he said the words. Canby raised his face to see Jack. The cap snapped. He drew the hammer back and pulled the trigger again. The pistol fired. The ball struck Canby under the right eye. Canby jumped to his feet and started to run. He had not more than started when Bogus Charley tripped and threw him down and cut his throat. Boston shot Dr. Thomas just about the time Canby was shot. He was hit in the right breast, the bullet ranging downward.



Shaknasty Jim; Boncho. These two had rifles for all the others in council. They were hid and about 100 yards from the others.

Peace tent.

The Indians were dressed like the whites. Capt. Jack was the only one that had a blanket on.

Capt Jack — Canby. Boston Charley—Thomas. Bogus Charley—Tobey Riddle. Black Jim—Frank Riddle.

Fire.

John Schonchin—Meacham. Hooker Jim—Dyar. Sloiux. This shows the position of the whites and Indians when Gen. Canby and Rev. E. Thomas were killed, April 11, 1873.

The Modocs and the whites were about 10 feet apart.

The doctor fell over backwards, caught himself on his left hand, held his right hand up, and said to Boston Charley: "Boston, don't shoot me any more. I have got my death wound; I will die anyway." Boston said: "Oh! you debel, you bleave squaw. Now bleave squaw, now I guess, *eh?*"[2] Thomas says: "Yes, yes, I believe her; she told the truth." Boston pushed Thomas over on his back and asked him why God didn't help him. Thomas covered his face with both hands and died with these words on his lips: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on my poor sinful soul." Meacham was shot about the same instant that Canby and Thomas was, by Schonchin. His aim was good, but Tobey sprung to her feet and struck Schonchin's pistol to one side. Meacham was hit in the left shoulder the first shot. Tobey was right side of Schonchin, striking his arm, and then his back. Schonchin could not get a good aim at Meacham, Tobey bothered so. She was saying: "Spare his life; he is your friend. He is the only one that believed me when I told him about what you men are doing now." She finally struck Schonchin in the breast, knocking him down. Schonchin said: "Beware, woman, I may forget that you are a woman." Tobey said: "Kill me if you want to, you coward." Finally Meacham fell to the ground, shot seven times, but none of the wounds were real serious.

Frank Riddle and Dyar both jumped right out on a run for their lives when Capt. Jack's pistol misfired. When the first shot was fired both Shaknasty Jim and Boncho came running up with three or four rifles apiece. Shaknasty Jim dropped all the guns but one, took after Frank Riddle, fired his rifle at him, emptied his revolver at him, and chased him about three hundred yards and gave up. Riddle was too fast for him. Hooker Jim ran Dyar about four hundred yards, shot several times at him, but did not hit him. Dyar beat him farther and farther. Jim gave him up and returned to the council tent. The Indians stripped their victims of all their clothes except the underclothes. Tobey fought to prevent the Indians from taking Col. Meacham's clothes, so they only took his two coats and vest. Capt. Jack got Canby's uniform and sword. Boston Charley, Dr. Thomas' gray suit.

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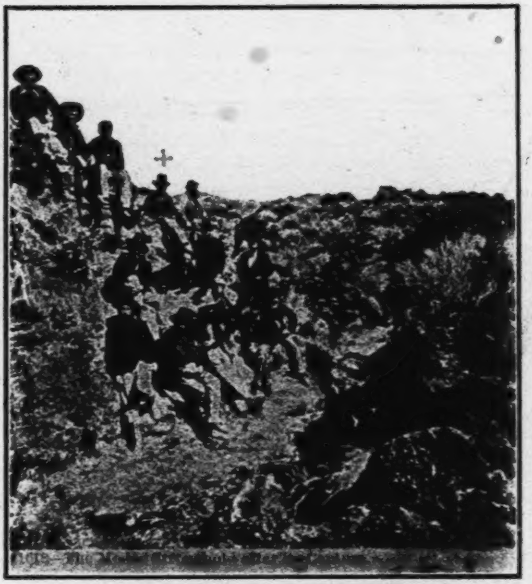
[2] Eh means "you" in Modoc.

Hooker Jim, Meacham's two coats and vest, also his horse. Bogus Charley secured Mr. Dyar's white horse. Boncho got Tobey's horse. He was trying to mount when Tobey saw him. He was cursing the saddle because it had horns. The saddle was a ladies' side saddle. Boncho had just got on the horse and was working with the halter rope. Tobey rushed up to him, caught his coat, and pulled him off and threw him to the ground, saying: "Boncho, you shall not take my animal." Boncho jumped to his feet, picked his gun up from where it had fallen, swung it around his head and struck Tobey between the shoulders. The blow knocked Tobey down on her face. He said: "You white man's sister, I'll leave you among your dead brothers if you bother me again." He turned to see about the horse again. Tobey staggered to her feet; she grasped a rock and dealt Boncho a blow in the back with the rock. Boncho fell to his knees. Tobey said: "You coward, you cannot fight your equal. You will not take my animal; kill me first." Boncho turned with his gun to his shoulder, saying: "I will kill you." "No, you won't," he heard some one say, right by his ear. At the same time a heavy hand fell on his arm. Boncho turned his head; he saw a pistol pointed in his face, in the hand of Capt. Jack. "Boncho," Jack said, "if it was not for the good you will do in our war against the whites, I would blow your head off and leave you right here to rot, you coward. What do you mean by striking that woman? If you ever say another word to her I will kill you now. Take that rope and hand it to Tobey." Boncho obeyed without saying a word. He immediately hiked for the Modoc camp. The Indians all walked up to Tobey to bid her, as they said, their last farewell. Capt. Jack said: "Tobey, I have thrown myself and life away today. I did something today that I thought I would never do, but I have done it. I killed an unarmed man. I know I will be killed, but when I fall there will be soldiers under me. Tell Gillem, if he wants to find me, to come right over yonder," pointing in the direction of his cave. "Tell him not to go way off in the mountains to look for me. He won't find me in the mountains. I will be in my camp with my people. Tell



Sitting on top of the rocks, reading from left to right:

1. Surgeon J. O. Skinner, Major U. S. A. Ret. Living in Washington, D. C.
2. Lieut. E. S. Chapin, 4th Artillery. Died May 3, 1899.
3. Capt. H. C. Hasbrouck, 4th Artillery. Died Dec. 17, 1910. This officer had charge of the Modoc prisoners while en route to Fort McPherson, Neb.
4. Doctor Thomas T. Cabaniss, 4th Artillery, A. A. Surgeon. Died July , 1897. Father of Judge Cabaniss of the Superior Court of the city of San Francisco.
5. Capt. James Jackson, 1st Cavalry, now Colonel U. S. A. Living in Portland, Oregon.

Second row, left to right:

6. Capt. John Mendenhall, 4th Artillery. Died July 1, 1892.
7. Lieut. E. T. Theller, 21st Infantry. Died June 17, 1877.
8. Lieut. W. H. Miller, 1st Cavalry. Died April 11, 1913.
9. Major. G. J. Lydecker, Engineers. Brig. Gen. Ret. Living in Detroit, Mich.

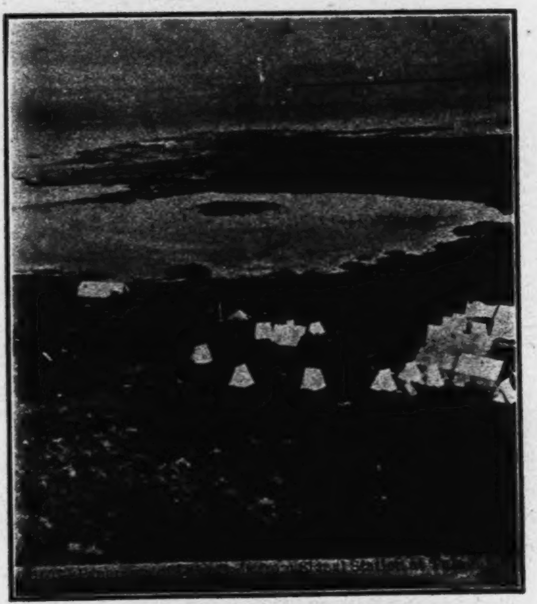
Bottom row, left to right, all sitting:

10. Lieut. J. G. Kyle, 1st Cavalry. Died March 30, 1877.
11. Capt. C. B. Throckmorton, 4th Artillery.
12. Lieut. H. De W. Moore, 21st Infantry. Died May 10, 1878.
13. Dr. Sterling, A. A. Surgeon.
14. Capt. G. H. Burton, 21st Infantry.
15. Lieut. J. M. Ross, 21st Infantry. Died March 10, 1884.

The Rank of all these officers is that which they held during the Modoc War.

him I will be ready at any time to receive him and his soldiers. I am not afraid to die. I have committed a great wrong. I know it, but was forced to do it by my men, and also by Canby himself. He did not talk straight to me."

Boston Charley stepped over towards where Meacham was lying, face down, saying as he went: "I guess I will take Meacham's scalp along to remember him by." He took a dull black handled jack knife out of his pocket, a knife that he had taken from a dead soldier's pocket that had fallen January 17th, 1873. He put his foot on Meacham's neck and commenced the hard task to secure for himself a trophy to hang on his belt. Tobey went to Boston Charley and begged him not to cut his scalp, even if he was dead. Boston said: "Leave



Panorama of the Lava Beds.
To the left is the U. S. hospital. To the right are General Gillem's and the officers' quarters. In the center are Riddle's camp, Charley La Booth's restaurant and Pat McManus' store.

me alone, Tobey, he don't feel the knife." He cut a gash from his left ear to the middle of his two eyes. He said: "Old Meacham, your hide is tough." Tobey was staying the hands of Boston all she could. She saw that Boston would surely scalp Meacham. All at once she jumped away from Boston, clapped her hands, and shouted in Modoc, *"Ut nah sholgars kep ko"* (now the soldiers are coming); *"pelock genn nautt"* (go quick, all of you). The Indians all started at once, running as fast as they could go. None of them even looked to see if the soldiers was coming. Tobey looked towards the soldiers' camp, but there was not a soldier in sight coming to rescue the Commissioners. Tobey got on her knees, laid her hand over Canby's heart. It was still. She said, "My poor friend, if you had only listened to me;" straightened his legs, folded his arms across his noble breast, and left him. She next examined Thomas, crying all the time, "You, too, are

× A continuation of above picture.

stilled in death, poor man!" you did not take my word because I am a squaw." She laid him out as she did Canby. She walked with a heavy step to Meacham. "My poor friend," she said. She took her apron and wiped the blood from his eyes and mouth. She stopped all at once and looked at his face. Meacham's lips moved. She says, "Thank God, he is alive. I shall nurse you back to life." She took her shawl, folded it, raised his head, placed it under his head as a pillow. She took her saddle blankets, placed one under him and one over him. She then mounted her horse and started for Gillem's camp to get help for Meacham.

About half way between the peace tent and Gillem's camp, soldiers met her. Frank Riddle was with the soldiers. Capt. Hasbrook asked Tobey where the Modocs was. Tobey still crying, said: "The Modocs all left for their camp. Canby and Thomas dead; Meacham breathing, but not dead when I left him. Maybe he is dead now. He is hurt bad." The soldiers went out to the scene of the tragedy. Strong and willings hands lifted Meacham on a stretcher, he being the first to be brought to the hospital. Meacham was conscious a little while after being in the hospital. The first words he spoke was: "Did the Modocs kill Tobey? She fought to keep them off me. Did they kill her?" He was told that Tobey was not hurt bad. "Thank God she is alive. I know Tobey will not let me die. She will save me yet. Tobey went into the hospital just as the doctor was in the act of cutting Meacham's finger off. Tobey told the doctor not to use a knife on Meacham. "His finger can be saved if you will let me take Mr. Meacham. I will nurse him and bring him through all right." Her wish was granted; she took charge of Meacham and in two weeks she had him able to walk around, and in another week sent him home to his wife in Salem, Oregon.

CHAPTER X.

Troops advance on the Modocs April 14th.—Hard battle for three days.—Indians show good marksmanship first three days of fighting.—Indians vacate their caves the night of April 18th, 1873.—April 26th, Wright and his company move on the Indians.—Troops routed.

The troops did not advance on the Modocs till the third day after the massacre. When the soldiers were within half a mile of the stronghold, their advance was checked or stopped by a heavy rifle volley. The Modocs had been lying in wait for the soldiers, so the consequences were the Modocs fired the first volley. Seven or eight soldiers was killed. Every man was hit either in the head or neck during the first three days of fighting after the killing of the Peace Commissioners. No Indian was killed or wounded in action during the three days' fighting. The troops withdrew out of danger. The Modocs still held their ground and breastworks. No firing on either side, but all the while when there was no firing between the foes the soldiers was building breastworks or forts under cover of darkness and after the breastworks was completed the boys in blue occupied them.

One morning, just as the sun was peeping over the mountains, April 16, 1873, after a long night of desultory firing on both sides, some of the soldier boys saw an old squaw half walking and crawling towards the lake. The soldiers fired several shots at her, but the deadly bullets all went wild. However, the shots did not change her mind. She was determined to get to the lake; water was what she wanted. She was choking for it. When she was just within a few more steps of the precious beverage, a heavy hand fell on her shoulder. She stopped and turned. She saw standing by her side a soldier with his gun pointing at her head. She was captured and taken a prisoner. He was an Irishman. Pat made her go inside of his breastworks, where his companions were trying to get a shot at some Indian they may happen to see. He made the old squaw sit down. He gave her water. The old squaw seemed to be satisfied for the while. Pat and his comrades were congratulating one another for their great success in making this capture. They was very much elated, because they had a Modoc prisoner in their possession. During this time the troops had been getting or putting cannons or mortars in position. After the soldiers got everything ready, they began to throw shells in and around the stronghold, that drew a heavy rifle fire from the Indians for just a few minutes. The old squaw could not sit still any longer. She jumped to her feet, and gave a genuine Modoc war whoop which nearly chilled the blood in Pat's veins. She threw herself against Pat's stone wall. It fell to the ground. Pat says: "Me Royal Queen, don't yer do the loikes again or by the Saints, I'll hammer yer doirty head." Pat and his comrades rebuilt their fort. They had not more than finished their job, when down went the rock wall again. The old squaw had knocked or rather pushed it down the second time. Modoc bullets was flying pretty thick about Pat's head by this time. Pat's Irish blood was up in great shape. Just then he grabbed his gun by the muzzle, swung it over his head, saying: "Yer doirty blackguard, I'll learn yer how to knock me fort down." He dealt the old squaw a blow on the side of her head. The lick crushed or fractured her skull, so she expired almost instantly.

Pat, in dealing the blow, broke his Springfield rifle, so it was useless. He laid all day behind a part of his breastworks and other rocks gunless. Along in the evening, when the Modoc firing had quieted down, Pat crawled over to where his victim was lying, face down, dead. He took his jack knife and cut seven or eight pieces of skin and hair off the old woman's head, ranging in size from a quarter of a dollar to a silver dollar. He gave them all to his comrades, but one. He kept it for himself, and after Pat's company was called in from the front, Pat and his comrades took great pride in showing the scalps to the other boys in blue who had not been so successful in killing Modocs. Pat would say when he would be showing the piece he had, "Every piece or scalp we have represents one Modoc warrior that we killed. Begorra, boys, every time I fired at me Injun, I got him sure. The Modoc hounds will not last long when I get after them. Begorra, I can whip any ten of them anywhere. I know it, and begorra, I'll prove it to you boys before this war is over with." Pat was a very brave man and a crack shot, to hear him talk; but in a few days, after Pat's company was called or was going to be sent to the front again at roll-call, Pat did not answer to his name. He had deserted; no one knew where he went to. I met the brave Indian fighter seven or eight months after he killed the old squaw. He was chopping wood for Frank Sloniker, near Hawkinsville, California, at two dollars per cord. I presume he thought it was better to chop wood for small pay, than to fight and slaughter Modocs for a great name.

We will now go back to the evening of April 17. After dusk the soldiers commenced shelling the Indian camp. They were trying to locate their breastworks by the flash of the Indians' firearms, when they would discharge their guns. The Modocs soon quit firing. They saw that every time one of them fired, it would draw a heavy rifle fire from their enemy; also the mortars were trained on the Indians' fire, so the Indians quit firing altogether. The soldiers kept up rifle firing, off and on all night. The next morning, when the sun threw its bright rays over the country, the few Modoc braves still held their position. Battle raged all day. The Modocs were pressed on all sides. They could not shoot as true as they did in their first three days' firing; being pressed, they had to shoot in a hurry. Quite a few soldiers were brought to General Gillem's camp wounded, some dead. One company after another charged the Indians' breastworks and natural fortifications, but were repulsed. Just as often as they charged, the reds held their ground in good order, day after day. Their women and children were all in a long cave about the center of their camp ground. The deadly mortar shell and Springfield rifle bullets was harmless to them. They was all safe for the time being. The mortar shells and rifle bullets could not penetrate the rock walls and craggy rocks that protected the long cave that the women and children occupied. Never an Indian could the boys in blue see. All they could do while in their breastworks was to fire at the place where they saw the puff of smoke made, whenever the Modoc fired with his Springfield rifle. They had the same kind of fire arms that the soldiers had, as they had captured plenty of guns in their former battles with the soldiers. The first Indians killed happened a day or so before the Modocs vacated their forts and cave. One afternoon, the date I cannot tell, two young braves were sitting in the long cave where the women and children were eating dried beef. They had been out all morning in the line of battle and had also been on guard all night without food. They were hungry. Some one saw what they called the big soldiers' bullets fall near the entrance of the cave. The shell rolled over a few times and settled against a rock and did not explode. The two young braves were eager to examine the bullet. They wanted to see how and what it was made of, or what there was about the big bullet that caused it to make so much noise when it would explode. One of the two ran out and secured the shell. He took it in the cave where the women and children were. The women made the young fellows take it out of the cave. They told them it might explode. If it did, it would kill nearly all of them in the caves, so the fellows laid the shell down between them and began to pound it with rocks. They could not do anything with it, so one went in the cave and got an old ax and file. He joined his chum again. One took the file and commenced to file on the plug in the shell. The squaws was calling at them all the while to quit, as they might get hurt. They both said the soldiers' big bullet was dead. It would hurt no one; no danger at all. One of them got the axe, told his chum to stand back. He says, "I'll hit it with the ax, I think it will break easy," so he drew back and struck the shell with all his strength. The lick caused the shell to explode. All the Indians ever recovered of the two young braves was their heads and one foot. Both heads was brought into Gillem's headquarters by some of the soldier boys. I went and viewed them. One soldier asked me if I recognized the faces. I told him that I did. He asked who or what Indians the heads belonged to. I told them that they were two young men's

Eugene Hovey. Born in Yreka, Cal.; aged 21. Left a mother, father and brothers to mourn his loss.

The Modoc men, Hooker Jim and Bogus Charley, did a very bad and cowardly act when they killed young Hovey of Yreka, California. Hovey's parents lived in Yreka at the time of his death. They were both highly respected people. I knew them in them days. Young Hovey was killed about 11 a. m., April 18, 1873. He was nothing but a boy. He boarded with us. He had been working with his two horses three or four days for the Government officers. He would pack one horse and ride the other, and go to the front twice a day. I do not know what he was packing, as I never learnt. I think it was cartridges and other stuff.

The reason I say it was a cowardly thing to kill him, he was not fighting the Modocs. He did not carry even a pistol. He was a good boy; everybody liked him. He never had much to say; he never mixed up in anyone's affairs, he always attended to his own business. The poor, faithful boy died an untimely death. The two bloodthirsty demons that killed him was not satisfied with the killing of him, so they went to work and crushed his head with a big stone, also disfigured his body and cut his stomach open and let his bowels out. If the young boy had been out fighting them it would not have been so bad. But he was not fighting them. Of course, some Indians has been badly handled by white men. But that was no cause that they should kill this poor innocent boy who was harming no one.

I think there is some of his people living in Yreka, California.

heads. I told him one was Shaknasty Jim's brother's head. and the other one, I knew him, but I did not know his relations, nor his name. Another soldier said to me, "I guess you do not know these heads. I'll tell you what Indians these heads belonged to. One is Scarface Charley's head and the other one is Bogus Charley's." I told him that I could not be mistaken; I knew what I was saying. Now, kind reader, I have never forgotten the look that soldier gave me or the words he said to me. He said: "It's a pity that you are not

Scar Faced Charley, Modoc warrior; Indian name Chik-chack-am Lul-al-kuel-atko, meaning, run over by a wagon and scarred. Died at Quapaw Agency, I. T., now Oklahoma, Dec. 3rd, 1896. Photo by Mr. Heller, 1873. One of Capt. Jack's best shots. From the collection of Mr. John Daggett.

This man's father was caught near where now the town Malin stands on Tule Lake, by emigrants in 1847. His legs were tied together with a small log chain, the chain was tied to a hind axle of the leading wagon. He was dragged about eight miles up Lost River to a ford, the ford is known nowadays as Stukel Ford. Of course, the old Indian was dead before they reached the ford. He was killed in this manner for the simple reason that he was an Indian, and old and ugly.

in Capt. Jack's camp right now. I wish you was there so I could draw a bead on you and let drive." I said: "I'm here in Mr. Gillem's camp. I do not see why you cannot draw a bead on me here and let drive." He said nothing, only scowled at me.

Ellen, Scar Faced, and James Rhodes Charley, wife and son. Both died at Quapaw Agency, Oklahoma. Ellen Scar Faced's wife, was the mother of Mrs. Minnie Robbins, who returned with her husband from Quapaw a few years ago to the Yainax, Klamath Indian Reservation, Oregon, where they now reside.

Father and mother came up about the time the soldiers quit looking at me. Father and mother both knew the heads, and told who they were. Any way, the soldiers had their own way about the heads. The word was sent broadcast that Scarface Charley and Bogus Charley had been killed. Their heads

Reading from left to right, sitting down in front:

1. Col. A. C. Gillem, 1st Cavalry. Died Dec. 21, 1875.
2. Col. Jeff. C. Davis, 23rd Infantry. Died Nov. 30, 1879.
3. Col. J. A. Hardie, Inspector General. Died Dec. 14, 1876.
4. Major E. C. Mason, 21st Infantry. Died April 30, 1898.

Second row, right to left, sitting down:

5. Capt. Calvin De Witt, Surgeon. Died Sept. 2, 1908.
6. Capt. Henry McElderry, Surgeon. Died April 17, 1898.
7. Capt. Edwin Bently, Surgeon, Lieut.Col. Ret. Living at Little Rock, Ark.
8. Lieut. C. P. Egan, 12th Infantry, Brig. Gen. Ret. Living in New York City.
9. Major John Green, 1st Cavalry. Died Nov. 22, 1908.

Standing, left to right in the rear:

10. Unknown.
11. Lieut. G. G. Greenough, 4th Artillery. Died Sept. 21, 1911.
12. Unknown.
13. Capt. G. J. Lydecker, Engineers, Brig. Gen. Ret. Living in Detroit, Mich.
14. Capt. Ed. Field, 4th Artillery. Died Aug. 15, 1906.
15. Lieut. Peter Leary, 4th Artillery. Died Feb. 13, 1911.
16. Capt. E. V. Sumner, 1st Cavalry. Died Aug. 23, 1912.
17. Lieut. H. N. Moss, 1st Cavalry. Living in Washington, D. C.
18. Capt. David Perry, 1st Cavalry. Died May 18, 1908.
19. Lieut. W. H. Miller, 1st Cavalry. Died April 11, 1913.
20. Capt. J. G. Trimble, 1st Cavalry. Died Nov. 16, 1911.
21. Lieut. J. Q. Adams, 1st Cavalry, Capt. U. S. A. Living in Culver, Ind.
22. Capt. C. H. Hoyt, Q. M. Dept. Died Nov. 17, 1897.

The rank of all these officers is that which they held at the time of the Modoc War.

brought in, of course the soldier boys rushed up from all directions to see the noted warriors' heads. Some would give one of the heads a vicious kick and say: "Hello, you black demon. How do you like this?" It looked rather silly to me for civilized men to kick a powder-smoked Indian's head from one place to another and ask that head how he liked it. Kind reader, there is some awful people in this world, but anyhow the news that the two noted warriors, Scarface Charley and Bogus Charley had been killed in action, went from one city to another, all over the United States. It was all a mistake. Scarface Charley died near Quapaw agency, Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, in the year 1896. Bogus Charley died near Lewiston, Idaho, aboard a passenger train, on his way to visit his sister, Kate Duffie, who resided in Lewiston at that time. I just mention these facts to show the public that many rumors about Indians that is in history today is false.

The last hard battle the Modocs fought in and around their fortified caves, was sometime in the latter part of April, 1873. I am unable to get or remember the exact dates. The Modocs had contested every inch of ground that forenoon against the soldier boys. The soldiers was closing in on the Modocs from all sides. The Modocs were hard pressed all day. They knew they would not be able to stand the soldier boys off much longer, as their ammunition was almost exhausted. Scarface Charley sent a runner to each and every man. The runner came back to Scarface Charley and reported that no one had been killed or wounded since the two boys was killed by the mortar shell. Scarface Charley was not satisfied with the report. He told the runner to stay in his place and hold it by all means while he himself went or got among the warriors to see just how they were fixed for cartridges. Rifle firing was in full blast all the time on both sides. Scarface made the round; was telling the runner or his comrade that their comrades just had twenty rounds to a person left. He was telling his comrades not to shoot without he had a soldier to shoot at. Just then an officer,[1] hat in one hand and a sword in the other, leaned up on a rock not more than twenty steps from Scarface Charley, and four or five other Modocs that were stationed near him. The officer was saying, "Come on, my boys; let us rush them Modocs wherever they are. Come on; we will find them!" The officer's name was Major Green. A braver man never drew the breath of life. When the major leaped on the rock, every Modoc that could see him, drew a bead on him and fired, but he still stood on the rock, waving his hat and sword, calling: "Come on, my boys!" Every warrior that could see him was doing his best to drop him. They all concentrated their fire on him, but all in vain. Every soldier that jumped up on the rock that the major was standing on, waving his sword, fell back, either killed or wounded. The officer finally jumped off the rock out of sight of the frightened Modoc braves. They were talking about the spirit officer that night. They all agreed that he was not a man in flesh. He was a spirit, that was the reason they could not hit him. Scarface Charley said: "I was not scared; I was not afraid; I took good aim at that officer. I can't see why I did not hit him. I guess he was not a spirit. I heard him telling his men to follow him. If he is a spirit, he is the first one I ever met that could talk. Anyway, I would like to meet him again and take a few more cracks at him, but I tell you it does look strange that we did miss him so often while he was so near us. He is no spirit; it is only this, that man was not born and lived up to manhood to be killed by Modocs. I have another thing to talk about tonight, while we have the chance."

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[1] Brigadier General John Green served in the Union Army during the Civil War, and received the above promotion, 1890, for gallant services in action against Indians in the Lava Beds, California, January 17th, 1873, and for conspicuous gallantry in the several engagements during the Modoc War. Awarded medal of honor November 4, 1897, for most distinguished gallantry in action against hostile Modoc Indians, at the Lava Beds, January 17th, 1873, in exposing himself in the most fearless manner to very great danger by walking in front of the line, when the men hesitated to go forward, as ordered, and reassuring the command, which then advanced upon the Indians, who were concealed among the rocks and fighting from behind their natural fortifications, while serving as Major of First Cavalry.

General Greene died Nov. 22, 1908.

April 20th, 1873.

Where all have done their duty so well it would seem invidious to mention any, but I feel it would be injustice not to invite attention to the coolness, good judgment and gallant bearing of Major John Green First Cavalry, whose conduct commanded the admiration of all.

ALVIN C. GILLEM, Colonel First Cavalry.

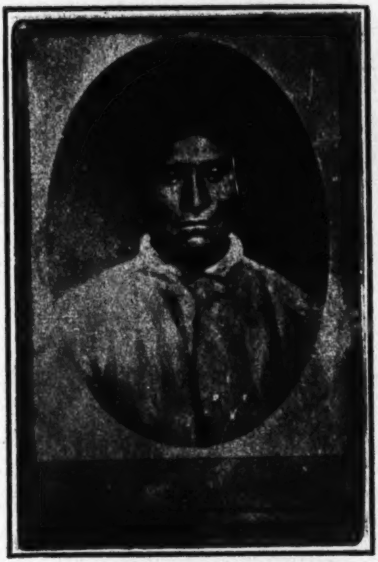
Commanding expedition, to the Assistant Adjutant General, Military Division of the Pacific, San Francisco, California.

Charley says: "My people, I want all of you to listen to my words. I have given up hope of standing these soldiers off. We cannot do it. What do you all think. I do not like to run, but I think it's the best thing for us to do. Our women, children, and old people are in danger, as well as ourselves, so let's go out of here tonight. I think we can do so without much trouble." Whereupon all the men agreed to try and escape the same night. All agreed to go south, if they succeeded in their attempt to escape. They all made preparations to fly in haste. Everry warrior was told to act for himself and family as long as they were not discovered, but if discovered, they must fight their way out together. About midnight the chief sent all the young unmarried men north of their stronghold, as far out as they could get without getting right among the soldiers. He ordered them to make as much noise as they could. He did that so they would draw the attention of the soldiers to the opposite direction to the way they intended to escape. I am unable to say whether this ruse worked or not, but anyway, the Modocs all made their way out, right under the noses of the soldiers. They took sufficient bedding and clothing with them, also dried beef they had. Dried beef was all they had to live on. The unmarried men was the last ones that made their way out. They left four old people in the cave. They were unable to travel, as two were old blind men and one was a cripple; he had both of his arms broken in one of the battles they had with the troops before, either in November on Lost River, or in January in the Lava Beds. The other one was an old woman, mother of the crippled man. She would not desert her only son. Next morning, after the Indians had vacated their stronghold, the morning was bright and warm. The troops were all in their rock forts, lying low; expecting, every moment to hear the Modoc war whoop. What is the matter this morning?" says one soldier. "It's about the time of day them Modocs usually commences their d——d howling. The reds must be up to something, as they seem to be awful quiet this morning." One says, "They must all be dead to the world, asleep. Never mind, I think our captain intends to surprise the huskey lads this morning." While this conversation was going on, among some of the boys, the officers were holding a hurried consultation, as to what was best to do. Some was in favor of staying right there and starve the Modocs into submission; others wanted to charge the Modocs' stronghold and make quick work of it. Finally they got orders from their superior officer to charge the Modoc stronghold. The officers all went to their respective companies. They ordered their men to get ready for a final charge, that they must not shirk their duty, that they were brave men. One officer said to his man, "You are a brave man, my boy, but do not forget that you have brave men to conquer. We must gain the day, which I know we shall do." The officers began to get their men ready. The boys were all anxious to hear the order given. Finally the bugle sent its clear, silvery notes through the Lava Beds. Its echo went from one rock wall to another. The bugle call thrilled every man, for every one of them had been fighting Modocs, without even getting a glimpse of his foe. They had seen their comrades fall, being shot by Modocs. They were anxious to even up matters. Every man sprang to his feet when the bugle sounded charge. Every one started on the run with his gun grasped in hand, ready for instant use, hoping to see an Indian, so he would have the satisfaction of shooting at him, whether he hit him or not. I must say that I do not blame the soldiers having the desire of getting at least a shot at an Indian warrior. Some of the soldiers told me that they had not the satisfaction of even seeing an Indian, let alone shooting at one, so I do not blame them for having the desire of shooting at one Indian. No Modoc war whoop greeted the ears of the charging troops; no puffs of smoke met them. The soldiers rushed from cave to cave; but no Indians could they find. Finally they run onto the four old blind and crippled Indians. They were helpless. The situation did not alter or deter the brave soldier boys of shooting these poor old blind Indians. The armless as well as his poor old mother met the same fate. She, so old her body was bent in form. I do not blame anyone to shoot his enemy in battle, but I do think it is an outrage for men to kill old helpless people, no matter what the circumstances may be. I consider it is cold-blooded murder to kill old defenseless people, no matter who they may be. God will surely punish such heartless people. It is sure a true saying, with the white people, when they say, everything is fair in time of war. I have noticed in the past, that the only time this saying is fulfilled or practiced, is when the white man is fighting Indians. Why? Because an Indian is only an Indian anyway. My kind reader, I do not condemn the whole white nation for the acts of a few. My warmest and best friends are white people. My white friends are many. They are living all through or over the United States.

Capt. Jack and his people went south after their escape, and found a good suitable place where they thought by little work they would be able to hold their own for awhile. When the troops stormed the stronghold, they found the place deserted, all but the four old Indians they killed. They were ordered to return to Gillem's headquarters. The troops all had a few days' rest. Meanwhile the Warmspring Indian scouts were trying to trail or locate the Modocs. One day they found the Modocs about four or five miles south of the stronghold. The scouts came in and made their report. Gillem gave orders to move on the Modocs and rout them immediately. Col. Wright and his company was chosen to do the work. So the next morning after he got his orders, Wright headed for the Modoc camp, guided by Warmspring Indian scouts. The country was so rough the troops made very slow progress. It was only about five miles from Gillem's headquarters to where the Modocs made their last stand together. Mr. Wright and his troops did not get near the Indian camp till in the afternoon. The four scouts that Wright had in advance of his troops met the troops and reported that no Indians or any sign of any had been discovered. Mr. Wright, seeing his troops were tired, gave orders to his men to find a good place, so that they may eat a lunch and rest, also make plans for the afternoon. The scouts did not know when they made their report to Mr. Wright that ten or fifteen Modoc braves had been watching them and the troops all morning. None of them knew that at that very instant the Modocs were holding a hurried talk, not more than eight hundred yards from them, as to how they had better make the attack. The troops was glad of the opportunity to eat and rest. They unpacked the four mules they had along. They had stacked arms, they thought in a safe place. The officers was joshing some of the boys about Indian fighting. Some had pulled their shoes off and were trimming their toe nails. Some had already begun to eat. The others was laying around like a lot of men will do when they are tired. While the boys was thus taking things or rather life, easy, they was all taken unawares by the dreaded Modoc war whoop, shooting commencing at the same time. Col. Wright, the poor unfortunate man, was one of the first to fall, never to rise again. The Modoc fire was so accurate, the troops all broke for safe places, which they gained. Quite a number was killed before they reached places of safety. The Modocs charged the soldiers and succeeded in putting them to rout. Quite a few of them

Donald McKay, leader of the Warm Spring Scouts in the Modoc War, and his right hand men. Donald McKay now dead. Photo by Mr. Heller, 1873. From the collection of Mr. John Daggett.

left their guns behind. I want to mention here about a soldier boy that got his Indian. His name is Jim Ross. Jim got his leg broken in the first volley the Modocs fired. The firing was so heavy Jim could not get to his gun. He crawled a few feet away from where he fell. He found a crevice and got into it and laid down on his back with his pistol in his right hand. The Indians kept up the war song and firing for some time. After the soldiers all run, the Modocs chased them a little way and left them. They was eager to get back to their victims to secure booty, which they did in a short time. They found guns, revolvers and many other articles, also some whiskey and ammunition. One young brave, known by the whites as Little Ike or Dave (Modoc name, Kankush).



Little Ike or Dave, Indian name Kan-kush, killed by Private Ross, a wounded U. S. soldier, in the Lava Beds; one of the few Modoc warriors killed. This photo taken by Mr. Heller, either while the first Peace Council was in session, at Van Bremer's ranch, or else at General Gillem's Camp. From the collection of Mr. John Daggett.

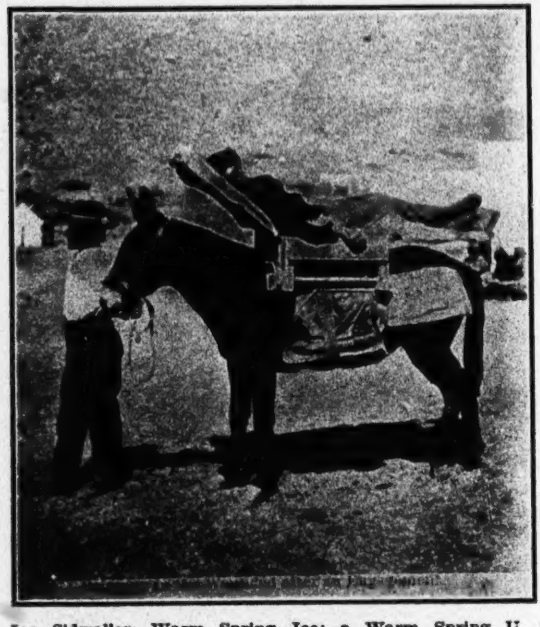
was not satisfied with what he got, so he thought he would hunt around in the sage-brush and rocks. He got to rambling around. He little thought that a soldier was in a crevice, just a few feet from him, waiting to play even with any Indian that may give him a visit. Ike had secured a blouse, but had not put it on. He had it on his arm. He turned and was going back to the group of Indians that was drinking booze. He jumped on a rock. Below him was a crevice. He did not look down in the crevice at first, but when he did, he saw a pistol pointed at his stomach. Before he could dodge back, Jim Ross fired the bullet and struck Ike in the stomach. It broke Ike's back. He fell on the edge of the crevice and died without saying a word. The other Modocs rushed up and found Jim Ross. They shot at him many times and left him for dead. The warriors carried little Ike's body off to a cave, put it in there, and filled the entrance of the cave with rocks.

Capolis, Chief of the Warm Spring U. S. Indian Scouts. Killed afterwards while in the employ of the U. S. Government as a policeman, by an outlaw, in the Paulina Reserve, Oregon.

Jim Ross, after the Indians shot him up, lost all consciousness. After the Indians had all left he came to, but was afraid to move. He thought there might be some Indians near at hand. Finally he gained courage and moved. He could not move his feet or his hands. He thought that strange. He then saw that both his legs were broke below the knees and both of his wrists was broke. He did not know what to do. Finally he tried to crawl on his knees and elbows, which he did. He then started on his journey to Gillem's camp, which he thought he never would reach, but I heard him say: "I made up my mind I might just as well die in my attempt to reach my comrades as to die where the Modocs had left me for dead." My kind and gentle reader, it may seem to you that this yarn is shallow, but nevertheless, it is the truth. Jim

U. S. soldiers on the lookout for an attack by the Modocs, at a picket station in the Lava Beds.

Ross little expected on that morning when he was stepping from rock to rock, strong and well, joshing with his comrades, that the following night he would be crawling over some of the same ground, trying to reach the point he had left that morning, as I said, strong and well. Now both of his legs are broken, both of his wrists also broken, shot through the intestines, and with some other wounds on different parts of his body. This brave man crawled on his knees and elbows all night, falling first one way and then another. His courage never failed him. Just at daylight he reached the men on picket duty. They saw him and challenged him. He did not answer them. The boys on picket says, "Indian! See! he is crawling on us; let's shoot him"; so they opened on the man.

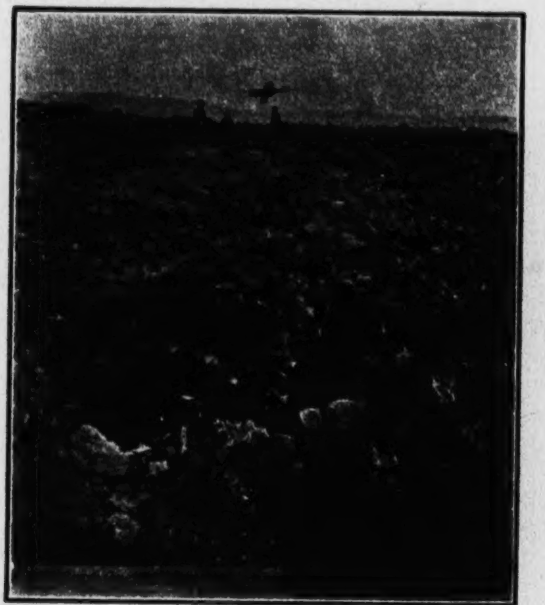


Joe Sidwaller, Warm Spring Joe; a Warm Spring U. S. Indian Scout, bringing in the wounded after an engagement during the Modoc War. Photo by Muybridge, 1873.

They fired ten or twelve shots at him. Ross was quite still when the boys quit firing. One says, "I guess we got him. He is still." Ross spoke then. He says, "You d——d fools, can't you fellows tell a white man from an Indian?" The boys went and picked up the almost dead man and carried him to the hospital. The doctors amputated both his legs below the knees and both of his wrists. He was shot nine times. His knee caps was exposed. The skin and flesh was worn away from his knees, and elbows, and chin. I saw his chinbone or jawbone. It was bare, with no flesh on it at all. It is a sight I have never forgotten and never will as long as I live. He laid on his cot after his wounds was dressed and told how he killed his Indian. He said:

McKay, the San Francisco "Bulletin" correspondent, taking notes on the battlefield near Gillem's camp. At the left are two Warm Spring Scouts, on the lookout for the Modocs. One of them, Tallach, is still living and resides at the Warm Spring Reservation, Oregon. This photo taken by Muybridge, 1873.

"After my leg was broke, I could not do anything but hide, which I did in a crevice. I had not been hidden very long till an Indian jumped on the edge of the crevice. I pulled up on that buck; when I fired he leaped up in the air about fifteen feet. I plugged him right where he lived. You bet I did. I know I plugged him. He was not five feet from me. I am satisfied, boys, I got my Indian. I am ready to die. I know I cannot live. What good would I be to myself or anyone else, handless and footless?"



Capt. Jack's stronghold in the Lava Beds. Notice the Modoc rock fortifications; × shows Sergeant or Lieut. J. M. Ross, 21st Inf., standing close by the same with some other soldiers. Photo by Muybridge, 1873. This is the photographer who invented moving pictures at Governor Stanford's ranch, Palo Alto, California.

My mother Tobey did all she could for him to make him comfortable, but in vain. He was beyond human aid. He died just ten days after his wounds was dressed. I was there by the side of his cot when he died. He drew his last breath with a smile on his manly face, whispering, "I got my Indian."

The soldiers was busy one day, bringing in first the wounded, next the dead, after Wright and his company had been fired on or rather waylaid. I cannot give the number that was killed or the number wounded.[2] The Indians did not fire on the soldiers while they was working with their wounded or dead. The Indians did not do much fighting for a few days after the Col. Wright fight, as the troops did not move against them in force. The Warmspring Indian scouts and some cavalrymen would go out every day and have a brush with the Modocs. Just a few Modocs would take part in these little fights.

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[2] There were 76 officers and men and also Donald McKay and his Warm Spring Scouts; Lieut. T. F. Wright, Lieut. A. B. Howe and First Lieut. Arthur Cranston. Captain Evan Thomas was also killed. Lieut. George M. Harris, dangerously wounded, died three days later on. Surgeon Semig, seriously wounded, leg amputated. A total of 27 killed and 17 wounded. These officers were killed on April 26th.

Lieut. Harris belonged to the Fourth Artillery, whose Battery K perfectly idolized him. Capt. Evan Thomas was the son of Lorrenzo Thomas, formerly Adjutant General of the U. S. Army. He was appointed second lieutenant of the Fourth Artillery April 9, 1861, in the District of Columbia. Was promoted to first lieutenant on the 14th of May, 1861, and made Captain, August, 1864, though brevetted Captain in Dec., 1862, and brevetted Major in July, 1863. Honors won on the battlefield. He left a widow and two children at San Francisco. After receiving his death wound he buried his gold watch and chain in the hope it might escape discovery by the Modocs and be recovered by friends, but the watchful foe did not permit the souvenir to reach them.

Telegram to General Scofield, San Francisco, California.

Headquarters in the Field, Tule Lake, Cal., May 8, 1873.

I sent two friendly squaws into the Lava Beds day before yesterday. They returned yesterday, having found the bodies of Lieut. Cranston and other parties, but no Modocs. Last night I sent the Warm Spring Indian Scouts out. They found that the Modocs have gone in a southeasterly direction. This is also confirmed by the attack and capture of a train of four wagons and fifteen animals yesterday P. M. near the supply camp on the east side of Tule Lake. The Modocs in this party reported to be fifteen or twenty in number, escort the train about the same. Escort whipped with three wounded. No Modocs known to have been killed. I will put the troops in search of the Modocs with five days' rations. JEFF. C. DAVIS,
Colonel 23rd Infantry, Commanding Dept.

CHAPTER XI.

May 7th, Captain Jack and all his braves go south about four miles.—Make another stand.—George, Ellen's man, killed, the bravest man among the Modocs.—His death causes trouble among the Indians.—The Modocs separate, one band went west and the other east.

One day along in the early part of May (about the 7th), Colonel Mason and his company, if my memory serves me right, met Scarface Charley and thirtytwo Modocs in open battle, near Dry Lake, edge of the Lava Beds. Mason and his troops retreated after about half an hour of hard fighting, at close range, leaving four on the field, but taking their wounded along. Scarface Charley lost one man. His name was Little Stevens, killed; none wounded. A few days later, a big body of Warmspring Indian volunteers and scouts, Donald or Donal McKay, in command of the Indian volunteers, and a company of cavalrymen, got orders to go and find the Modocs and rout them if it could be done. McKay said he and his men could and would lick h—ll out of them Modocs, if he got the opportunity. He said he had not got any show with them Modocs yet. He wanted to find them, so he could make good with his men.

The officer that was in command of the cavalry boys said. "Look here, McKay, you may lick them Modocs easy, but let me say, they are fighters, and good ones. If we jump them, you will find out that what I tell you is the truth." The two officers had the foregoing conversation while they was riding along the zig-zag trail through the Lava Beds.

The Modoc Indian on picket duty saw the horsemen approaching. He reported to his chief what he saw. He and Scarface Charley gave orders to prepare for battle. The Modocs went forward to meet their enemy. They did this to give their women, children and old people a better show to hide. The opposing enemies caught sight of each other about the same time, about one mile from the Modoc camp, when the Modoc warriors left their camp to go and meet the enemy.

They had to cross a basin and then come up on a little ridge When they appeared on the ridge, the Warmspring scouts and the white soldiers saw them about the same time the Modocs did. The soldiers and Warmspring Indians all dismounted and separated for battle. They had a hard fight. Neither side gaining ground or loosing ground. After the soldiers and scouts withdrew, the Modocs got together. Their most beloved man, Ellen's man, was missing. Scarface Charley said, "We must find him. He may be just wounded, but I fear he is dead. Three or four men went to where he was seen last. Faithful William found him lying face down, dead. A hole in his right breast told the tale. About fifty feet from Ellen's man's body, laying side by side, were two Warmspring Indian scouts,[1] both dead, one with a gapping hole in the face.

Warm Spring U. S. Indian Scouts. Left—Tahome; behind him—Sisson Jim; standing—Donald McKay.

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[1] **The names of the two Warm Spring Scouts killed were Se-bas-tia and Wa-san-ika.**

the other one with a bullet hole right over his heart. Ellen's man had sold his life dear in his last battle for his dear country.

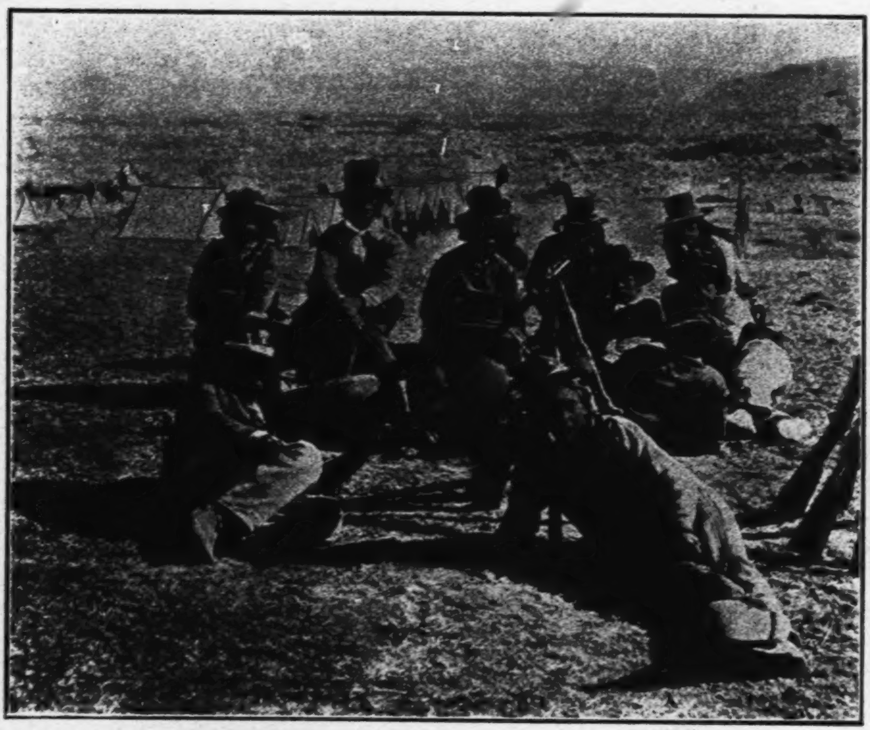
The boys in blue all escaped in this battle; only one got a light flesh wound on the left shoulder. The soldiers all kept to one side during this fight, as McKay had requested it. He wanted to fight the Modocs Indian style, which he did. He did not make good as he said he would. The Modoc braves, when they got back to their camp that evening, they were all sad. Finally someone said, if it had not been for a certain thing, Ellen's man would not have been killed. Three or four others spoke. Then they all commenced to blame one another for his death. Women took sides. They quarreled all night. When morning came they lined up to fight. Only a few men took sides with Chief Capt. Jack. Of course, John Schonchin was also with him. Capt. Jack told the people that he was not the cause of Ellen's man's death. "You accuse me wrong,"

William, U. S. Warm Spring Indian Scout. Indian name, Skmea-Chee.

he says to Black Jim, "but if you people think I killed Ellen's man or caused his death, you know what to do. Shoot me. I promise you if you do not kill me at the first volley, I will return the fire, for I just as leave may die fighting my own men as to die fighting soldiers. I know I will be killed anyway, in battle, or I know I shall be hung if I am captured, so you see I am not afraid of death. You men are the very men that drove me to kill General Canby and now you want to blame me for Ellen's man's death. Let me tell you that he died in action on the battlefield like a man. Now tell me, some of you, how am I the cause of his death?" Black Jim at this instant threw the butt of his gun to his shoulder, saying, "I will stop your talk, you coward."

Warm Spring U. S. Indian Scout on the lookout for the Modocs during the Modoc War; Indian name, Loa-kum Ar-nuk.

Weium, known now to you as Faithful William, jumped and caught Black Jim's rifle and said, "None of that, Jim. Don't shoot Jack. You have your desire. You wanted to shoot soldiers all the time. Our chief wanted peace. There is plenty of soldiers left yet. You have not killed all of them, so go and shoot soldiers to your heart's content. I will not let you shoot our chief, for he is a good man and is right. You and others made him do what he did, so just save your cartridges for soldiers. They ain't left yet, and they won't leave for awhile, either." Black Jim wheeled round on Faithful William, looked him in the eyes for some time. He said, *"ah"*[2] (yes). He walked off and said, "I quit my chief today



The Warm Spring U. S. Indian Scouts in the Lava Beds during the Modoc War. Soldiers camps in the rear. Left to right around the circle: 1. ——. 2. Frank Sidwaller. 3. Pinouse. 4. Schooley, grandfather of the wife of Pierson Mitchell of Simnasho U. S. Reservation, Oregon. 5. Lieut. Jake Thomas, still living at the Warm Springs Agency, Oregon. Sitting opposite to him, Ta-home. From the Smithsonian collection.

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[2] Pronounced as "a," the h being silent.

for I cannot fight by his side any more. I hate him from now on. I do not care who knows it. The other Indians all got in three or four squads and laid their plans in a hurry, for they could see the flash of the soldiers' guns not over one mile and a half from them. This was a fresh company that hadn't been ordered to the front. I have forgotten the officers in command of this company.[3] Capt. Jack got his two ponies. He packed them in haste; mounted his wife and child on them. He got his gun. During this time he did not say a word. He rested the butt of his gun on the ground. He then shouldered his gun, started off in a brisk walk, headed east, followed by his family, John Schonchin and family, and three or four other families, and four or five single you men.

Black Jim, Bogus Charley, Boston Charley, Dave Rock, Steam Boat Frank, Curley Headed Doctor, Shaknasty Jim, Hooker Jim, Faithful William, Miller Charley, Mose Kisk, Boncho and others went west. We will leave Capt. Jack and his sub-chief for awhile and follow Black Jim and his followers. They traveled west till late in the evening. The Warm-spring Indian scouts and soldiers had captured nearly all they had, so every had, so every squaw had to pack a big load on their back. Some had young children that had to be carried, children from seven years old and up had to walk the best they could. The real old men and women was more bother to the middle-aged people than the children. Some of them was partly blind. They could not see to travel through the rocks and brush. They spent their first night after they fell out with Capt. Jack near Willow Creek, California, on the south side of Vanbrimer mountain. Next morning, Black Jim told the people that they would not move, but would lay over to rest the women, children and old folks. He was acting as leader or chief. He put two men on guard; the rest of them laid around camp, some sleeping and some just resting. About mid-afternoon the two guards rushed into camp and reported that a company of soldiers on horseback was right on them. They hurried their families south into a juniper thicket. The warriors then laid in wait for the soldiers. The soldiers were very slow and careful. They had taken up the Indian trail early that morning with Warmspring scouts as trailers. When they got within two hundred yards of the anxious Modoc braves, one Warmspring scout said: "Stop, I think me see him Modoc run like this." He got down on his hands and knees and showed Capt. Anderson. He said: "Me see him, sure; putty soon, maybe so, him shoot." Just then a shot rang out in front of the soldiers, followed by fifteen or twenty more. One horse plunged forward, hit in the breast. He

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[3] In his final report he says: "Capt. Hasbroock and Jackson's company with the Warm Spring Scouts, all under command of the former, were immediately sent out in pursuit and signs of Modocs were found near Sorass Lake, where the troops camped for the night. On the morning of the 10th the Modocs attacked the troops at daylight. They were not fully prepared for it, but at once sprang to their arms and returned the fire in gallant style. The Modocs soon broke and retreated in the direction of the Lava Beds. They contested the ground with the troops hotly for some three miles. The object of this hasty movement of the troops was to overhaul the Modocs, if out of the Lava Beds as reported, and prevent them from murdering the settlers in their probable retreat to another locality. This object was obtained and more. The troops have had, all things considered, a very square fight and whipped the Modocs for the first time, but the whole band was again in the rocky stronghold.
JEFF C. DAVIS,
Colonel 23rd Infantry, Commanding Dep't.

Capt. George, U. S. Warm Spring Indian Scout. Indian name, Shar-kah.

threw his gallant rider to the ground. The soldiers was truly surprised, but it did not take no time for them to rally, which they did. The captain ordered charge. They started with a yell, but had to retreat, although none of the charging force was hit, but the horses suffered. The Modocs was shooting horses. Black Jim had ordered the braves to shoot horses. He said, "After the soldiers quit them, he thought if they killed their horses, the soldiers would not follow them; not so fast, anyway.

The soldiers and scouts exchanged a few shots with the Modocs. A little while before sunset, the soldiers and scouts headed for the Vanbrimer ranch on Willow Creek, California. The boys had lost their horses, walked in, no one hurt on either side.

Next morning Anderson sent a messenger to Fairchild's ranch, to a company of regulars that was stationed there, stating that he had located the entire band of Modocs near Vanbrimer Mountains, that he had a fight with them, but lost no men, and had several horses killed. He stated in these words: "I think we killed fifteen or more of them Modocs. I know I saw four or five throw their hands up and fall backwards. I plugged two myself."

The Modocs, after their little fight with the troops and Indian scouts, took the trail of the women and children. They did not go far before they found them. They all camped right there for the night, as they had plenty of water handy. Daylight next morning the Indians was traveling west, headed for a mountain. The top of the mountain waas covered with juniper trees and mahogany brush. From the top of the mountain the Indians could get a fine view west, all over Butte Creek Valley, California. East, they had a good view of the country they had traveled after leaving the Lava Beds. The warriors took turn about, stationed in the tops of two juniper trees, watching for their enemies. The mountain the Modocs made their last stand on was then known as Fairchild's Mountain. It is about four miles from the southwest end of little Klamath Lake, California. Fairchild's ranch is on the east side of the mountain, right at its base. It was also known as Sheep Mountain. The Indians was not bothered by anyone for nearly two weeks. They had plenty of meat to eat, as there was plenty of deer and mountain sheep all over the mountain where they camped on; also eppaws, a little wild potato that grows all through the northern part of California and southern part of Oregon.

During this time the soldiers, most of them, moved back to the Fairchild's ranch. After they got settled down, scouting parties went out every day to locate the Modocs. One evening in the latter part of the month of June, 1873, Bogus Charley, Hooker Jim, Shaknasty Jim and Scarface Charley walked into John Fairchild's house. Some two or three officers was in the house with Mr. Fairchild.

When the warriors stepped in, each one had his rifle in his right hand. Mr. Fairchild and the officers was taken with surprise. Not one of them moved. Scarface Charley was the first one to speak. He said: "Hello, mans, me come here with this my mans, me like no more fight; me like quit; me much tired; no sleep long time now. Me come see you, John," addressing Mr. Fairchild. "Me like you, for me talk; no like shoot soldiers no more. You my good friend; you know me, heap good John. I neber lie when me tell something." John Fairchild got up and shook hands with each warrior. The officers did likewise. Scarface said to the last officer he shook hands with: "Mr. Big Soldier *tyee*[4], me no 'fraid you; you can't lick me, one man. You soldiers many,many; pore me; spose you fight me one man, me lick you puty d——d quick, you bet. Now me no like fight; me quit now; spose you like kill me, all light, here's my gun and pistol." He passed them over to the officer, laughing all the time. The other three followed suit. Fairchild placed chairs for the four warriors, asked them to sit down, which they did. Mr. Fairchild notified Gen. Jeff C. Davis that four Modoc warriors was in his house and wished to see him and other officers.

General Davis went immediately. The four warriors received him with their hats in hand. General Davis said, "How do you do, boys. I am glad to see all of you. Where

[4] Meaning in Jargon, Chief.

are you boys from? How is the rest of the people? Where are they holding out at?" Scarface said: "Me well, we all well. You soldiers no kill many of us; may be four or five good men, maybe five or six old squaws. An old man, Capt. Jack, Schonchin, maybe fifteen more go way off, me not know where him go. Other Modocs little ways from here, all well. Maybe some Modoc man like fight more, I no. No, me no like fight more; me got enough fight. This man—pointing at the other three—him no like fight. We give you soldiers our gun, pistol, too; us quit now. Suppose you like put him chain my legs, all us legs; all light, me say good."

General Davis said: "So, Scarface Charley, you want to lay your arms down and quit fighting, eh! I am glad that you and them others have decided to quit. I will see that you men shall be protected. Now come with me. I expect you are hungry? Come and have something to eat." "Hold on, Mr. Davis, me go putty quick and eat. Me like talk you now. Me like tell you me no 'fraid you. No, me just quit fight. You soldiers no good shoot. Me no like kill lots of soldiers. Soldiers all same woman. No shoot good. No hit Injun. Maybe so soldiers fraid Modoc man; he no shoot good all the time. He run just like deer, that's what all soldiers do, but soldiers he no good fight. Spose twenty soldiers after me lone. I set down I kill all him, 'spose him no run like deer. Now me eat; me quit talk."

General Jeff C. Davis made arrangements with the four warriors after supper. He told them he would not keep them as prisoners or under guard. So the next morning the four Indians were hired by the officer, General Davis, as scouts. They took the job to run their own people down at $100 per month.

CHAPTER XII.

Scar-Face Charley, Hooker Jim, Bogus Charley and Shaknasty Jim hired as Government Scouts, commence running to earth their own people.—Armed with nice carbines and riding fine grain fed horses, wages $100.00 per month.—These very men were eager to fight at the beginning of the Modoc War.

We will now see what the Indians are doing. Scarface Charley and the other three deserted the night after the above mentioned men left their people on the Fairchild or Sheep Mountain. Miller Charley called on Curley Headed Doctor and said: "Doctor, where did Scarface Charley and the other three men go to? I did not hear any firing anywhere today. I don't think they got killed." The Doctor said: "I

Curly Headed Doctor. Indian name, Cho-ocks; alias Woman Doctor, Medicine Man. Died at Quapaw Agency, Oklahoma, 1890. From the collection of Mr. John Daggett.

Miler Charley. Died near Quapaw, Oklahoma, in the summer of 1912.

do not know anything about their departure. They told me this morning that they were going out to scout a little, which, I suppose, they did."

By the time the two had got thus far in their talk, nearly all the other braves walked up to the Doctor's camp. Black Jim picked up a stick and poked the fire, saying at the same time. "As I was watching the soldiers' camp this evening I saw four men walk up to Fairchild's house and go in. I was just a little ways up above the house on the hill. If my eyes did not fool me, the men I saw was Scarface Charley, Hooker Jim, Bogus Charley and that left-handed man, Shaknasty Jim. I kept my eyes on the house until dark. I did not see them go out." The Doctor said, "This is as I expected. I have watched them fellows for the last four or five days; they have been together; they acted like they were planning something. I know now, they have gone to the soldiers' camp. They are now talking with the officers. They will lead the soldiers to our hiding place. I will shoot either one of them before I will shoot a soldier." They all said the same thing.

That very night they all moved camp, about two miles north on the same mountain. The Juniper trees and Mahogany trees or bushes was thicker in that locality. The next morning all the braves were busy building breastworks. They determined to make that place their last stand and sell their lives dearly as possible. They all knew if the four deserters took sides with the soldiers and fought with them, they were up against it, as the four men were all dead shots.

Let us see where Captain Jack and his few followers went to when he and Schonchin separated from Black Jim and the others. Jack and Schonchin, their families and the other five or six families headed east. They traveled about ten or twelve miles, made camp in a small ravine or gulch, where they knew was a small spring. Jack and Schonchin passed a restless night. They both thought that Black Jim would follow them and kill them. In this they were mistaken. Jack proposed to lay over one or two days to rest, as they all were sorely in need of sleep and rest. They all agreed to Jack's proposition. Two of the younger men went hunting. They did not hunt long; they bagged three antelopes and two deer. Game was plentiful in that part of the country.

After spending the second day at this hidden spring they all moved due north. Their course was along the ridge between Clear Lake and Tule Lake. Jack wanted to get in the mountains west of Langell's Valley, Oregon. The mountain lies northeast of Tule Lake and it is known as Bryant Mountain. Jack and his party reached camp safe after dark. They saw many horse and wagon tracks between Clear Lake and Tule Lake but did not see any soldiers.

The day following they all started early, headed northeast. Jack knew of a nice spring and good horse feed about half way down Bryant Mountain. On the east side the timber was dense all around the spring, also a very rocky, rough canyon on the north of the spring. Jack told his little band that he thought they could make a good stand there, even against great odds. Schonchin told Jack and others that he intended to stay right there and fight any war party that came his way. They had a good view of Langell's Valley, but did not or could not see any part of the Tule Lake country without climbing the steep mountain about one mile. Jack kept one man on guard every day and night on the trail they had made when they came into their camp ground. About ten days after Jack had made his last camp, he and all the rest of the Indians were surprised one morning when they saw Long Jim and his old father walk into their camp. Long Jim and his old father went their way when the Modocs had their row over the death of Ellen's man. Long Jim, with his father, had been dodging from first one place and another on the shores of Tule Lake, so they gave it up as a bad job. They started for Yainax Agency. On their way they came upon Capt. Jack's trail and followed him up. Jack welcomed him as he saw Long Jim had a good Springfield rifle and plenty of cartridges. Jack and his small band felt safe for the time being as no white people of any kind bothered him, although they saw people going up and down Langell's Valley every day or so. Jack had given his men orders not to do any shooting. If they did, it would cause the enemy to locate them too easy, but he said: "We must have meat. We will try our bows and arrows." Long Jim's father had a coon skin quiver full of arrows and two fine sinew backed bows. With the bows and arrows fine big bucks and does were brought into camp every day, also grouse.

I will now lead the kind reader back to the Modoc government scouts. General Davis said: "Scarface, come here. You are a pretty good fellow, I think. I believe I can trust you and the other boys. I don't think you would run off with the horses and guns if I sent you four out to capture Captain Jack and his little handful, would you?"

This talk took place at Fairchild's Ranch, California, some time in May, 1873. Scarface said: "Ho, me no run 'way; me soldier now, same kind white soldier, only me and him odder mans," pointing to Bogus Charley, Hooker Jim and Shaknasty Jim. "D——m more better than you white soldiers, you bet we am. Davis, you know what I say; him sure I tell you good."

"Well, boys," says General Jeff C. Davis, "I want Capt. Jack and Schonchin, can you get them?" "You bet we get him all right, sometime. What for we no get him Black Jim, Curley Haired Doctor on heap all him perst, eh! May so him come here kill you some time soon. What you think?"

General Davis: "Oh, I'm not afraid of Black Jim. He won't come here to kill me. I got soldiers here. You see he won't come."

"Canby him say that same kind talk," spoke Bogus Charley, "Injun kill him all same. Injun not afraid of soldiers when he get mad. No, no. Injuns always say, 'If I commence to fight any kind of people I will fight, fight if there is ten against one. I shall not run as long as I have any chance to get my man.' That is the way we all talk and that is the way we all look upon war. Die fighting is our rule. But in this fight with you soldiers, we thought it would be better to quit although we are not afraid of you, we just quit; we feel bad about our families and our old folks. I, for one, do not want to lead them around any longer. That is the reason I and these men give up our rifles to you."

Bogus Charley could talk better English than any of the braves. He had lived among the white people in Yreka, California, the biggest part of his life. He was at this time of his talk with General Jeff C. Davis, about thirty years of age. "Well, General Davis, when we go get him, Black Jim, and all him Injuns," broke in Scarface, the General walked up to one of his officers and said: "Lieutenant, go get the boys ready. We might just as well go after Black Jim and his band right now. After we get him, then we shall go in search of Capt. Jack and Schonchin. They cannot escape us when we have his own men hired as scouts." The officer saluted and hurried off to get everything ready for the Indian hunt, as they called it, two hours after the lieutenant got his orders

Bogus Charley and the other three scouts were talking very earnestly to about thirty soldiers, Captain Anderson in command. They were about two miles southwest of the Fairchild's Ranch, California. Bogus Charley was saying to Captain Anderson: "We left them people right over that point of timber up there," pointing to the top of Sheep Mountain. They may be there now, maybe not; might be close to Yreka, California. Now we can't tell. You see, Captain, it has been six days since we left them."

Captain Anderson said: "Scarface Charley what do you think is the best way to go at our little business we have in hand?"

Scarface Charley: "Me, Captain, me no no, suppose me boss, me tell you pretty quick what me do; me can do nothing, me no boss."

Captain Anderson: "Well, tell us, Charley, what do you want to do. You know, Charley, you are a government man now. You see, Charley, I want to take them Indians without any more fighting."

Scarface: "Well, Captain, I tell you now what we do. I think we no fight. You all soldiers stay here. Me, Bogus Charley and Hooker Jim, go look for Modocs. Shaknasty Jim he stay with you. Spose we see him Injuns, me talk him good, puty soon him all come out heap glad."

Captain Anderson said: "All right, boys, go. We shall stay right here until we hear from some of you."

The three scouts mounted their horses and headed them for the top of Sheep Mountain, about one mile and a half distant. Just before the scouts disappeared in the Juniper timbers they waved their hats to the boys in blue. The boys had tied their horses to some scrubby Juniper trees. They were sitting around telling yarns, etc. It was getting pretty well along in the afternoon. One Irish boy in blue said: "I say Cap., it would be a devil of a joke if Scarface Charley, Bogus Dollar or Charley and Crooked or Mean Hooker Jim would get Black Jim and his men and come up behind us and open up on us. I say, wouldn't that be royal, begorra! Say, boys, I do not know how you feel towards these red heathens, but for my part I wouldn't trust any of them as far as a blind man can see, the divil the bit I would, even if he had glass eyes."

About an hour before sunset two of the scouts came back, Bogus Charley and Hooker Jim, Scarface Charley was not with them. Anderson said: "Hello, boys, where is Scarface?" Bogus Charley said: "He is with the Modocs over the mountain. He sent us back to tell you men to go back to camp. Black Jim would not listen to reason at all, so I guess we just as well go back. Scarface said for me to tell you by the time we get around tomorrow, he would have all of them ready to come in with us. He will stay with them tonight." So they all mounted and headed for the camp, splitting the air with love songs. The three scouts joined in singing war songs in their own language.

General Jeff C. Davis received the company and scouts and congratulated them upon their safe return. After Lieut. Anderson explained everything to General Davis he was well pleased with Scarface Charley's plan. When the soldiers were all asleep but the guards at Fairchild's Ranch, the Indians at Black Jim's camp less than six miles away, was heaping dry Juniper logs on the fire, Black Jim being the leader of this band, was tongue lashing Scarface Charley. He even threatened to kill Charley. He said to Charley: "You black dog, why did you come back to me for after you and the other three dogs deserted me and your families? I can not look upon you men as friends any more. How do you expect me to consider you my friend? You come here today with a fine, big horse and nice cavalryman's carbines. Who do you intend to run down with that horse? Who do you intend to shoot with that gun? Now tell me, can you explain yourself to me so that we may avoid bloodshed that is between you and me? Charley, if ever I meant anything in my life, I mean just what I am saying right now. Come, answer me."

The other braves said not a word. Every one was anxious to hear Scarface Charley reply. Curley Headed Doctor said: "Charley, you have heard what Black Jim said. I want to say I feel just the same as Jim, so you had better study good before you answer us. You know who we are. Do not tempt us."

Charley jumped to his feet and poked the fire saying: "Men, put on some more wood as I want Black Jim and the Doctor to have a good, strong light to shoot me by." Then he turned and faced his two enemies saying, "Look, men, I want you both to understand that I am black, but not a dog. I am a man. If you want me to tell you what I am going to do with that big, fat horse and gun, I will tell you. I will run you men down on that horse and shoot you with this gun if you do not do as I want you to do. I know who you are. I was raised with you. You are both cowards. You know it. Your threats don't amount to nothing. What I have done is best for all of us. It is good for our old people and children. The soldiers will never quit us. This country is big, but it is small for the white people. We can not go any place and hide and escape the white man, for they are many; they are like the running waters. It is well enough for us to say that we are not afraid of death. I have often said that, but I tell you when I take the matter up, I see I used my words in too much haste. Life is sweet. I know it. You all know it. You can't deny it. The soldiers and Bogus Charley, Hooker Jim and Shaknasty Jim will be here tomorrow to take you all to Fairchild's Ranch. I will help them. It is best for all of you to give yourselves up, quit fighting. We will be well treated. I know it. If you men resist, tomorrow I will shoot some of you. You have to be taken. It is better for you all to be taken by your own men than to be taken by the soldiers."

One old man, bent in form, stepped to one side and said: "My children, let us all go with Scarface Charley in the morning. He has saved us. His words are true, I am tired, I do not want to be shot. I have not taken any hand in any of your battles yet, and I won't, either, so let us be ready to go to the enemy's camp tomorrow. You see the soldiers will not hurt us. They did not hurt this man," pointing to Scarface. "I know some of us will be hung, but what of it? We might just as well rest a little before we die, anyway."

After the old fellow made his talk, the men all agreed to give up their arms the following day, but Black Jim and the Doctor they both said, "We will not give up." Scarface said: "You had better, because I will not quit you. I will get you in time." Black Jim said: "I will not quarrel with you. You leave me alone. I will do the same with you." Charley said: "You may leave me alone, but I will not let you get away." They all went to bed to get what little sleep they could as it was near the morning hour.

Just when it was getting a little light, Black Jim got up. He got his gun and all his cartridges. He had no one to bid farewell to as he had no wife. He sneaked over to the Doctor's camp and awoke him up. He told him he was going to leave.. The Doctor said: "Wait, I will go with you." He prepared for flight. The Doctor told his wife and daughter not to feel bad about him, that he saw no way that the soldiers would spare his life, as he had killed five or six settlers. His wife and daughter hung on him and begged for him not to go, but he told them that he must go, so he did. They stole silently out of camp, taking a course north on the backbone of Sheep Mountain. About the same time the boys in blue at Fairchild's Ranch was mounting their horses and cracking jokes. Some saying they were going to bring nice looking Modoc girls in behind their saddles. The Irish soldier said: "Begorra, I'll turn me horse over to the oldest and meanest old hag in the bunch and hoof it back." They started for Black Jim's camp, the three Modoc Indian scouts in the lead.

When the troops gained the top of the mountain, they were met by Scarface. He told Lieut. Anderson "the Indians were all ready to start for Fairchild's. Only two men ran off this morning, me see him go, me no say anything, me get him today, you bet, me get him." Scarface turned back, followed by the grinning soldier boys. They rode on for a few minutes. Scarface halted and said: "Anderson, you all look out good. Maybe him Black Jim and Curley Headed Doctor here some place. Maybe he like shoot soldier." The Irishman said: "Begorra, I hope he won't take me for his target, the bloody coward. If he was here now, I'd treat him to a chew of my tobacco." Scarface started again, all following. Every boy was casting glances in all directions.

Scarface rode up to a thick clump of Junipers and Mahoganys and dismounted, saying: "You keep still." He went into the woods and in a few minutes came out with sixty or seventy people following him, Indian fashion, single file, some of them almost nude. They were a sorry looking lot. They all lined up in front of the soldiers. The men all stepped forward and laid down their guns. Not a word was spoken during this time. Scarface said: "Mr. Anderson, how you like the way I do business," Lieut. Anderson: "Fine, Charley, fine. Now," he said, "we will go."

Scarface said: "Suppose you no like take him Injun guns, Injuns take him long; he no shoot you." The Lieutenant said, "All right. Tell them to carry their guns down to the ranch." Scarface said: "Anderson, you and Hooker Jim, Shaknasty Jim, and Bogus Charley and soldiers, take these Indians down to camp. You give me five men. I go get him Doctor and Black Jim. I want five good men, maybe we fight like hell, sure."

So Lieutenant Anderson detailed five men to go with Scarface. Scarface led his men down on the west side of Sheep Mountain about three hundred yards. He stopped and looked down into the valley for some time. Finally he said: "We go this way," pointing north. He took the lead and did not stop or say a word until he had gone about a mile. He stopped and told the soldiers: "We will now go back on the mountain." He turned due east up the mountain, and when in about fifty yards of the summit he told the men to tie their horses and follow him. They did as he said, wondering what he was trying to do. When they got right up on the backbone of the mountain Scarface said, "Now, soldiers, look good down that way," pointing south in the direction of the last Modoc camp where Lieutenant Anderson had taken charge of the Modocs just a short time before. They could see away off down on the east side of the mountain near the Fairchild Ranch, Lieutenant Anderson and the Indians working their way down now. "Now you see," says Scarface, "Black Jim and Doctor, him some place back there," pointing again south. "He watch soldiers and Injuns, pretty soon him both come this way. We get him pretty quick. You bet, he no fool me. Me Injun, too. I know what he try do."

While he was thus talking he stopped and whispered, "Get down low, me see him now. Him right there," pointing over a big pile of rocks. "Don't you soldiers say anything. Just wait. Me talk to them. You all watch me. When me go up to him mans and talk, spose he no talk good, me take my hat off. You all come to me quick. Be ready to shoot. Maybe so he like fight. Me see when he come close." About the time he had instructed the boys what to do, Black Jim and his pal was within fifty feet of Scarface Charley and the soldier boys, walking slow with their guns grasped in their right hands. They both stopped and watched the movements of the soldiers camped at Fairchild Ranch. Jim said: "Where shall we go, Doctor?" Just then Scarface Charley stepped on a big rock and said, "Go down to Fairchild's." Black Jim and Curley Headed Doctor wheeled around with their guns to their right shoulders. Scarface said: "None of that, my people. I'm not wanting to fight, so just lower your guns. Let's talk some. I have been looking for you. I want to take you where the other Modocs are."

Black Jim replied by saying, "It is you *eh?* You follow me. What have I done to you that you won't let me be? You want to get me and turn me over to the enemy and let them hang or shoot me, eh. You want to make more money by selling me to the enemy, eh. Meaning you will never take me alive. I will die before I'll surrender to one of my own kind."

Scarface said: "Jim, don't talk about dying. Maybe you will, for I am not alone, I have plenty of help near at hand."

The Doctor said not a word. He was standing like one in a dream.

"Black Jim," said Charley, "you lie in everything. You are alone, you know it. Your life is in our hands. We kill you today."

Scarface took his hat off just as Jim raised his gun. Five carbines flashed in the sun, every one pointed right at Black Jim's breast. Black Jim lowered his trusty gun, saying, "You have got me, I quit. Charley, you are a devil."

Charley said: "Both of you hand me your guns and revolvers."

They both did it smiling. The carbines was still pointed at the two braves. Finally Charley said, "Well, soldier boys, I guess he no shoot now. You take down your guns now."

The soldiers stepped forward all laughing and shook hands with the two prisoners. Four of the men went and got the horses. When they got around they all started down the mountain towards the soldiers' camp with their prisoners in the lead.

General Jeff C. Davis was very glad when they arrived with the two prisoners. That evening the Modoc prisoners had a good, square meal for the first time since the peace commissioners were murdered.

CHAPTER XIII.

Colonel Mason gets orders to trail Captain Jack and Schonchin down.—Jack and his followers meet Ha-kar-gar-ush and his men and women near Steele's Swamp, Calif.—Ha-kar-gar-ush and Captain Jack make their camps together, north of Steele's Swamp a short distance.—General Wheaton with a company of cavalrymen with Scar-Face Charley and Bogus Charley as scouts takes up Captain Jack's trail near Clear Lake, California, and follows it to their camp.—They had a sharp running fight for about seven miles.—Some Indians captured at camp.—None were killed on either side.

I will now lead the kind reader back to Captain Jack and Schonchin and see what they have been doing since Long Jim and his father joined them in their camp on the east side of Bryant Mountain. About the middle of May, 1873, Long Jim and his father left Jack's camp and went to Yainax. Jack, a few days after, went towards Steele Swamp, California. When he got near Steele Swamp, he met Ha-kar-gar-ush and a few of his men and families. Ha-kar-gar-ush is known now by the name of Ben Lawver. When Captain Jack and Black Jim had the row in the lava beds and finally split up, Ha-kar-gar-ush or Ben Lawver, his father and some ten or fifteen others went towards Happy Camp, California, but after traveling all day stayed over night about eight or nine miles south of Clear Lake, California. They stayed right there, game being plentiful. One day one of the young men saw quite a bunch of horsemen. He reported to Ha-kar-gar-ush. So the next afternoon Ha-kar-gar-ush moved northeast a few miles. There they met Capt. Jack and Schonchin so when they all got together there was quite a little crowd of them, but they were mostly women and children. Everything seemed to be all right. The women all turned out and gathered kash or epaws, a little potato that grew all through the Modoc country. What few men there was there fished and killed other game such as deer, antelope, etc. One day, about noon, Capt. Jack's man on picket duty came in and reported to Jack that there was two horsemen approaching their camp from the southwest. Jack and Ha-kar-gar-ush secreted their men in a little basin. Jack and two or three others took their stand near Jack's lodge with their guns near at hand in case they should want them. The two men came up on the opposite side of the creek from Jack and their lodges. They sat on their horses with their guns ready for instant use. These men were Scarface Charley and Bogus Charley. Capt. Jack was the first one to speak. He said: "My people, what do you men seek? Tell me, do you want to talk to me or do you want to fight me? I am ready to talk or fight. I know you have turned against me for money. My heart tells me so. You are no better than the coyotes that run in the valleys. So explain your mission. I demand it."

Ben Lawver, Yellow Hammer, a Modoc warrior. Indian name Ha-kar-gar-ush. Returned from Quapaw, Oklahoma, a few years ago and now residing at the Yainax, Klamath Indian Reservation, Oregon.

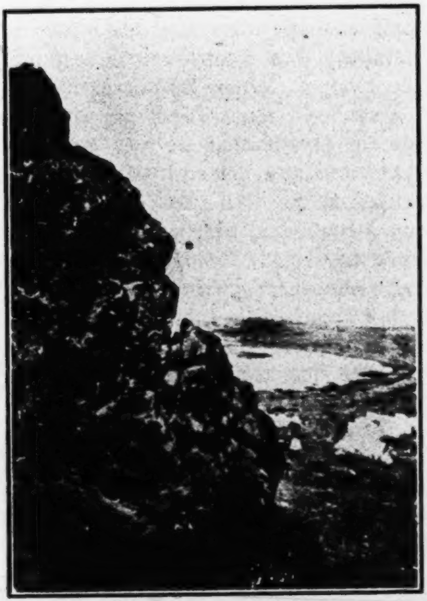
Scarface Charley replied, saying: "Wait, my husky chief, I will be at your side in a few counts."

He and his companion reined their horses up stream to a ford they both knew of. When they arrived, Jack, Ha-kar-gar-ush and a few others were sitting down on some rocks near Jack's lodge with their trusty rifles across their laps. None of them spoke a word. The two scouts dismounted, secured their horses, took their guns in their left hands, walked up right among Jack's men and offered their hands. None of the others offered their hands in greeting to the scouts. They sat on the rocks motionless and silent, neither looking to the right or left. Bogus Charley backed away treat your own companions. What do you all mean? Am from them for a few steps and said: "This is a nice way to I a stranger or am I a dog? Tell me quick. I have no time to fool away. Yonder sun waits not for me or for you either. I come to you with good news. You ought to be glad that I and your friend, Scarface Charley, have not left this work to the soldiers. You know wherever the soldiers find or see you they will shoot you like we shoot the deer, bear, coyotes and all other wild animals. Why do you treat me in this shameful way? Am I not a Modoc? I am a Modoc. Did I not face the white man, his guns in battle by your side? Am I a coward? Did I not show you how a Modoc could fight for his rights? I left you as a friend and seek you as one. I am here in your behalf. I do not want you to be shot down on sight. You still stand a show to live if you do the right thing. Do battle no more. Give up your gun. Go with Charley and me to the soldiers' camp. Fight no more. You will get justice, believe me. I tell you the truth. You know it is better to meet Scarface Charley and I here than to meet your enemies. I gave myself up some time ago, also all the others. We are all right now. We get all we want to eat."

At this stage of Bogus Charley's talk, Capt. Jack jumped to his feet and said: "Bogus, say no more. You have said enough. You say you seek me as a friend. I know you are a Modoc, and so is your companion," pointing at Scarface

Charley, "but you are not my friends today. You know it. I am not blind, neither am I a fool. You come here, both riding soldiers' horses, armed with government guns. You have told me that you gave yourselves up, also all of my other people, except the few that are here with me now. You are now working for the soldiers. You intend to buy your liberty and freedom by running me to earth and delivering me to the soldiers, which you and your friend here," pointing to Scarface Charley, "will never accomplish. I will die by my own hand before I let you get the praise of capturing me, you hearty dogs, both of you. I little suspected you when I agreed to kill Canby when you forced me to do that cowardly act, that you would turn traitor to me, for your freedom and money. This proves to me that you men are cowards. You realize that life is sweet, but you did not think so when you men forced me to promise that I would kill that man, Canby. I knew life was sweet all the time; that is the reason I did not want to fight the white people. I knew if we did, it would be all off with me and my people, but I was mistaken. I thought we would all stand side by side if we did fight and die fighting. I see now I am the only one to forfeit my life for killing Canby, perhaps one or two others. As you say, you and all the others that gave themselves up are getting along fine, and plenty to eat, you say. You have made your point win all right so far, but we shall see it may turn out that you and your dog companion will not be able to reach the soldiers' camp as well and as hearty as you left it when you took up my trail. You know, Bogus ,sometimes a man gets blind and shoots his own friends. I am getting blind right along. It makes my blood boil to think that you had the cheek to come here and tell me that you was my friend, and was here in my behalf. How could you expect me to believe such stuff? You are here to lie and deceive me like you did when you forced me to murder General Canby, saying you all would fight to the last. This looks like fighting and standing by my side. Oh, you bird-hearted men, you turned against me, but you shall not enjoy your cowardly liberty many days. The only way you can get the best of me is to shoot me right now. You know that you can not do that, for behind me, if you will notice, there is two or three guns pointing straight at your dirty dog hearts. You offer to use your guns. You are dead dogs, both of you. Now, what have you men to offer me as an explanation as to your conduct towards me and my friend Ha-kar-gar-ush here?"

Just about the time Captain Jack finished talking three or four women came running in camp screaming and said the soldiers was right among them. Jack's men all jumped to their feet.



Schonchin, or Skonches Rock, northeast from Gen. Gillem's camp. Facing Tule Lake, California.

CHAPTER XIV.

Hooker Jim and Shaknasty Jim overtook General Wheaton and his men on the south shores of Clear Lake and told them that they saw smoke north of Steele's Swamp, California.—Wheaton dismounts his troops and sends Bogus Charley and Scarface Charley to locate Jack and Schonchin.—Jack and Schonchin and Ha-kar-gar-ush found by the two scouts.—Wheaton follows with his troops and other two scouts and surprises the Indians in camp.—Captain Jack makes his escape, but is captured the next day, near the head of Langells Valley, Oregon.

Hooker Jim took Scarface Charley's and Bogus Charley's trail and followed it with Wheaton and his men right at his heels about half an hour after the other two Modoc scouts had left. Shaknasty Jim went about two hundred yards in advance of the troops. When he got in about one mile of Jack's camp he saw two squaws crossing a little valley going south, towards the smoke that he saw that morning. He turned his horse and met General Wheaton in a brisk run and told him what he saw. He told the officer that he knew the two women he saw had been out digging kask or epaws, and they were going back to camp. He said, "Now, if you will follow me with your men, I and Jim will lead you right upon their camps from the north."

Wheaton told him to go. He would be right with him. Hooker Jim headed due north until he got to the creek that Jack and his followers were camped on, about two miles below.

Hooker, after they all crossed the creek which is known to the whites as Willow Creek, headed northeast going to the little valley where he saw two women. He showed the tracks to the officer. He then followed the trail right up to the North Bluff of Willow Creek. They dismounted and were just in the act of tying their horses when they were discovered by some other women that were going out to dig epaws. Two braves that were near the top of the bluff gained the top by a few jumps and opened fire on the troops. Capt. Jack, Schonchin and two or three others started to the two men on the bluff to help them. They had gone over thirty yards when they saw the troops lined along on the bluff pouring volley after volley right in the camp. Jack and Schonchin turned right down the creek and headed for a dense growth of willows. Bogus Charley caught Schonchin before he reached the Willows and threw him to the ground and held him until some of the soldiers got to him. Jack gained the Willow thicket safe. Scarface Charley made a manly effort to capture Ha-kar-gar-ush or Ben Lawver, as he is known now. Ben Lawver was too fast for him. Scarface Charley told me in New York City in 1875, that he could have killed Ben Lawver easily that day near Steele's Swamp, California, but he said Ha-kar-gar-ush was a good Indian; that he was such a coward he did not believe that he fired one shot at any white man during all their fighting in the lava beds.

The two men that opened fire on the north bluff of Willow Creek were both taken prisoners. Jack kept up a fire on the soldiers and the boys were afraid to go in the thicket after him. I do not blame them. Two men and three women got in the thicket with Capt. Jack, under cover of the creek, the men had left their guns in camp. The reader can imagine why they left their guns behind, they did not have time to seek fire arms. The Willow thicket looked good to them. One of the fellows named Jerry Hubbard died at my place on Whiskey Creek, Oregon, Klamath Reservation, April, 1898.

Ha-kar-gar-ush gave the scouts and troops the dodge, struck due north towards Horsefly Valley, Oregon, some seven or eight others with him, mostly women, two children. Ben Lawver's father and mother with three others, went up Willow Creek. It seems strange to say that not one was hit on either side where there was so much shooting done by both sides. Their aim was poor. Capt. Jack's two wives and child, and sub-chief Schonchin's family, and all the others were captured right in camp by the four Modoc scouts.

Part of the troops were laying for Capt. Jack and the others were after one man and his wife. The boys had a running fight with him for about seven miles. It got dark, the soldiers had to give up the chase. Ben Lawver and his father and the man that had the seven mile fight with the soldiers all met after dark in a little valley about nine miles north of Steele's Swamp which is now known as Willow Valley. They all stayed over night right where they found one another.

Capt. Jack, Jerry Hubbard and others escaped under cover of darkness. They aimed to get back to their camp on the east side of Bryant Mountain, west side of Langall's Valley, Oregon. Next morning the troops took the Willow thicket by charging but was disappointed to find that Jack and the others had taken their departure. General Wheaton ordered the troops to break camp. He detailed five men to go with Scarface Charley and five men to go with Hooker Jim and Shaknasty Jim. He told Bogus Charley to accompany him and the rest of the troops to take the prisoners to Col. Mason's camp on the peninsular on Tule Lake. Gen. Wheaton arrived at Mason's camp in the afternoon of the same day he left Capt. Jack's last stand near Steele's Swamp, California, a distance of about twenty-one miles.

Scarface Charley took the trail of Ben Lawver, the five soldiers with him. They found where the Indians had camped in Willow Valley about ten o'clock. Scarface and the soldiers followed the trail of the Indians on a gallop, although the country the Indians traveled through was very rocky.

I want to say here that Scarface Charley was among the best trailers Capt. Jack had.

When Scarface got near the head of Langell's Valley, Oregon, he stopped his horse and pointed off down the slope saying, "Yonder they are. They are coming back this way; get off, boys. We will wait for them here, and when they get about in the center of that flat we will charge them."

About that time they heard some shots south of them, not far off. The Indians that Scarface was lying in wait for gained the open flat about the time they heard the shots. Scarface said to the soldiers: "Now get ready. Keep behind me. Do not shoot 'till they show fight. I think we can take them without firing a shot."

Charley gave the word and lit out on a run as fast as his horse could go. He left the soldiers away back in the rear. The Indians did not see Scarface until he was within fifty yards of them. When they did see him going towards them with his right hand up saying: *"Heh tuck gatt kai duks ah yudah tuk,"* meaning in English, "Stay where you are, do not do any shooting." The Indians all stopped and stood still. The two men that had guns never took them off their shoulders. The five soldiers rode up slow, laughing. Scarface wanted to know where Ben Lawver and his father were. The man that had the seven mile running fight with the soldiers the evening before told Scarface Charley that Ben Lawver, wife, father and mother and another young man had left them early that morning saying he was going back to the lava beds to hide. Scarface told the Indians that he would take the nearest route for the peninsular with them, so they started on a direct line for the peninsular on Tule Lake. When they got down on Lost River about the upper end of Langell's Valley, Oregon, near where Malone's Ranch is now,[1] they saw Capt. Jack running for all that was in him with Hooker Jim and two soldiers in pursuit. Scarface Charley reined his horse in ahead of Jack and told him to stop. Jack was out of wind. He fell to the ground and wept like a child. Finally he got up and told the soldiers he was ready to die or go with them. One soldier told Jack after Scarface Charley told him what he said that no one would offer to hurt him if he would go along quietly. Jack gave his gun and belt up, had only five cartridges in the belt and none in his gun. When the scouts and soldiers got all the prisoners together, they had them all but Ben Lawver, his wife, father and mother, and the young man. When Jack made his escape near Steele's Swamp with the two men and three women, they went down Willow Creek a short distance then they left the creek and took a direct line for the southeast slope of Bryant Mountain, but daylight came so they were afraid to travel and they went in hiding near the head of Langell's Valley. Hooker Jim, Shaknasty Jim and the five soldiers ran on to them just about the same time Scarface Charley sighted the ones he and the soldiers took.

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[1] Southeast end of Langells Valley, about 25 miles from Bonanza, Oregon.

When Capt. Jack seen he was found he took a shot at his trailers and dodged into the brush. The boys fired a few shots into the brush. The other two men and three women walked right up to the soldiers and gave themselves up. The two men did not have any fire arms. They left their guns the day before in camp near Steele's Swamp.

Hooker Jim after waiting for some time for Jack to come out and give himself up, was shouting to Jack all the while. Jack told him if he wanted him he could come in the brush and get him. Hooker Jim asked two of the soldiers to accompany him into the thicket. "Come, boys, he can not kill all of us. One of us will get him, sure. We will go a few steps apart." So two soldiers stepped aside. Both said, "Go, Jim, we are with you. So when the three got into the brush Jack darted out of the brush and started on a run east. Hooker got a glimpse of the fleeing chief. He called to the soldiers and chased him up the slope. The other three soldiers did not join in the chase because they did not know that Jack had skipped. Jack, after running about half a mile, almost ran right against Scarface Charley's soldiers and other prisoners.[2] Capt. Jack made his last run in vain. The once proud chief of the Modocs, the brave man, and honest man. He was known by many white men to be a proud, honest, and upright man, but on the day he was captured, and captured by his own men, he felt degraded, his manhood left him. As he said, "I am ready to die."

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[2] Capt. Jack captured June 1st, 1873.

CHAPTER XV.

Colonel Mason sends messenger to John Fairchild's Ranch, California, stating to Jeff C. Davis, who was in command at that place, holding Black Jim, Curley Headed Doctor and some sixty or seventy other Modoc prisoners, that he had Captain Jack, and John Schonchin and their families and forty or fifty other prisoners.—Some at large yet. —General Jeff C. Davis starts with his prisoners second day after he learned of Captain Jack's capture, arrives safe in two days' travel at Colonel Mason's headquarters, on the peninsula, Tule Lake, California.—Six wounded Modoc prisoners shot to death by Oregon Volunteers.

When General Jeff C. Davis got word that Capt. Jack and sub-chief Schonchin was captured with their families and forty or fifty others he gave orders to break up camp and get ready for the journey to Mason's headquarters on the Tule Lake peninsular, California. In two days Davis started with his prisoners. He had under his command about two hundred officers and privates and nearly one hundred Modoc prisoners all told. I have forgotten the date of this move, but it was the latter part of the month of June, 1873. Davis' command stopped the first night on Lost River at a ford about seven or eight miles up the river from where Jackson had his first fight with the Modocs on the 29th day of November, 1872.

The prisoners were all happy except Black Jim and Curley Headed Doctor. They were both very sullen, neither one had much to say. They were shackled together. The big chain and heavy shackles hurt their ankles. All the prisoners ate a good meal for supper, but Jim and the Doctor they both refused food. And when the whole camp was in slumber the shackled Indians were the only two awake. Of course, the four soldiers on guard were wide awake. Jim and his pal were trying to contrive some plan to escape but all in vain. The government blacksmith did not intend when he made the shackles and put them on the two restless men that they should remove them at will. No, sir, they were shackled to stay shackled until some other blacksmith took them off.

Just about the dawn of day Black Jim and Curley Headed Doctor made a break for liberty. They started for the river about fifty yards off. The guard commanded them to stop, bringing his gun to his right shoulder at the same time. They did not obey. They made a few more jumps before the guard could fire on them. The big chain that held them together got tangled in a bunch of sagebrush and threw them both to the ground on their faces. The fall gave Black Jim a bloody nose. The guard went up to them and told them to get up and go back to bed. Neither one moved. They just laid just as they had fallen and cursed a blue streak in English and Modoc language. They refused to go back to their bed. Finally a dozen soldiers, among them the Irishman that I mentioned two chapters back, they got around the two captives; they tried every way they could think of to get the two Indians to go back to camp. No, they would not do anything but curse. Finally Pat, the Irishman, went to his tent and came back with a long rope in his hands. He said, "Boys, boys, lave thim to me. Begorra, I will show the devils how to balk around soldiers. Let me at thim. By the holy Scripture I'll break thim to lead. Here, boys, fasten this rope around their black necks, and then let me handle the ribbons. I'll bet you, boys, a whole plug of chewing tobacco that they will follow me."

But he did not get a chance to test his rope cure on the Indians. The boys closed in on the sullen braves, picked them up and carried them back to their beds. Some one drove a stake deep in the ground and they fastened the heavy shackle chain solid to the stake. By that time it was day, the soldiers and prisoners all ate breakfast about the same time. All the Indians were happy as the evening before except the two that was staked out, they refused to eat as usual. Black Jim was saying: "I wish I was dead. Why did I grow to manhood. I do not feel like I am among the living. I do wish I was dead. I hope that I may die soon. I hate these soldiers that look at me now when I am in chains and laugh at me. If I was foot loose and had a gun, I'd change you soldiers from laughing to crying." He was talking in his own language.

One young man that was sitting near Black Jim—his name was Curley Haired Jack—said: "Jim, you need not pray for death; you will die soon enough. It will not be many moons, when about half of us men will be swinging in the air with ropes around our necks, so you need not be afraid that you will escape. The big soldier officers will attend to you sooner than you expect it. I intend to cheat the rope and *will* cheat it, too; you see if I don't." A few minutes after this talk took place between the two braves they was all on the road headed for the Peninsular on Tule Lake, California. Gen. Davis arrived with his prisoners about the middle of the afternoon, second day from John Fairchild's ranch, California.

Davis went and saw Capt. Jack and Schonchin upon his arrival. After he had the talk with the two chiefs he met Bogus Charley. Bogus informed Gen. Davis that all the Modocs at large was not over twenty-five or twenty-six. While they were talking, Scarface Charley walked up to them and said: "Say, I think some of our people coming over there," pointing southeast across a neck of water. Davis and Bogus saw two men going north slowly. Scarface jumped on his horse and headed in a round-about way to reach the two footmen. When Charley rode up to them it was Ben Lawver and his old father. Charley asked where he was going. Ben said, "Anywhere's just to get captured by the soldiers or scouts." Scarface said, "Well, if that is all you want, just consider yourselves my prisoners." Ben said: "All right, just let me get over that first little hill and get my wife, mother and the boy that is there." Scarface said, "No, you both go with me. I will get some horses and go after your folks." So Ben and the old father went with Charley to the soldier camp. Mason and Gen. Davis received Ben Lawver and his father with kindness. In about twenty minutes Scarface Charley came riding up, leading two horses with saddles on. He got off his horse and told Ben Lawver to get on. When he did so, Scarface said, "Here, lead these two horses out to your folks and bring them in here to camp." Bogus Charley told Col. Mason what Scarface was telling Ben Lawver to do. Mason walked up to Scarface Charley and said, "Charley, I will not allow this man to go with these horses; he will make his escape sure. You go with him." Scarface said: "Look here, Mr. Big Soldier, me no what me do, dis mans no run 'way; he come back here putty d—d quick too, you bet life. 'Spose him man no like come back here, he no come you see today, you let him go, he come back putty d—d quick too, you bet him come back."

Gen. Jeff. C. Davis told Col. Mason that Charley was all right. "He understands his business, Col., he does." Mason said, "All right, Charley, you boss this job with my permission." Charley says: "T'ank you, Mason." Ben Lawver soon disappeared around a little hill. Pat, the Irishman, said: "Begorra, I'll bet me auld hat against a dead rattlesnake, that long-legged Injun will be in San Francisco by this time tomorrow." Pat had not any more than finished his sentence, Ben Lawver came around the hill with his wife behind him, and the other two riding double on the other horse. Pat says, "By the Holy Scriptures, that long-legged devil is a fool. He does not know a good thing when he has got it. He could have been five hundred miles from here by morning, the fool; I'd like to stampede the devil and get him to running some time. I'd like to blow his bloody head off his shoulders for being a bloody fool."

Ben rode up to Gen. Davis smiling. Scarface Charley took the horses and picketed them. Gen. Jeff Davis, Wheaton, Col. Mason and three or four other officers had a long talk with the four Modoc scouts, that night. Mason proposed to try the Modoc prisoners right there on the Peninsular. Davis said it would be best to move the prisoners to Fort Klamath, Oregon, and try them there. So they all agreed that would be the best thing to do. Davis also learned that only a few Modocs had not been captured, namely, Modoc George's son Billie, his wife and four sisters, two grown, and their mother, last seen near Vanbrimer Mountain, California; Long Jim and father, last seen on Bryant Mountain; two other old men and women; one boy, last seen on Sheep Mountain, going west.

There were five other crippled Modoc Indians that were held at Fairchild's Ranch, during all the Lava Bed fighting. They were crippled in the first engagement on November 29th, 1872, at Lost River, I think; but anyway they were all shot to death on June 8, 1873, near Adams Point, Tule Lake, Oregon, by Oregon Volunteers under the command of Capt. Heizer, while they were being hauled to the headquarters of General Davis on the Peninsular to be delivered up by James Fairchild. That was after some of the Modocs had been made prisoners. The names of the five crippled Modocs that were shot were Little John and wife, Tee-Hee Jack, Poney and Mooch.

Shaknasty Jim's camp in the Lava Beds.

CHAPTER XVI.

All the prisoners moved to Fort Klamath, Oregon.—Curley Haired Jack kills himself the first night they camped at the lower gap on Lost River, Oregon.—Soldiers arrived at Fort Klamath on the third day from the peninsula.—Captain Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley and Boncho and Slolux on trial for murder in July.—First four condemned and sentenced to be hung October 3, 1873.

In about ten or twelve days after Ben Lawver gave himself up, the soldiers all left the peninsular and headed for Fort Klamath, Oregon, with all their Modoc prisoners, about one hundred and fifty or sixty all told. They camped on Lost River, Oregon, known as Lower Gap, the first night, about twenty-three miles from the peninsular. Black Jim and his pal ate some that evening.

The whole camp had a refreshing night's rest. The officers gave orders to get an early breakfast, so that they may get an early start. They wanted to make the Agency[1] that day if possible, forty miles away; they knew that was a long drive to make with heavy wagons, so by sun-up most of the teams were ready to start. The Indians commenced to get on the wagon; nearly all the Indians had taken their places in the wagons. A shot rang out, and the sound went up the river. The soldiers grasped their trusty Springfield rifles, all looking at the last little tent, that one of the Modoc prisoners had not taken down. Gen. Wheaton gave orders to find out who fired the shot. Just about then Scarface Charley walked up to Jeff C. Davis and told him that Curley Haired Jack had shot and killed himself with his own revolver. He said: "No see what for he like to die dat way, bet me no die dat way, me die plenty soon 'nuff, me think."

Curley Haired Jack told his mother that morning that he did not intend to go any further; he told her that he thought it was better for him to die with his own hand, than to give the soldiers the satisfaction of seeing him swinging in the air, with a rope around his neck. The old lady told the other Indians that she did not think her son meant what he said. The officers gave orders that the man should be buried immediately. The boys jumped in and went to work. In a few minutes poor Jack was laid to rest, just a few feet from where he had fallen just a little while before. His two brothers now live on the Klamath Indian reservation; the youngest, Chas. S. Hood, is one of our best educated men; he is very smart and he speaks the English language fluently; he is well versed in books. His

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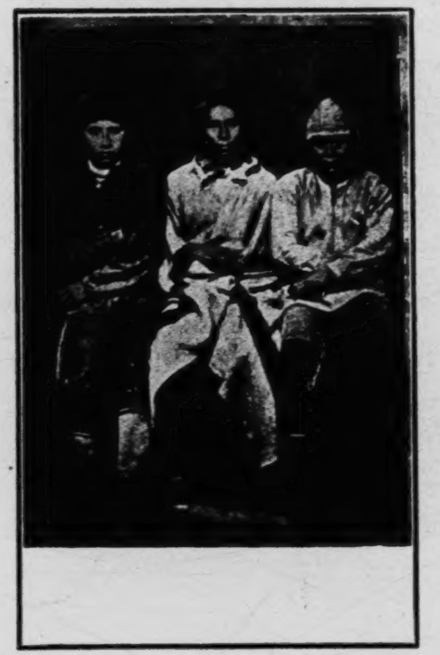
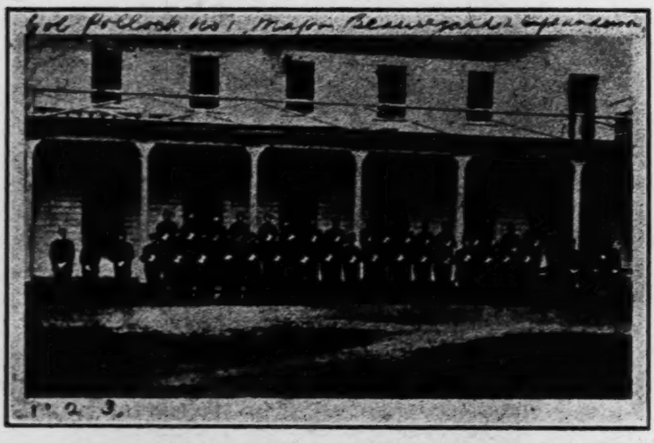
[1] Klamath Agency, Oregon.



Curley Haired Jack, a Modoc warrior, who killed himself while a prisoner, on the left. Weuim, William Faithfull, Modoc warrior, in the middle. Buckskin Doctor, Cho-ocks, Modoc warrior, on the right. Notice the shackles on their legs. Photo by Mr. Heller, 1873. From the collection of Mr. John Daggett.

other brother, Robin W. Hood, is also an enlightened Indian, although he has not got the education his brother Charles has; he is up to date on business, that is, any common business.

After Curley Haired Jack was buried the soldiers all moved forward with their prisoners. Over half of them were crying. The next day after Curley Haired Jack shot himself the soldiers all arrived with their Modoc prisoners safe at Fort Klamath, where Col. Pollock was in command. The prisoners were all put in a big stockade corral except the four scouts. Bogus Charley was chosen boss of the other three scouts. These four men had their liberty. They could go where they pleased, and could almost do as they pleased. My father and mother, Frank Riddle and Tobey Riddle as they are known, was sent for by the government to act as interpreters. We were then living near Yreka, California. The leading Modoc prisoners had to stand trial for murder. The trial commenced some time in July, 1873*, and lasted nearly the whole month of July. Every Modoc Indian was put on the stand. The most


Col Pollock No 1, Major Beauregard 2 Capt Anderson
1. 2. 3.

A company of U. S. soldiers at Old Fort Klamath, Oregon, under (1) Col. Pollock, U. S. A.; (2) Major Beauregard, U. S. A., and (3) Capt. Anderson, U. S. A. This photo shows the soldiers' headquarters. To the left of the building was the guard-house, opposite to where the four Modocs were buried. From the collection of Mrs. Melhase.

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*5th day of July, 1873.

bloodthirsty Modocs escaped punishment. The only two that was not put on the stand to testify was Long Jim and his old father. When they left Bryant Mountain they went straight to Yainax, Oregon. They both hid on a little island near Spring Creek on Spragues River, Oregon, for some time. Some of the old chief Mosen Kosket's[3] men discovered them and told old man Schonchin, chief of the Yainax Modocs. The old chief sent some of his men for Long Jim and father. When the two men was taken before old chief Schonchin he said thus to them:

U. S. soldiers in the Lava Beds. Cave on the left occupied by Weium, or William Faithfull.

"My friends, I am sorry that I have to say what I am going to say to you both. You have been fighting the soldiers in the Lava Beds. I do not want you here among what few white people live with me. They followed me here. We are here yet. No white men or Indians bothers us here. You had the same chance that my other men had. I was also your chief with my brother and Captain Jack. You followed my brother and Capt. Jack's words and ways. Your other chiefs are now in a corral with their followers at Fort Klamath, Oregon. I will send you to that same corral this very day by my men, so that you may be under the protection of your chiefs. You are not wanted here by me." So he told four of his men to get horses and take the two braves to Fort Klamath and turn them over to the soldiers. Although it is fifty-two miles to Fort Klamath, Long Jim and father was turned over to the soldiers that evening and was lodged in the stockade with the rest of the Modoc prisoners.

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[3] A Klamath chief, now deceased. Indian name Moniah Nukush Getko, meaning Big Belly.

Old Chief Schonchin or Skonches, was head chief of the Modocs for many years. He remained loyal to the Great Treaty that was signed at Council Grove, near Fort Klamath, Oregon, 1864. He was a brother to John Schonchin who was hung for the killing of the Peace Commissioners. He was the Author's father-in-law. Born at Tule Lake, California; died August 10, 1892, aged 95, at the Klamath Reservation, Oregon.

Safe Look at the Powerless Modoc Indians Who Are Now in Chains.

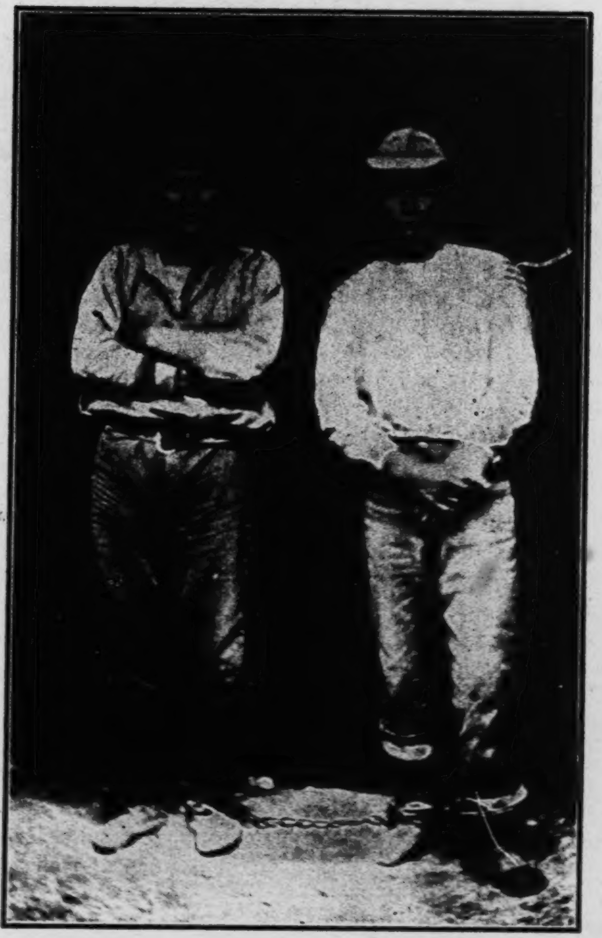
FIRST DAY OF THE TRIAL.

Capt. Jack and his companions sit with their heads between their hands, meditating what would be the results of the White Soldiers' Law. They would have to face the Mighty Soldier Chief on that day, to fight for their lives, as they did on January 17th, 1873. The Indians are: Capt. Jack, John Schonchin, Boston Charley, Black Jim, Boncho and Slolux, or Modoc name, Elulksaltako. They were in a rude built jail at Fort Klamath, Oregon, in chains.

Jack says to Schonchin, "We do not not stand any show; we cannot talk with these chains on our legs. I feel like I am in a dream, everything is out of my reach. I have nothing to stand on. I cannot say anything that will help any of us. I have lost my day and I know it. I see nothing but darkness ahead of me. How do you feel?" he asks his companion. Schonchin raises his head and says, "I, too, am lost. I did not think that I should ever have my tongue taken away from me, but I see I was wrong. We were driven to do what we did. Our own men made us do what we did." Jack says, "Stop! Do not speak thus. I see your game. You intend to tell the soldier chief that you did not want to fight. You counseled against me. You wanted to see the Peace Commissioner killed. You, Boston Charley, Bogus Charley, Black Jim, Shaknasty Jim, and others. You did. You know it. You now want to rob me of my defense. I am the one that wanted peace. I did not want to kill Canby. I was forced to do what I did by my own men. I shall tell my story with a straight tongue on my trial, although I know it will not do me any good."

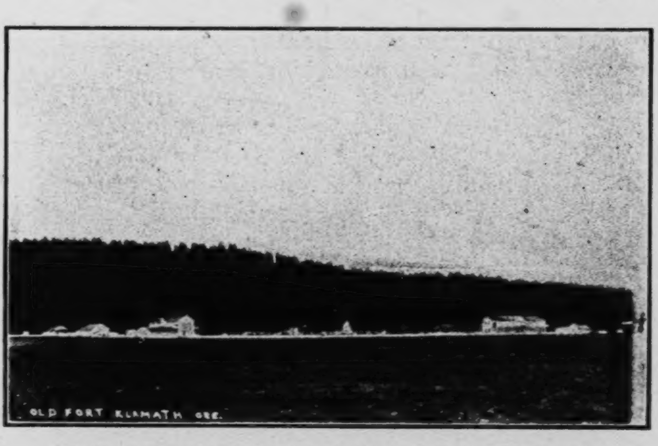
Black Jim said, "*Twa ah nen wholttka kappkus tak yaut nuh tuks kai woser Kelaks Kai ta ta,*" or, translated in English, "What are you talking about? Shut up, I am not afraid to die. No, never!"

His speech was cut short by the rattle of cell keys handled by the soldier jailer who takes them all to court. Let us now take a peep into a long room in a house that stands about one-fourth of a mile east of the prisoners where they are confined in jail.



Schonchin and Capt. Jack in chains. Taken at the peninsula, Tule Lake, after they were captured. Photo by Heller, 1873.

The room is a long one. In the center of the room stands a long, narrow table. At the south end of the table sits Lieut. Col. Elliott, First Cavalry. To his right, Capt. Hasbrouck of the Fourth Artillery, and Capt. Robert Pollock of the Twenty-first Infantry. On the left, Capt. John Mendenhall of the Fourth Artillery and Second Lieut. George Kingsbury of the Twelfth Infantry. These officers are all in new uniform and make a fine impression of power. At the other end of the table sits Maj. H. P. Curtis, Judge Advocate; also in uniform, near him, Dr. E. S. Belden, shorthand reporter. To the right of Col. Elliott, sitting on a bench, were the prisoners, Capt. Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley. These men were at the council tent, the eleventh of April, 1873, and participated in the murder of Gen. Canby and Rev. E. Thomas. Lying on the floor are two others. They are two of the men that jumped from an ambush with rifles that belonged to their head men that had opened fire on the commissioners. They uttered the yell that sent terror to the hearts of the Peace Commissioners, namely, Boncho and Slolux. Behind Maj. Curtis two other familiar faces, Frank Riddle and his wife, Tobey. At a side



Birdseye view of all the buildings at old Fort Klamath, Ore. Left, officers' quarters; the soldiers' headquarters to the right. From the collection of Mrs. Melhase.

table reporters are sitting. At either end of the room a file of soldiers stand with muskets ornamented with polished bayonets. These are necessary, for the prisoners might try to injure someone if the bayonets were not there. Hooker Jim, Shaknasty Jim, Bogus Charley, and Steam Boat Frank are standing near the door, unfettered and unguarded. They do not need guards. They are heroes. They are the fellows that run their own chief, Capt. Jack, down. They are the same fellows that wanted to kill the Peace Commissioners. They were blood thirsty. Tney wanted to kill soldiers. These are the very same men that placed a shawl on Capt. Jack's shoulders and a squaw's hat on his head and taunted him, saying, "You are a woman. You have a bird's heart in you. Coward! Coward! Coward! We disown you as our chief. Kill Canby. If you do, everything will be all right with you. If not, look out, you coward." It was then that Jack jumped to his feet, shook the shawl from his shoulders, threw the hat from his head, and said, "I will do it although it will cost me my life, and all the lives of all of my people to do the cowardly thing, but I will do it."

Now you see these fellows walking all through the grounds at Fort Klamath, Oregon, free men. They were the first men that gave up their arms on Fairchild's Ranch, California, and were employed as government scouts at $100 per month. There is, kind reader, human devils in all nations. These men done more to close up the Modoc War than the army of - thousand men. They are now real live heroes, and they feel it, too. If anything is yet wanting to make this scene complete, it is fully made up by the soldiers who enjoy a safe look into the eyes of the Modoc chief, Capt. Jack.

SECOND DAY.

(*Copied from the U. S. War Records.*)

The Commission met at 10 A. M., pursuant to adjournment. Present, all of the members of the Commission, the Judge Advocate and prisoners.

The proceedings of the last meeting were read and approved. The Judge Advocate then read before the Commission, the order convening the Commission which is interpreted to the prisoners. The Commission then proceeded to the trial of the prisoners, Capt. Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley, Boncho (alias One-Eyed Jim), and Slolux, Modoc Indian captives, who being called before the Commission and having heard the order convening it, read, it being interpreted to them, were severally asked if they had any objections to any member present named in order to which they severally replied in the negative.

The members of the Commission were then duly sworn by the Judge Advocate, and the Judge Advocate was then duly sworn by the President of the Commission, all of which oaths were administered and interpreted in the presence of the prisoners. The Judge Advocate asked the authority of the Commission to employ T. F. Riddle and his wife as interpreters at $10 a day, which authority was given by the Commission. T. F. Riddle and his wife Tobey were then duly sworn to the faithful performance of their duty in the interpretation of the evidence and proceedings as required in presence of the prisoners, which oath was interpreted to the prisoners. The Judge Advocate then presented to the Commission E. S. Belden, the official

Old Fort Klamath, Oregon. The officers' quarters to the right of the clump of trees. From the collection of Mrs. Melhase.

shorthand reporter, who was then duly sworn to faithful performance of his duty, which oath was duly interpreted to the prisoners.. The prisoners were then severally asked by the Judge Advocate if they desired to introduce counsel, to which they severally replied in the negative, as they had been unable to procure any. The prisoners were then severally duly arraigned on the following charges and specifications:

Charges and specifications preferred against certain Modoc Indians, commonly known and called as, Capt. Jack, Chief; John Schonchin, Sub-chief; Boston Charley, Black Jim, policemen; Boncho (alias One-Eyed Jim), and Elulksaltako or Slolux.

Charge first, murder in violation of the laws of war. The specification in substance was the murder of Gen. E. R. S. Canby and Dr. Eleazer Thomas.

Second charge, assault with intent to kill in violation of the laws of war specification. Second assault on the Commissioners. Attempt to kill A. B. Meacham, L. S. Dyar, and T. F. Riddle, interpreter, in the Lava Beds, the so-called place situated on the margin of Tule Lake in Northern California, on or about the 11th day of April, 1873, to which the prisoners severally pleaded as follows: To specification first charge, not guilty; to second specification first charge, not guilty; to first charge, not guilty; to first specification, second charge, not guilty; to second specification, second charge, not guilty; to second charge, not guilty.

T. F. Riddle, a citizen and witness for the prosecution, being duly sworn by the Judge Advocate, testified as follows:

Questioned by Judge Advocate, "Were you present at the meeting of the Commissioners and General Canby referred to in the charges and specifications just read?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "On what day was it?"

A. "On the 11th of April, I believe, as near as I can remember."

Q. "Were the prisoners at the bar present on that occasion?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Can you identify them all?"

A. "Yes, sir. I can identify them all but Boncho and Slolux. I saw them but did not know them. They were 70 or 80 yards behind me. They came rushing up, each with four or five rifles, as near as I could see."

Q. "Is Capt. Jack the principal man in this Modoc tribe?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "What is he, and what position has he?"

A. "He is a chief among them. He has been a chief since 1861, I think."

Q. "What position did Schonchin hold among the Modocs?"

A. "I never knew him to be anything more than just a common man among them, until within the last year or so. He has been classed as Capt. Jack's sub-chief. I believe they call him Sergeant."

Q. "And Black Jim?"

A. "He was watchman or policeman."

Q. "And Boston Charley?"

A. "He is nothing more than a high private."

Q. "And Boncho?"

A. "Just a common man."

Q. "And Slolux?"

A. "Nothing of any importance."

Q. "Are these men all Modocs?"

A. "Yes, sir, they are all Modocs, except Boncho, who is a Rock Indian. He is called a Combatwas."

Q. "Were they all present at this meeting of the 11th of April?"

A. "Yes, sir, all but Boncho and Slolux. They did not take any part in the council. I saw them rushing up after the firing commenced."

Q. "What connection did you have with the Peace Commissioner from the beginning?"

A. "I was employed by General Gillem to interpret, and after that I was ordered to act as interpreter for the Peace Commissioners during the Peace Council with the Modocs."

Q. "Did you ever receive any information which led you to suppose or believe it was dangerous for the Commissioner to interview these men?"

A. "Yes, sir. The first hint I had of any danger was while we were stopping at Mr. Fairchild's ranch. The Indians had agreed to meet the wagons between Little Klamath Lake and the Lava Beds. Said they would come at that place and send all of their women and children in to Fairchild's."

Q. "Were you present at the killing of General Canby and Rev. Thomas?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Had you received any information which led you to think that it was dangerous?"

A. "Yes, I had. My wife told me of the danger."

Q. "How did your wife know it was dangerous to meet these people in council any more?"

A. "Just a few days before Canby was killed, my wife was sent to Capt. Jack's stronghold with a message. After she delivered the message she started back to Gillem's Camp, and when about a mile out from the stronghold, one Indian known as William or Whieum, stopped her and told her that the Peace Commissioners must not meet the Indians in council any more. If they did they would all be killed."

Q. "How did you know this?"

A. "My wife told me."

Q."In consequence of this information which you received, what did you then do? Did you speak to any one about it?"

A. "Yes, sir. My wife and I went to Mr. Meacham's tent and told him, Mr. Dyar and Thomas, that we had got information that the Modocs intended to kill all the Commissioners and all others that went with them the next time they met. I advised them not to go. I told them what Hooker Jim told me while we were at Fairchild's ranch. He took me out to one side and told me if you come with them Peace Commissioners to meet us any more, when I walk up to you and push you to one side, you stand there. We won't hurt you, but we will kill all the others. Yes, murder them."

Q. "Do I understand you to say you then cautioned the Commissioners?"

A. "Yes, I told them of it."

Q. "What did you say?"

A. "I told them what Hooker Jim told me. I said I did not think it was of any use to try to make peace with those Indians without going to the Lava Beds right where they were. I further said the best way to make peace with the Modocs was to give them a sound thrashing and then make peace with them."

Q. "Did you tell the Commissioners what Hooker Jim said?"

A. "'Yes, sir, and the very first time we met in council after General Gillem had moved his army in or over to the Lava Beds, Hooker Jim came up to me, took a hold of me and said, 'You come out here and sit down.' He pushed me as he said he would. I said 'No.' "

Q. "When was this?"

A. "I do not remember the date. It was sometime in April, I think."

Q. "The first or second council?"

A. "The first council after Hooker Jim had told me this at Fairchild's ranch."

Q. "Were they the same or other Commissioners?"

A. "If my memory serves me right, the Commissioners were General Canby, Dr. Thomas, Mr. L. S. Dyar and Mr. Judge Roseborough of Yreka, California. I won't be positive, though. Any way, Hooker Jim walked up to me, caught hold of my arm. He then pushed me to one side and said, 'You stand out there.' I said, 'No, I will not,' for I had to interpret for the people in council. My wife spoke to Hooker Jim. She then told him to behave. That he must not try to do anything that was wrong while he was there. Then Hooker looked at me and said, "Well, go and sit down, then!"

Q. "Did you visit the Lava Beds before the massacre, and if so, did you go alone or with some one else?"

A. "The first time I went to the Lava Beds I was with Squire Steele of Yreka, California, and John Fairchilds, also of California.

O. (Interrupting). "Very shortly before the massacre?"

A. "Some time before. Well, I was in Capt. Jack's stronghold several times before the massacre."

WILLIAM FAITHFUL, ONE OF THE MODOC WARRIORS.

Q. "State why you went in there?"

A. "To carry messages and read and interpret them to the Indians. My wife and I took a written message to Capt. Jack one day in April. I read it to him, interpreted it to him, gave him the message and told him to have it with him when he and his men met the Commissioners. He threw it on the ground and said, 'Am I a white man that you give me this piece of paper? I cannot read. I do not want it. I can and will meet you without this paper!' He said, 'I will meet the Commissioners this side of the peace tent and no where else,' pointing to a certain land mark about one mile from the peace tent."

Q. "A mile nearer to his stronghold than the peace tent?"

A. "Yes. Jack said then, that was all he had to say. I could hear the others talking, and sort of making light of the Peace Commissioners, as much as to say outright, they did not care for the Peace Commisioners."

Q. "What was the tenor of this message you say you read?"

A. "It was a message from the Commissioners, stating that they wished to hold a council the next day with them at the peace tent, to have a permanent settlement of the difficulties between the whites and the Indians. They wanted to make peace and move them to some warm climate, where they could live like white people."

Q. "Where is that note you carried?"

A. "It is lost."

Q. "Did Capt. Jack say anything about arms in reference to the meeting?"

A. "Yes, sir. He said he would meet them five men without arms, and he would do the same. He would not take any arms with him."

Q. "That he would meet them at the place he fixed, one mile nearer the Lava Beds."

A. "Yes, sir, one mile nearer the stronghold."

Q. "Five men without arms and he would also go without arms?"

A. "Yes, sir."

THE COURT: "Five including himself?"

A. "Yes, sir."

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE: "What did he say about the proposition to move him from the Lava Beds?"

A. "He said he knew no other country only this, and he did not want to leave it."

A. "Did he say anything about a desire for peace?"

A. "Yes. He said if the soldiers were all moved away where they were, he would or could make peace and live right where he was now, and that he would not pester no one, but would live there peaceably."

Q. "Was Capt. Jack alone in this interview when you talked with him?"

A. "No, sir. The other men were sitting down around Jack."

Q. "These prisoners here now?"

A. "Some of them."

"Q. Did he do all the talking or just a part?"

A. "That evening he did all the talking, that is, he was the only one that had anything to say to me in regard to the message."

Q. "Did you see anything there which led you to suppose that they intended hostilities?"

A. "Yes, sir. I did. I saw that they had built up breastworks all around their caves in which they lived."

Q. "Did they seem to be well provisioned?"

A. "They had just been killing several cattle in or near their camp."

Q. "Which of these men were there that time?"

A. "Boston was there. Most all of these that are here now."

Q. "Can't you name them?"

A. "Boston, Black Jim was there, and Boncho. I do not remember whether Schonchin was there or not, at the time the conversation was going on."

Q. "Did you go back to the Commissioners then?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "State the facts about it. State what followed after your return to the Commissioners?"

A. "After I got back to Gillem's headquarters, I went to the Peace Commissioners' tent with Capt. Jack's reply, stating that he would meet five unarmed men and he would do the same, five, including himself, unarmed. I also told Mr. Meacham that the Indians had been building breastworks and was well fortified all around their camp, and that they had been killing cattle just before I arrived in their camp. I also said I thought it was useless to try to make peace any longer with them if Capt. Jack would not agree to meet at the peace tent. If I were in your places, Commissioners, I would not meet the Indians any more under the same conditions."

Q. "What was the Commissioners' reply or what did they decide upon? What decision did they come to?"

A. "They held a council among themselves. I was not at their council."

Q. "Was your visit the day before the assassination?"

A. "Yes, sir. I went and saw General Canby that same evening. I told him that I had a proposition to make to him. He wanted to know what it was. I said, 'General, if you intend to meet the Indians in council tomorrow about daylight in the morning, send about twenty-five or thirty men somewhere near where you intend to hold the council and secret them in the rocks, so they could be ready to catch the Indians if they started to do wrong.' I said, 'General, if you do that, it may be the means of saving your life and also the others.' Canby said, 'Why, that would be too much of an insult to Capt. Jack if he found that out. Jack and his men might do an injury to some one. I will not do it.' "

Q. "Did you hear him say that?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Did he determine to meet them or not?"

A. "The Commissioners sent for me the next morning to come to their tent."

Q. "Was Capt. Jack informed that they would not go to that place one mile nearer?"

A. "Yes, sir. Bogus Charley went in that evening before the murder, right ahead of me to General Gillem and stayed all night. He stopped at my camp, and the next morning the Peace Commissioners decided that they would not meet Capt. Jack at the place where he wanted to meet them. So the Commissioners sent word or message out to Capt. Jack by Bogus and Boston Charley, requesting Jack and his party to meet them at the Peace Commissioners' tent in about an hour. Word was brought back by Bogus and Boston, that Capt. Jack was at the peace tent waiting with five men."

Q. (Interrupting). "You heard it?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Jack was to meet them, where? He was where?"

A. "He was at the peace tent."

Q. "Capt. Jack sent a message back by Bogus and Boston that he would meet the Commissioners at the peace tent with five men?"

A. "Yes, sir. Jack sent word that he and his men were not armed, and requested that the Peace Commissioners go without arms."

Q. "Jack sent that message, and you heard it?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "What advice, if any, did you then give the Commissioners?"

A. "My wife and I went to Commissioner Meacham's tent. We both told him not to meet Jack in council that day, as we knew there would be trouble."

Q. "Were you at the Peace Commissioners' tent when you gave this advice?"

A. "The Peace Commissioners' tent in Gillem's camp."

Q. "Not the large tent?"

A. "No, the Peace Commissioners' tent. Meacham wanted to know why I told him that the Indians intended to murder them, that they might do it that day if everything was not right. My wife caught Meacham's arm and told him not to go. She held on to him and cried. She said, 'Meacham, don't you go for you might be killed today. They may kill all of you today.' I heard her pleading with him about that time. Dr. Thomas came up to me and said that I ought to put my trust in God—that God Almighty wouldn't let any such body of men be hurt that was on as good a mission as they were. I told him at the time that he might trust in God, but that I did not trust any in them Indians."

Q. "Did any of the other Commissioners make any reply?"

A. "Mr. Meacham said that he knew there was danger and that he believed every word my wife and I said. Dr. Dyar said he believed all we told him. He also said he felt that he was doomed, so I went over to General Canby and asked him if General Gillem was going to the council. He said no, that he was not going to attend the council. I then told Canby that I wanted him and the other Commissionners to go with me to General Gillem's tent."

Q. "Did they go?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Was Tobey with you?"

A. "No, sir, she was not with me. She was standing, holding her horse near Meacham's tent."

Q. "State what occurred at Gillem's tent."

A. "We walked over to Gillem's tent. Mr. Meacham, Mr. Dyar, Rev. Thomas and I went into Gillem's. General Canby did not enter. I told General Gillem that the Commissioners were going out to meet Capt. Jack in council today against my wishes, that I knew it was dangerous. I said, 'Now, General Gillem, if anything happens to them men today I want no blame laid on me and my wife, as we have tried our best to prevent this council.' I told him that there was danger, and knew it, but I would go with them rather than to be called a coward."

Q. "State what followed then."

A. "Well, before I got through talking, General Gillem gave a big laugh and said, 'If the Indians did anything bad, he said, 'I will take care of them.' We then left Gillem's tent, General Canby and Thomas in the lead, headed for the peace tent. Mr. Meacham walked up to Tobey, my wife, and asked her again if she thought the Indians would kill him. She said, 'I have told you all I can tell you. They may kill you today and they may not, but I tell you there is danger.' "

Q. "You heard this?"

A. "Yes. She says again, 'Don't go today.' By that time General Canby and Dr. Thomas were about one hundred yards ahead of us on the trail. General Canby, Thomas, Bogus Charley and I walked out. Mr. Dyar, Meacham and Tobey rode out horse back."

THE COURT: "Did Bogus Charley walk out with you?" you?"

A. "Yes, he and I were behind."

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE: "Where was Boston Charley at this time?"

A. "If I am not mistaken, he was with General Canby and Thomas."

Q. "Did you finally arrive at the peace tent?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "And whom did you find there?"

A. "Capt. Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Ellens Man, who is now deceased, Shaknasty Jim and Hooker Jim."

Q. "Were there any others?"

A. "None that I knew of at that time, except Bogus Charley and Boston Charley, who went out with us. There were eight of them."

Q. "Eight were there in the party?"

A. "In the council, yes, sir."

Q. "What took place after you met these Modocs whom you have named; between the Commissioners and them?"

A. "Well, we all sat down around a little sage-brush fire, I should judge about twenty-five or thirty feet from the peace tent. Some one threw some more brush on the fire, then General Canby gave each Indian a cigar. Each Indian bit his cigar and began to smoke. They sat there silent for a few minutes. General Canby then began to talk to the Indians. He told them that he had been dealing with different tribes of Indians for thirty years; that he had come there to make peace with them and to talk good, and whatever he promised to give them, he would see that they got it, and if they would come and go with him, he would take them to a good country and fix things for them so they would live like white people."

Q. "Did you interpret all of this to the Indians?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "So that they understood it?"

A. "Yes. My wife and I did together."

Q. "Was that the summary of General Canby's speech?"

A. "That was about the substance of his talk with the exception of telling them that the Indians had given him two names; that he had taken Indians on a reservation once before. He said the Indians all liked him and had given the names."

Q. "General Canby said that?"

A. "Yes. They sat and laughed about it. I disremember the name now."

Q. "Do you know who spoke next?"

A. "Mr. Meacham. He told them he had come there to make peace with them. That the White Father at Washington had sent him there to make peace with them; to wipe out all the blood that had been spilt or shed, so they would have no more trouble; also to move them away from the country where they now lived; to take them to some good country where they could have good, nice homes, where they would all be provided with blankets, food, and other things which they needed."

Q. "That was Mr. Meacham's speech?"

A. "Yes, sir. Dr. Thomas then said a few words. He said the Great Father had sent him there to make peace with them and to wipe out the blood that had been shed and not to have any more trouble hereafter; to move them out of their own country so they would not have any more trouble."

Q. "Mr. Riddle, do you know whether the Lava Beds are in the State of California?"

A. "Yes, sir, they are. I could not or cannot be certain what the extent of them is; it may be possible a small portion of them is in Oregon."

O. "How near the Lava Beds was General Gillem's camp?"

A."About two miles and a half from Capt. Jack's stronghold."

Q. "How near the Lava Beds was the peace tent?"

A. "It was near the west edge of the Lava Beds."

Q. "What distance from General Gillem's quarters or camp?"

A. "I should judge about three-quarters of a mile."

Q. "Did any Modocs reply to those speeches?"

A. "Capt. Jack did."

Q. "What did he say? Can you remember?"

A. "Yes, I remember the biggest part of his reply. He said he did not want to leave his country where he was now living; that he knew no other country than that; that he had given up Lost River. He would like to have Cottonwood Creek and Willow Creek if he could get it. These creeks are near Fairchild's ranch, California."

Q. "Is Cottonwood Creek the same as Hot Creek?"

A. "They are two different creeks."

Q. "What did he mean by giving up Lost River?"

A. "He said there was where the first fight had taken place. That he did not want to have anything more to do with Lost River. He said the Lost River country was the cause of his first fight with the soldiers. He said the white people wanted that country."

Q. "What fight do you refer to?"

A. "The first fight when Major Jackson went down to bring them up on the reservation. It was in November, 1872."

Q. "Did Capt. Jack demand Willow Creek and Cottonwood Creek?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "That is the land around this place?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "To live on?"

A. "Yes, sir. He wanted a reservation there."

Q. "Then what was said or what occurred?"

A. "Meacham then spoke. He told Capt. Jack, saying, 'Jack, let us talk like men.' He tapped Jack on the shoulder twice and repeated, 'Let's talk like men, not like children. You are a man that has common sense. Isn't there any other place that will do except Willow Creek and Cottonwood Creek?'

Mr. Meacham was speaking rather loud. Schonchin told him in the Indian language to hush. He said, 'I can talk straight. Let me talk next.' Just as Schonchin said that, Capt. Jack got up and stepped behind Mr. Dyar's horse. I was interpreting what Schonchin said. I did not notice Jack much as I had ought to. The next time I noticed him, he had stepped further to one side. I then saw his hand reach in his bosom."

Q. (Interrupting.) Did you perceive as soon as you got there, that these men were armed?"

A. "Yes, sir, I did. I could see some of them were."

Q. "In what way did you observe that?"

A. "I saw weapons sticking out of their clothes."

Q. "You saw what?"

A. "Revolvers."

Q. "Did Capt. Jack at this interview represent this band?'

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "And the other men listened and appeared to concur?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Were they there as representatives of the band?"

A. "Yes, sir, I suppose they were."

Q. "You say Capt. Jack got up and went to the rear and you saw him put his hand to his breast?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "What then occurred?"

A. "Well, he walked right up in front of General Canby. He stopped and said in Indian, 'All ready,' at the same time drawing his revolver. He pointed his revolver down at General Canby's face. His revolver hung fire, but he set the hammer again; that time it fired his shot and hit Canby under the eye and the bullet came out here (showing).I jumped and ran for my life. I turned, saw General Canby fall over. I knew he was shot. I kept on running as fast as I could go. I looked back again. Mr. Meacham was down and my wife was down. I saw one Indian standing over Mr. Meacham and another one standing over my ife. I saw two or three others coming up to Meacham. Mr. Meacham was down in this position," (showing); "he had one arm out."

Q. "You saw General Canby fall, you say?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. Did he continue to lie where he fell?"

A. "He was not at the same spot when he was found. He was thirty or forty yards from where I saw him fall. I did not see him get up."

Q. "As soon as Capt. Jack fired what then occurred?"

A. "The Indians commenced firing together. I could not tell who was firing. I saw Schonchin shooting at Mr. Meacham, the others were behind me. When I started to run I did not stop to see what others were shooting. I thought it was pretty warm times around there."

Q. "Did any other Indian come up?"

A. "Just as the firing commenced, I saw two Indians rushing up with guns in their arms."

Q. "What do you mean by, 'With guns in their arms?' "

A. "They had rifles in their arms."

Q. "How many had each man?"

A. "I could not tell. It looked like they had two or three apiece."

Q. "Can you identify those men?"

A. "No, sir, I cannot. I did not stop to see who they were. I only saw that they were Indians."

TOBEY RIDDLE'S WIFE AND INDIANS CALLED FOR THE PROSECUTION, BEING DULY SWORN, TESTIFIED AS FOLLOWS:

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE: "What is your name? Is your name Tobey?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Did you think that the Indians were going to kill the Peace Commissioners that day?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "What made you think so?"

A. "There was one Indian who told me they were going to be killed."

Q. "Who told you?"

A. "Whieum or William."

Q. "How long before the meeting did Whieum tell you this?"

A. "About eight or nine days."

Q. "What did Whieum say to you?"

A. "He said for me not to come back any more and to tell the Peace Commissioners not to meet the Indians any more in council; that they were going to kill them?"

Q. "Did you tell General Canby not to go?"

A. "Yes. I also told Meacham and Thomas."

Q. "Did Mr. Meacham believe you?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Did he say he believed you?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "What was done with the bodies of Thomas and General Canby?

A. "The Indians stripped their clothes off them."

Q. "Did you see them do that?"

A. "I saw them strip Dr. Thomas. I saw Steamboat Frank taking Dr. Thomas' coat. He was one of the last three that came up."

The above questions and answers were duly interpreted to the prisoners by the sworn interpreter, Riddle. The Judge Advocate then asked the prisoners severally if they desired to cross-examine the witness, to which they replied in the negative. The Commission had no question to put to the witness.

L. S. Dyar, a citizen called for the prosecution, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE: "State your name."

A. "L. S. Dyar."

Q. "What is your business?"

A. "I am a United States Indian Agent."

Q. "Of the Klamath Agency?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Does that include the Modocs?"

A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "Do you recognize the prisoners at the bar?"

A. "I do."

Q. "Do you recognize them all?"

A. "No, sir."

Q. "Who is that one with a handkerchief on his head?"

A. "Capt. Jack."

Q. "Who is the next one this way?"

A. "John Schonchin."

Q. "And this one?"

A. "Boston, sometimes called Boston Charley."

Q. BY THE COMMISSION: "I understand you to say Superintendent Meacham got those Modocs back into the reservation once or twice before?"

A. "Once before."

Q. "With or without the assistance of the military?"

A. "He had a few soldiers. I only know this from the records in the office."

The foregoing questions and answers were all duly interpreted to the prisoners. The Commission then adjourned for the day to meet on the next day.

NEXT DAY, JULY 7.

Shaknasty Jim, a Modoc Indian, a witness for the prosecution, having been first cautioned by the Judge Advocate of the punishment of false swearing, was then duly sworn.

Q. BY JUDGE ADVOCATE: "What is your name?"

A. "Shaknasty Jim."

Q. "Do you remember when General Canby was killed?"

A. "Yes, I know."

Q. "What part did you take in the affair?"

A. "I was running and shooting at my friend Riddle."

Q. "Did you try to hit him when you were shooting at him?"

A. "I did my best."

Q. "You were present when Canby was killed then?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Did you know that Canby and the other Commissioners were to be killed?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "How did you know it?"

A. "The Indians had a talk about it one night."

Q. "When was this talk; how long before?"

A. "The night before."

Q. "Who talked?"

A. "Most of the Indians. The two chiefs were talking.'

Q. "What two chiefs?"

A. "Capt. Jack and Schonchin."

Q. "Did you hear them state they meant to kill them?"

A. "I didn't hear them say that they were going to kill them."

Q. "What did you hear them say?"

A. "I heard them talking about killing the Commissioners. That's all I heard them say. I didn't hear them say who was going to do it."

Q. "How long before the meeting of the Peace Commissioners when General Canby was killed was this talk?"

A. "I have forgotten. I do not want to lie. I have forgotten how many days it was."

Q. "What Indians were at that meeting of April 11th, when General Canby was shot?"

A. "Schonchin, Capt. Jack, Ellens Man, now dead; I was there, Black Jim, Boston Charley, Bogus Charley and Hooker Jim. There were eight."

Steamboat Frank, a Modoc witness for the prosecution, was next sworn, duly warned against the consequences of perjury.

Q. BY JUDGE ADVOCATE: "What is your name?"

A. "I am called Steamboat Frank."

Q. "Were you present at the death of General Canby?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "How did you get there?"

A. "I was about as far as from here to the stable, about four hundred yards when the firing commenced."

Q. "Whom, if anyone, were you with there?"

A. "With Scarface Charley."

The Judge Advocate now called Bogus Charley as witness for the prosecution. He was cautioned against perjury. He testified as follows:

Q. BY JUDGE ADVOCATE: "What is your name as commonly called?"

A. "Bogus Charley."

Q. "Were you present at the death of General Canby?"
A. "Yes."

Hooker Jim, a Modoc Indian, a witness for the prosecution, testified as follows:

Q. "What is your English name?"
A. "Hooker Jim."
Q. "Were you present when General Canby was killed?"
A. "I was."
Q. "Did you know that he and the Commissioners were to be killed?"
A. "I did."
Q. "Are you now a friend to Capt. Jack?"
A. "I have been a friend to Jack, but he got mad at me for something unknown to me."
Q. "Have you ever had a quarrel or fight with him?"
A. "I had a quarrel and a little fight with him over to Dry Lake, beyond the Lava Beds."
Q. "How did you know that the Commissioners were going to be killed?"
A. "I heard Capt. Jack and Schonchin talking about it."
Q. "Where were they when you heard them?"
A. "At Capt. Jack's house or cave."

By COMMISSION: "What part were you detailed in, if any, in murdering the Commissioners?"
A. "I tried to get Dyar but failed. I shot at him many times."
Q. "Had you agreed to kill one of the parties before the attack?"
A. "I said I would kill one of them if I could."
Q. "Do you like Capt. Jack now or dislike him?"
A. "I don't like him very much now."

William or Whieum, known afterwards as Faithful William, was next called for the prosecution and was sworn. He testified as follows:

Q. BY JUDGE ADVOCATE: "What is your name?"
A. "Whieum."
Q. "Were you with the Modocs in the Lava Beds?"
A. "Yes."

Q. "Do you remember when General Canby was killed?"
A. "Yes, I know that they went to kill him."
Q. "Did you know that he was going to be killed?"
A. "Yes, I know they were going to kill him."
Q. "Did you know they were going to kill the Peace Commissioners?"
A. "Yes."
Q. "Were you at the killing?"
A. "No, I didn't go."
Q. "How did you know they were to kill them?"
A. "I heard Jack and Schonchin talking about it."
Q. "Anyone else?"
A. "They were the only ones I heard say anything about it."
Q. "How long was this before the killing?"
A. "I do not remember, but it must have been eight or ten days."
Q. "Did you speak to anybody about it?"
A. "Yes, I told about it."
Q. "To whom?"
A. "I told this woman here, Tobey, Riddle's wife."
Q. "What did you tell her?"
A. "I told her to tell the Peace Commissioners not to meet the Indians any more. That I did not want to see them killed."

While this man is under examination as a witness, A. B. Meacham enters the courtroom. The prisoners fix their eyes on him steadfastly until now. They had doubted his recovery from his wounds.

A. B. Meacham, citizen, called for the prosecution, duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. BY JUDGE ADVOCATE: "What is your name?"
A. "Alfred B. Meacham."
Q. "Are you a citizen of the United States?"
A. "I am."
Q. "What position did you hold in connection with the late war; with the Modoc Indians?"

A. "I was appointed by Secretary Delano as Chairman of the Peace Commissioners, as Special Commissioner."

Q. "Now state what occurred next."

A. "During the day the propositions that were made by Boston Charley, that is on Thursday, were accepted by Dr. Thomas and an agreement made to meet Capt. Jack and five unarmed men at eleven o'clock, all parties unarmed at the council tent, on Friday, I knew this agreement to have been made by Dr. Thomas on the evening of the tenth on my return from Boyles Camp that night."

Q. "Did he give it to you officially?"

A. "Yes, sir. When I started on the visit to Boyles Camp, I said to Dr. Thomas, 'If occasion requires my presence in any business, you will act in my capacity as Chairman of the Commission, and as acting Chairman of the Commission he made this arrangement, and so notified me."

Q. "After that what followed?"

A. "I protested against the meeting, but subsequently yielded to the opinions of General Canby and Dr. Thomas, Mr. Dyar and I dissenting."

Q. "Had General Canby a weapon on his person?"

A. "Not that I am aware of."

Q. "Had Dr. Thomas?"

A. "I know he had not."

H. R. Anderson, Lieutenant of Fourth Artillery, was duly sworn. His evidence was chiefly in regard to General Canby's relation to the government, the army and the Peace Commission.

Q. "What command did he hold, if any, at the time of his death?"

A. "Department of the Columbia and adviser to the Peace Commission under telegraphic instructions from Washington."

Q. "Was he in receipt of any instructions from any source as to the course he was to pursue; was he receiving instructions from time to time?"

A. "Yes, sir, from time to time from the commanding General of the Army."

Q. "What kind of instructions were they; did you see them yourself?"

A. "Yes, sir. Generally telegraphic instructions."

Q. "What were they like, or nature of them; what did they instruct him to do?"

A. "Instructed him to use his utmost endeavors to bring about a peaceable termination of the trouble."

Q. "What relation did he hold with the Peace Commissioners?"

A. "He was ordered down there to consult and advise with them."

Q. "Do you remember General Canby's initials?"

A. "E. R. S. His full name was Edward Richard Sprigg Canby."

Henry C. McEldery, assistant surgeon, was next called for the prosecution.

Q. "Did you see the body of General Canby after his decease?"

A. "I did, sir; I saw it on the field on the evening of April 11th."

Q. "Was the General dead?"

A. "Yes, sir; he was quite dead when I saw him."

Q. "Please describe his condition."

A. "He had been entirely stripped of every article of clothing; he had three wounds on his body and several abrasions of the face, one of the wounds apparently made by a ball was about at the inner canthus of the left eye. The edges of that wound were depressed as if the ball had entered there."

Q. "Did you see Dr. Thomas's body?"

A. "I saw him. There were several gun shot wounds in his body, but I don't recollect sufficient to swear to the exact locality of each one."

Q. "What was your opinion as to the cause of his death?"

A. "I think the gun shot wound over his heart was the cause of his death."

Q. "Did he die of wounds received on that day?"

A. "I think the wounds that I saw were sufficient to cause his death. Yes, sir."

TESTIMONY FOR DEFENSE.

Scarface Charley, Dave, One Eyed Mose and one or two other Modoc Indians were sworn, and testified at length. The main feature of their evidence is that they have been encouraged by the Klamath Indians to resist the government, which they did.

Capt. Jack is now informed by the Court that he is at liberty to make a statement on behalf of himself and his people. He rises with some hesitation, first casting his eyes on the chain on his legs. He then mutters in his native tongue, *"Kasker-nu-nen-hankonks-gen-wade-te-Sho lo tunko"* (I cannot talk dressed in these irons). He says in part:

"I see that I have no show, my days are gone. When I was a boy, I had it in my heart to be a friend to the white people. I was a friend to them until a few months ago. Now listen, what was it that turned my heart? My own people. Some of these very men are here today, at liberty, free men, while I am here in irons. Life is mine only for a short time. You white people conquered me not; my own men did. I know it, I feel it. The reason I say these words are these: Some of my men voted to kill the Commissioners. I fought it with all of my might. I begged them not to kill unarmed men. What did they finally do? They threw me down, placed a woman's hat on my head, pointed at me, saying, 'Squaw, squaw! Lie there. You may not take any part in our plot. That's alright, be not afraid that you will die with a soldier's bullet. We will save that trouble for the soldier now.' What could I do? My life was at stake no matter which way I might turn, so I agreed to do the coward's act, which the world knows this day. All I wish is that my side of the story may be told. I am not afraid to die, but I must say, I am ashamed to die the way that I am to die, with my hands tied behind me. Ashamed is not the right expression. I once thought that I would die on the battlefield, defending my rights and home that was mine, given to me by no man. Judge Roseborough and Squire Steele of Yreka were both men. They gave me good advice. I shall carry their words in my heart, to the last moment of my life. I feel not that I am defeated rightly. The very men that drove me to kill Canby, gave themselves up and then run me down. If I had only known what they were doing, you men would not have had me here today with chains on my legs and with satisfied smiles on your faces, for I would have died fighting, but my people lied to me, so I would not shoot them. The men that I speak of are here now free. They fought for their liberty with my life. They all did just as bad deeds as I did when I killed that noble man Canby. I see it is too late to repent now. It is my duty to give some explanation, so that the White Father may know something of what caused me to fall. So I will say again, hoping that at least a few of my words may become known to the white people. I see no crime in my heart although I killed Canby. But why did I do it? Do you understand? I was forced to do it. I did it to save my life for awhile. I thought I would die on the battle-field fighting you white soldiers. You white people have driven me from mountain to mountain, from valley to valley, like we do the wounded deer. At last you have got me here. I see but a few days more ahead of me. If I had of got a lawyer when my trial commenced, I do not think that I and these other men would be the only ones that would have been condemned to die. The very men that are free today would have surely been with us right now.

"What talk I put up is no good. Why, I am a murderer! Everybody says that. That is so. Do I deny the charge? No, I do not. I did it, but I say again I had to do it. Now for the last time, I say again, I am ashamed of my coming death, but not afraid. What our White Father says is right. I must die, so this is all. I have no more to say. I see in your faces you are tired of listening to me. Perhaps some of you think I am lying, but my friends, I tell the truth. I still feel for the welfare of my young boys and girls. I hope the white people will not ill treat them on my account, for they cannot help what wrongs I did. That is the one matter and the only matter that bothers me is my young people. I hope the White Father at Washington will give them a good home and start them in life. If the government will give them a chance, they will show or prove that the government's efforts will not be in vain.

"The government ought to care for my young people. See the good land and the size of my country that is taken away from me and my people. If I wanted to talk more, I could do so and tell you facts and prove by white people that would open the eyes of all of you that are here today about the way my people have been murdered by the whites. I will say, not one white man was ever punished for their deeds. If the white people that killed our women and children had been tried and punished, I would not have thought so much of myself and companions. Could I? Could I? Please answer. No, you men answer me not. Do we Indians stand any show for justice with you white people, with your own laws? I say no. I know it. You people can shoot any of us Indians any time you want to whether we are in war or in peace. Can any of you tell me where ever any man has been punished in the past for killing a Modoc in cold blood? No, you cannot tell me. I am on the edge of my grave; my life is in your people's hands. I charge the white people of wholesale murder. Not only once but many times. Think about Ben Wright. What did he do? He killed nearly fifty of my people. Among the killed was my father. He was holding a peace council with them. Was he or any of his men punished? No, not one. Mind you, Ben Wright and his men were civilized white people. The other civilized white people at Yreka, California, made a big hero of him, gave him a fine dinner and a big dance in his honor for murdering innocent Indians. He was praised for his crime. Now here I am. Killed one man, after I had been fooled by him many times and forced to do the act by my own warriors. The law says, hang him. He is nothing but an Indian, anyhow. We can kill them any time for nothing, but this one has done something, so hang him. Why did not the white man's law say that about Ben Wright? So now I do quit talking. In a few days I will be no more. I now bid the world farewell."

Slolux[1], one of the young Modocs who carried the rifles to the council tent on the morning of the assassination, was next to speak. He denied any part of the terrible crime. Black Jim, half-brother to Capt. Jack, spoke next. He was anxious to live, that he might take care of the tribe, saying, "I don't know what Capt. Jack and Schonchin think of it." Jack shook his head. Jim continued, "If the white chief's laws say I am guilty of crime, let me die. I am not afraid to die. I am afraid of nothing. I should like to hear the Spirit Man's talk."

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[1] English name George Denny; was pardoned after serving five or six years. He died at Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, July 23, 1899.

George Denny, Indian name Slolux. One of the Modoc warriors, sentenced for life to Alcatraz Island, S. F. Bay, and pardoned after serving five or six years. Died at Quapaw Agency, Oklahoma, July 22, 1899.

Boston Charley was the next speaker. He created a sensation.

"You all knew me during the war. It seemed to me that I have two hearts, one Indian and the other white. I am only a boy and yet you all know what I have done; although a boy, I feel like a man, and when I look on each side of me, I think of these other men as women. I do not fear death. I think that I am the only man in the room. I fought in the front rank with Shaknasty, Steamboat, Bogus and Hooker. I am altogether a man, and not half a woman. I killed Dr. Thomas, assisted by Steamboat and Bogus. Bogus said to me, 'Do you believe that these Commissioners mean to try to make peace?' I said, 'I believe so.' He said, 'I don't. They want to meet us into some trap.' I said, 'Alright, I go with you.' I would like to see all my people and bid farewell. I would like to go to the stockade to see them. I see that if I were to incriminate others it would not amount to anything. I see that it is too late. I know that other chiefs were not at the bottom of that affair, and they did not take so prominent a part in the massacre as the younger men. I know but little, but when I see anything with my eyes, I know it."

Black Jim, Modoc warrior. Indian name Te-te-tea-us; so named on account of his dark color. Half-brother to Capt. Jack. Hung at Fort Klamath, Oregon, Oct. 3, 1873.

Boston Charley, Modoc warrior. Indian name Bostin-Ah-gar; so named on account of his light color. Hung at Fort Klamath, Oct. 3, 1873.
Photo by Mr. Heller, 1873.

Boston was then asked why they killed Canby. He said that all the presents they had received had no influence on them, and they suspected Canby and the Commissioners of treachery and their hearts were wild. After the young man had to kill the Commissioners, he told Bogus he was afraid. Bogus said, "Don't be afraid. I can kill Canby." After that Capt. Jack said he would go and prevent it. The object of Bogus going in that night to camp was to remove any suspicion from General Canby's mind. The young warriors thought that Canby, Thomas, Meacham and Gillem were powerful men and that the death of these Tyees would avoid all further troubles. When they saw Dyar coming in in place of Gillem they decided to kill them all. "I am telling what I know to be the truth, nothing more."

Boston's reference to the part taken by the chief caused Capt. Jack to speak once more. He seemed anxious to have Hooker and Bogus put on the trial and finally concluded: "If I am to die I am ready to go to see my Great Father in the Spirit Land." Schonchin was the last to speak. "The Great Spirit who looked from above will see Schonchin in chains, but he knows that this heart is good, and says, you die; you become one of my people. I will now try to believe that the White Father is doing according to the will of the Great Spirit in condemning me to die. You may all look at me and see that I am firm and resolute. I am trying to think that it is just that I should die, and that the Great Spirit approves of it

Old Fort Klamath, Oregon. Present day. A fort of the past.

and says it is law. If I am to die, I leave my son, and I hope he will be allowed to remain in this country. I hope he will grow up like a good man. I want to turn him over to the Old Chief Schonchin at Yainax, who will make a good man of him. I have always looked on the younger men of our tribe as my especial charge and have reasoned with them, and now I am to die as the result of their bad conduct. I leave four of my children and I wish them turned over to my brother at Yainax. It is doing a great wrong to take my life. I was an old man and took no active part in the war. I would like to see those executed for whom I am wearing chains. In the boys who murdered the Commissioners I have an interest as though they were my own children. If the law does not kill them, they may grow up and become good men. I look back to the history of the Modoc war and I can see O'Deneal at the bottom of all the trouble. He came down to Linkville[1] with Ivan Applegate, sent Ivan to see and talk with Capt. Jack. If O Deneal came by himself, all the Modocs would go to Yainax. I think that O'Deneal[2] is responsible for the murder of Canby, for the blood in the Lava Beds and the chains on my feet. I have heard of reports that were sent to Yreka, Ashland and Jacksonville, that the Modocs were on the warpath and such bad talk brought Major Jackson and the soldiers down. I don't want to say if I am found guilty, that it would not be right, but after our retreat from Lost River, I would come in and surrender and be secure. I felt that these murders had been committed by the boys and that I had been carried along with the tide. If I had blood on my hands like Boston Charley, I could say like him, 'I killed General Canby. I killed Thomas.' But I had nothing to say about the decision and I never asked.

"You are the law-giving parties. You say I must die. I am satisfied if the law is correct. I have made a straight speech. I would like to see the White Father face to face and talk with him, but he is a long distance off, like at the top of a high hill, with me at the bottom and I cannot go to him, but he has made his decision, made his law, and now I say let me die. I do not talk to cross decisions. My heart tells me I should not die; that you do me a great wrong in taking my life. War is a terrible thing; all must suffer. The best horses, the best cattle and the best men. I can only say let Schonchin die."

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[1] Klamath Falls, Oregon.

[2] Supt. Thomas B. O'Deneal, a native of Kentucky, was born Oct. 21, 1834, and went to Missouri at an early age, and came to Oregon in 1852. He was a lawyer, County Judge of Benton county, Oregon in 1870, and was the founder and editor of the "Corvallis Gazette." Was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs in 1872 with headquarters at Salem, Oregon, and retained that position until it was abolished in 1874. He was then made business manager of the "Portland Daily Bulletin," at that time a strong competitor of the "Oregonian." The papers were merged in 1875, retaining the name "Oregonian." He was afterwards clerk of the Supreme Court of the State of Oregon. He died at Salem, Oregon, June 25, 1886.

At the close of the trial, there was only four convicted to hang, and two to be sent to a penitentiary in California, Alcatraz Island, for life. The ones to be hanged was Captai Jack, Schonchin, Sub-Chief; Black Jim, policeman or watchman; Boston Charley, a common warrior. The ones sent to the penitentiary, were Boncho and Slolux, or Modoc name, Elulksaltako.

This old building, which is a double log house with two large outside chimneys, has an open fireplace in which logs of wood were burned. Was erected about 1833 when the Seneca and Cayuga Indians of New York were located here. This building was still in use as the U. S. Indian Agent's headquarters when the Modoc prisoners were brought to Quapaw Agency in 1873.

CHAPTER XVII.

Captain Jack, John Schonchin, Black Jim and Boston Charley hung 3rd day of October, 1873.—Boncho[1] and Slolux, or Modoc name Elulksaltalko, sent to a penitentiary in California, for life. The rest of the prisoners taken to Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory. Thus the Modoc War ends.

Bright and early on the morning of October 3, 1873, Chief Schonchin of Yainax, a brother of John Schonchin, the condemned sub-chief, was at Fort Klamath with a few of his men. Just before the cap was drawn over John Schonchin's head, while he was standing beside the other condemned men with tears in his eyes, Chief Schonchin of Yainax stepped forward

Peter Schonchin, son of John Schonchin, who was hung at Fort Klamath, showing his family. This photo was taken at his ranch near the Yainax.

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[1] Boncho died at Alcatraz Island, May 28, 1875.

and addressed his brother with the following words. He raised his eyes up to him and said:

"My brother, I came here not to bid you farewell, but to see if you die like a man. I see you lack courage. I see tears in your eyes. You would not and did not listen to me, so now I say I cast you to the four winds. You are no brother of mine. You put a black mark upon my name, although my word is as true as the sun, so now die. I cast you away." He turned and rode away, followed by his men.

Long Jim and wife, a Modoc warrior, died at Quapaw about 1880. His wife Anna is now married again to a man by the name of Spicer; they now reside at the Yainax.

A white preacher told Capt. Jack that he must not be afraid to die, that he was going to a nice place, and said: "Jack, you will never want for anything. God will furnish you with everything you will use without you even asking for them." Jack said: "Is that so? You say, Mr. Preacher, that the place that I am going to is a nice place, eh? Do you like the place you call heaven?" Preacher said, "Yes, it is a beautiful place." "Well," Jack says, "Preacher, I tell you what I'll do with you. I will give you just twenty-five head of ponies if you will take my place today, as you say it is such a nice place; because I do not like to go right now." The preacher acted rather funny for a few minutes, but finally recovered his wits and told Jack he guessed he would not trade places with him.

Johnny Ball, a Modoc warrior, aged 61. This photo taken at Quapaw Agency, Oklahoma, April, 1913. Ball returned to the Yainax, Oregon, 1913.

The four condemned braves met their death bravely. Schonchin was the only one that showed weakness.

Capt. Jack's body was dug up the following night by some man and taken to Yreka, California, and after it was prepared for a certain purpose it was taken to Washington, D. C., and there exhibited to the public at ten cents a sight. Undoubtedly the man that did this was too lazy to work. He wanted easy money.

I have forgotten whether it was the fourth or fifth of October, 1873[5], that all the Modocs were hustled to government wagons and started on the road for the nearest railroad; that was Redding, California, one company of soldiers escorting them. I never learnt the name of the officer that had the Indians in charge. They were all settled at Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory, now known as Oklahoma. The government allotted them land, a few years after they had been settled there, forty to seventy acres each. The older Indians nearly all died off in just a few years. The change of climate did not agree with them. All the warriors died except just a few. They are now living in Oregon on the Klamath Indian Reservation, namely: Ben Lawver (Ha-kar-gar-ush), Mr. Peter Schonchin, son of sub-chief John Schonchin who was hung on Oct. 3rd at Fort Klamath, Oregon, in 1873; Whus-sum-Kpel. known now as Henry Hudson. These are the only three men living here that took a hand in the Modoc War of 1872 and 1873. There is one at Quapaw, Oklahoma. His name is Johnny Ball[4], so there are only four left out of fifty-two warriors that held one thousand troops and seventy-eight Warm Spring Indian Scouts, and one company of Oregon Volunteers at bay from November 18, 1872 to June 1, 1873. There is also R. W. Hood and Charles Hood living on the Klamath

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[4] Returned to the Yainax, Klamath Reservation, Oregon, 1913.

[5] The Modoc prisoners consisting of 39 men, 54 women and 60 children, were conducted from Fort Klamath, Oregon, to Fort McPherson, Neb., October 24th, 1873, by Captain H. C. Hasbrook, 4th Artillery, U. S. A.

War Department, Washington City, Nov. 1st, 1873.

Col. J. J. Reynolds, 3rd Cav.—In reply to your letter of the 31st inst., recommend the detail of Lt. Melville C. Wilkinson to proceed to Fort McPherson, Neb., and to take charge of the Modoc prisoners at that place and attend to their transportation to the Quapaw Agency in the Indian Territory.

WM. W. BELKNAP, Secretary of War.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
United States Indian Service.

Seneca School, Quapaw Agency, Wyandotte, Okla., Nov. 30, 1912.

There are four or five of the prisoners of war still living here. Martha Lawvor, the oldest living member of her tribe. She is reputed to be past 105 years of age. (Died 31st March, 1913.) Her daughter Jennie, is past 60. She was a grown woman when she was brought here in 1873. Mrs. Robins, the daughter of U. S. Grant, is living in this vicinity. She was a young girl during the Modoc War.

IRA C. DEAVER, Supt.

Reservation. They were boys at the time of the Modoc War. Two others are here that was born near Seneca, Mo.—Amos Kisk and Parker Hubbard; the above mentioned people are all married, most of them has large families. The other few that are now at Quapaw, Oklahoma, may come to Oregon to live in the future as they have that privilege. There is also one woman survivor. Her name is One-Eyed Dixie. She lives near the Yainax, Klamath, Oregon, Reservation.

One-Eyed Dixie. Present day. Photo taken at the Snake Camp, Klamath Indian Reservation, near Bly, Oregon, where she now resides with her daughter.

There was a bill passed (No. 306—H. R. 16743) that the remnants of Capt. Jack's band of Modocs, together with the descendants, should be restored to the rolls of the Klamath Agency in Oregon, that they should be allotted as all other Indians on said reservation, that they be accorded all the rights and privileges of all other Indians enrolled at the Klamath Agency, Oregon; approved March 3, 1909. They can sell their lands at Quapaw if they want to or lease their allotments, not to exceed five years. Quite a number of Klamath Indians are protesting against this move the government did for the Modocs, but of course they are powerless to do or undo what Uncle Sam has already did, so this closes the chapters of the struggles of the Modoc Indians.

I want to say here that my education is limited as all the schooling I had was only six weeks, so what little education I have I learnt myself. I know that some people will find fault with my history, but I have given nothing but plain facts and nothing but the truth.

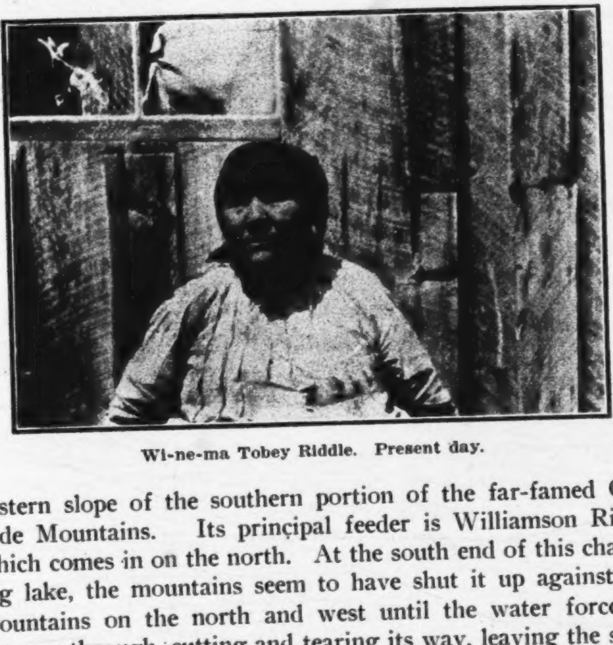
THE END.

Martha Lawver, mother of Ben Lawver. Died at Quapaw Agency, Oklahoma, March 31, 1913, aged 106. This picture was taken about fourteen years ago and is the property of her youngest child, Jimmy Clinton nee Lawver, who is 56 years old.

BIOGRAPHY
of
TOBEY, WI-NE-MA RIDDLE, WIFE OF FRANK RIDDLE.

[Extracted from "Wi-ne-ma and Her People," by A. B. Meacham.]

About twenty miles north of the line dividing California and Oregon, lies Klamath Lake. It is forty miles long and ten miles wide, dotted with small islands. It is four thousand feet above sea level. Its pure, transparent waters form a beautiful inland sea of enchanting loveliness. The mountains on the west bathe their feet in this fresh-water sea, while on the north and east they fall away several miles, leaving a valley of great beauty. This lake is fed by mountain streams draining the eastern slope of the southern portion of the far-famed Cascade Mountains. Its principal feeder is Williamson River, which comes in on the north. At the south end of this charming lake, the mountains seem to have shut it up against the mountains on the north and west until the water forced a passage through, cutting and tearing its way, leaving the sides rough and unshapely, with the rocks just as they were rent at the time of the separation by the mad flood. Through this



Wi-ne-ma Tobey Riddle. Present day.

opening the stream pours in a wide stream known as Link River, which, falling about one hundred feet to the mile, finds its level in lower Klamath Lake, which again, in turn, tears along to the Pacific Ocean through the mountains for nearly one hundred miles.

On the east side of Link River near its upper end, there are streams of hot water bursting from the depts of the earth in continuous flow. These springs are said to possess wonderful healing properties. When the winds blow from the south, the waters of the upper Klamath Lake are forced back like a great tide, leaving Link River almost dry, save the deep holes and pools left in the channel. In the middle of this channel the water has cut in the stone, curious holes, said to resemble the feet of a large man. Near the footprints, another wondrous work of nature, wrought in the image of a man.

The ragged sides of the cleft mountain; the stream jets and hot springs; the footprints and the great stone image in the middle of the river; the effect of the south winds upon the lake above, all together, have furnished this singular spot of the earth with unusual requisites for Indian sacred lands. Here for untold generations have they come to worship the great *Ka-moo-kum-chux* (God); to fish, and hold councils; believing, as they do, that the holes in the rock are the footprints of God, and the rough-shaped stone in the river, is His image. The people who inhabited this place were of a somewhat different character from other Indians of America. They were formerly known as the La-la-cas. They claimed to be the children of God, having among them traditions reaching as far back as any written history of man. That they were different from other Indians was declared by the Modoc War. Of the several characters developed by that war, none stands out with more claim to an honorable place in history than Wi-ne-ma (the woman-chief), who is the subject of this sketch. She was born on Link River, and very near the sacred lands of the La-la-cas (the tribe from whence sprang the Modocs). Her father was a brother of the hero, martyr-chief, Captain Jack. Her mother is said to have belonged to a family of Indians remarkable for one peculiarity, that of having very fine brown or red hair. It does not appear, however, that there was any other evidence of her being more than an ordinary Modoc woman. She died soon after the birth of Wi-ne-ma. Polygamy being an established custom among the Modocs. Wi-ne-ma was a member of a large family, having, however, only one brother and one sister. In early life she exhibited the rare qualities which since her growth into womanhood, have made her distinguished. She was at first called *Nan-ook-to-wa*—"the strange child," on account of her habit of going alone to the sacred springs, and her fearlessness in visiting the rocks where Ka-moo-kum-chux had left his footprints. Indian children have a certain kind of reverential fear of things sacred. From her father's lodge she could see the snow-clad mountain peaks of the Cascades, and could hear the roar of the rushing waters. The lodge was near the outlet of the lake, and it was the favorite pastime of the children to paddle on its bosom. On one occasion when she, with others of her own age, were thus engaged, the canoe was drawn into the current, which was so swift that the stoutest-hearted brave would not venture into it. The father saw the danger and shouted to them, but too late, and the slender craft was carried into the rushing flood which roared and plunged through the rocky shoot. The father was wild with the sight, and would have plunged into the stream to save the children, but the canoe was carried so rapidly along that he caught but occasional glimpses of it as it rose like a feather on the huge waves. Undaunted, Nan-ook-to-wa stood in the canoe and with quick eye steered right and left past the great boulders, commanding the other children to calmness, as they hurled swiftly past the rocks. On, on, they went, while the frightened father mounted his horse and hurried down the river's bank, fast as speed could fly, seeing his children as they rose upon the waves, and expecting each time would be the last. Away they go, swifter than steed, swift as lightning, still on went the flying canoe, and still on went the flying steed, while the canoe roared with the united voices of rushing waters and frightened people. Still the little Nan-ook-to-wa stood erect, still she plied the paddle, until the canoe reached the calm surface of the lower lake, when rounding with its precious freight, the child landed in safety to meet her excited father and the friends who had joined in the pursuit, when she was called for the first time Kaitch-ka-na, Wi-ne-ma, the little woman-chief. From this time Wi-ne-ma was regarded by her people as an extraordinary child, and became the pet of the old warriors of her father's tribe. It was sufficient that she was possessed of great courage and could not be intimidated by danger. The old braves delighted to tell her the stories of her people; of the battles fought; of the traditions of the race regarding the history of their origin; of *Ka-moo-kum-chux* (God); of *I-sees* (the son of God); of the first white men they had seen, and thus she grew wise before her time. Her father often took her on hunting expeditions, and sometimes to the sacred lakes in Yai-nax Mountain.

He still lives* near the place of his birth, enjoying the confidence of all who know him. He delights to tell of the little Wi-ne-ma going with him to hunt the grizzly, in the mountains, and of her daring in times of danger. A white man belonging to a company of emigrants going into Oregon, was lost from his party, and in a state of destitution and starvation, he was carried into the Indian village at Link River. He became the guest of the family to which Wi-ne-ma belonged. He was detained by sickness many weeks; meanwhile he learned to talk with his benefactors. It was through this sick man, that Wi-ne-ma first learned of the great cities and towns of the white man, of his civilization and wonderful achievements. Her heart was fired by her first lessons in the white man's history, and as time passed on she became more and more interested, and finally determined to know for herself, of the higher life of the white man. Meanwhile her boy lover, U-le-ta, had been her constant attendant on her rambles for fruits and flowers. She endeavored to inspire him with her ambition to learn more about the new people. He was so thoroughly Indian, however, that she failed to interest him. He sought to dissuade her from her purpose, at the same time growing more in love with her; for Indians do love, notwithstanding that the great civilized world treats them as though they were animals of lower degree. Although U-le-ta was several years older than Wi-ne-ma he was about as much behind her in general knowledge, as the white boy is behind his sister, five years his junior. When Wi-ne-ma had reached fourteen, she was older than many of her own race and sex of seventeen or eighteen.

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*Since deceased.

It was not uncommon for the Link River Indians to visit the miners in and around Yreka, California. It was on one of these visits of Wi-ne-ma's father that she first met Mr. Frank Riddle. Frank was a miner, and had in his cabin a talisman which had been his anchor through the stormy scenes of a miner's life. It was the picture of a fair-haired girl whom he had left behind him in "Old Kentuck." He had carried this picture with him through all his wanderings, and it had been to him the reminder of his vows. The fair face was often before him, and always seemed the loveliest on earth to him.

When the old man, Se-cot, Wi-ne-ma's father, camped upon the creek below Frank's cabin, he little dreamed that this fact would rob him of his child. Little thought Frank Riddle that the plump, round-faced little squaw would dethrone his boyhood's love, and become the empress of his heart. After the day's work was over, he, with his partner, would visit the Indian camp, and "swap stories" with the braves. Several days passed, and Frank began to observe that Wi-ne-ma manifested unusual interest in the talks. Often, too, he caught her dark eyes gazing at him through the long lashes. No words were spoken, but each seemed to know what the other was thinking. Who has not had the same experience? Curious, that the language of love can be understood though never a vocal word be spoken. When Se-cot broke camp and went away, Frank felt, as he termed it, "a goneness in his heart," but he had not thought for a moment of putting from his memory the fair-haired girl. Wi-ne-ma carried with her the image of Frank Riddle photographed on her heart.

It is told of Frank, by his mining partner, that he proposed to knock off work earlier than usual that day, and that he strolled out alone, with a small parcel in his hand, containing the letters of his Kentucky sweetheart; that on his return to the cabin he declared that "the Modoc maiden should not make him forget his girl!" Be careful, Mr. Riddle, you don't know what the morrow may bring for you. At the Indian lodge a young girl of about fifteen was humming a low tune in the Modoc tongue. It is the same voice we heard near the camp of the Te-ni-noes two years since. The morning came, but no Wi-ne-ma was at her father's camp. Supposing that she had gone for the horses, her father felt no alarm, until an hour later, when it was discovered that her personal effects were missing. Even then he did not suspect the truth, but thinking she had only gone to some of her kindred, she would return.

She had indeed gone to her cousin's house. This cousin had married a white man. Wi-ne-ma told her of her love for the young man in the cabin. The cousin informed her husband, and he, wishing to have congenial neighbors, went to Frank, and informed him of the presence of the maiden at his house, and of her attachment for him. Frank shook his head. He had fortified himself against the charms of the Indian maiden, as he thodght, but consented to visit her. Ah! my man, have you not learned that when the first step is taken the next follows easily, and then another?

Frank gave some attention to his dress, putting on the "biled shirt" which had been kept for "extra occasions," saying that he would "go just for the fun of the thing." Ah! my boy, many a man has started in fun, and come out in earnest. The face of the fair-haired girl went with him, reproaching him for his folly, upbraiding him at every step, and he was half inclined to turn back, but his companion encouraged him to go on, saying that if he "didn't like the girl he needn't take her, that's all." When they arrived at his friend's cabin he found Wi-ne-ma dressed in the highest style of the Modoc maidens. He felt ashamed of having come, as the memory of his Kentucky betrothed rose before his mind.

The evening hours glided by, the strangeness wore off, and by the aid of an interpreter the conversation became interesting. Wi-ne-ma sang love-songs in the Modoc tongue. Frank told stories of civilized life. When the parting came Frank was more than half in love with the little Wi-ne-ma, and she altogether so with him. The visit was repeated, and soon Frank learned enough of the language to understand what Wi-ne-ma meant when she sang, *"Ka-mis-no-stin-to"* (a Modoc love-song). He trembled when he remembered his betrothed. He faltered; he hesitated. What had been only a possibility at the beginning, became a probability. Driven on by his growing love for the Indian maiden, he at length proposed to her, and she accepted, on condition that he would, in conformity with the usages of her people, give her father a present. Among the Modocs it is thought to be a disgrace for a woman to live with a man who does not think enough of her to give presents to other people. Frank assented, and in the presence of her cousin and her husband the compact was made, and they were married, after the forms of the Modoc Indians. Wi-ne-ma collected her personal effects, and went home with Frank Riddle, his wife.

The miner's cabin began to change its appearance. Under Frank's tuition, and through the occasional visits to her cousin and the few white women who had come with their husbands to this mountain wild, Wi-ne-ma soon put away her squaw dress and habits. She learned to cook according to the model she had before her, and was not long in attaining to the distinguished title of "a first-rate housekeeper."

When the dry season had come, Frank and Wi-ne-ma visited her people. Se-cot had been dissatisfied at the marriage, and was not appeased by the half-dozen horses Frank had sent him as a marriage present; but when he found Frank to be a good shot, apt at story-telling, and strictly temperate, he manifested his approbation of the marriage by returning the horses and adding to the band from his own herd.

As the summer months wore away, Frank won not only the heart of the father of Wi-ne-ma, but of the whole tribe. He went with them on fishing and hunting excursions, and, being a brave man in times of danger, and a splendid shot, with either pistol or rifle, he soon took rank as a brave. It was during this visit that one of those stranger than fiction affairs transpired.

U-le-ta had felt grieved at the loss of Wi-ne-ma, and gave signs of aberration of mind, which disappointed love so often produces in life, for the Indian is human, with all of humanity's attributes and weaknesses. He had not, however, manifested his insanity to such an extent that his people should keep watch of him; he was permitted to go upon the hunting and fishing journeys. He was observed to be alone much of his time, and seemed especially depressed in the presence of Frank and Wi-ne-ma. Nothing passed before the eyes of the tribe to create suspicion that he meditated harm to either Wi-ne-ma or Frank; but Wi-ne-ma for some reason suspected him, and when the band went into the Cascade Mountains on the annual bear-hunt, at huckleberry time, he was of the party, as were Frank and Wi-ne-ma.

They had been in the mountains several days, and U-le-ta had not shown a spirit of dislike, but nevertheless Wi-ne-ma kept her eyes on him, lest he should injure her husband. She discovered that he would wait in camp until Frank had left for the day's hunt; and then start in an opposite direction. This was to her sufficient reason for following him, which she did on one occasion, and found, as she suspected, that he changed his course to that taken by Frank. As he crept slyly along the trail of the white hunter, Wi-ne-ma followed him, and discovered that he was more intent on striking her husband's trail than to raise the grizzly bear. Late in the day the report of a rifle was heard in the distance. U-le-ta quickened his steps and Wi-ne-ma kept on his trail. Suddenly she stopped, and raising her gun—for she is a good shot—fired apparently at some object. It was not at a deer or bear, nor at her old lover, but simply to give him knowledge of her presence. He turned at the sound of the rifle, and hastened away in another direction. He had been detected in the act of drawing his gun upon Frank Riddle. He left the camp, returning to the village at Link River. Here he wandered about several days, and at last threw himself from a canoe at the outlet of the lake, and was drowned. His body was afterwards found on the shores of Lower Klamath Lake.

Another circumstance occurred during this hunt that demonstrated the courage and sagacity of this remarkable woman. Her husband, being ambitious to excel in hunting, was reckless in his encounters with the grizzly. He raised a young cub, and thinking to capture it, dropped his rifle and ran after it. The cub made good his escape by climbing a tree. Frank, unwilling to be outwitted, began throwing stones. Very soon the cub raised the cry, much to Frank's encouragement. He plied the rocks; the cub cried again. Frank had thrown with good aim, and had evidently wounded the cub, who gave signs of letting go the limb. Just at this moment his fun was interrupted by a sound which put life into his limbs, such as he had not felt since his boyhood. "Wah, wah," came to him from the breaking bushes. He knew well what it meant, and lost no time in putting in his very best Kentucky jumps down the mountainside. He turned his eye to see an old she-bear, as she came tearing after him. Away went Frank, and on came the she-bear. As he now describes the race, "it was nip and tuck 'twixt me and the bear," with the latter closing up the space at a fearful rate, considering the stakes they were running for. Every muscle was doing duty in the man, while Mrs. Bear was paying out muscle in quantity extremely unhealthy to the hunter. Frank shouted with every jump; the bear "wah, wahed" at every bound. Frank thought his "time had come," and was almost in despair of ever seeing his brown-skinned wife again, when suddenly, as if she had dropped from the clouds, she sprang between the racers, and spreading her skirts, shouted in Modoc so loudly that the mother-bear suddenly halted, and turned about, making way to her cub. The breathless Frank crept cautiously to where he had dropped his gun, covered each step by the little rifle in Wi-ne-ma's hands. When they were in camp again she read him a short chapter from her Modoc vocabulary which he will not soon forget. It is said on good authority that a bear never attacks a woman.

At the time of Wi-ne-ma's marriage to Mr. Riddle, the several tribes in the southern portion of Oregon were at war. Many bloody battles were fought within the lines of the white settlement; wherever and whenever the members of hostile tribes met a fight ensued. Wi-ne-ma, in the meantime, taking up her residence near Yreka, California. This being the only town of importance in that portion of the country, the Indians round about came to trade, and enemies met and fought sometimes in the streets. Wi-ne-ma became the mediator between the several tribes, and also, between her own race and the white man. Through her management the Indians of several of these fighting bands were induced to meet in a treaty council at Yreka. Judge Steele came to the council, representing the white men, and joined Wi-ne-ma and Frank in their labor of peace-making. The effort was successful and peace was declared, a peace that has continued, in so far as the Indians were concerned, among and between, themselves to this day. Numerous instances might be related of Wi-ne-ma's timely intervention between the races, whereby bloodshed was averted. Suffice it, that she was universally known as "the woman-chief," who could make peace, and who always calmed the threatening tempest arising from contact of races. None knew her but to respect her. Not a word has ever been uttered against her veracity or good character, save the incredulity of General Canby and Dr. Thomas during the existence of the Modoc Peace Commission in refusing to heed her warning as to the danger of meeting her kinsmen in the Lava Bed. In the Klamath council of 1865, she again demonstrated her power for good by securing the attendance of Captain Jack, who had refused to come at the invitation of the government. In this council it was agreed by all parties, that both Schonchin and Captain Jack should be recognized as chiefs. This compact was broken by the agent of the government, and Captain Jack justified himself in leaving the reservation.

Shortly after the withdrawal of her cousin—Captain Jack—from the reservation, Wi-ne-ma visited him at his home on Lost River. She besought him to return to the reservation, and obtained his consent on certain conditions. Wi-ne-ma was unable to secure the performance of the conditions, and Captain Jack did not go back at that time.

The Pitt River Indians occupied the country south of the

Modocs. The two tribes have long been enemies. The Pitt Rivers were not parties to the treaty at Yreka. Raids from either side were common. The latter made a successful raid into the Modoc country, driving away a large number of horses belonging to the allied tribes. Wi-ne-ma being on a visit to her people shared the loss. Frank had given her a very fine saddle-horse. This horse was among those stolen by the Pitt Rivers. The pursuit was organized, and with it went our heroine, determined to save her horse. The captors were overtaken and found to be in strong force; an engagement ensued, and the pursuers were driven back; Wi-ne-ma assumed command. Another fight ensued. The day was doubtful. The woman-chief encouraged her braves. They had not consented for her to take the advance. Enraged at the loss of some of her fighting men, she made a charge at the head of her braves with such audacity and skill, that the Pitt Rivers, accustomed to fight individual style, each man for himself, were taken by surprise and completely routed, leaving three dead warriors and the stolen horses in the possession of the Modocs. Wi-ne-ma refused to allow the dead Indians to be scalped or mutilated. Satisfied with the recovery of the horses and the victory over her enemies, she saddled her recaptured horse and bade her people follow, led the way to Lost River. Some of the Modoc braves who were of this party declare that the woman-chief can whip any man-chief. Those who have seen her only when in repose cannot form an idea of her wonderful courage and daring spirit. Few men, or women, of any race or tribe, have exhibited such examples of personal courage and sagacity as Wi-ne-ma.

There is a man named Eliot, living at Yreka, who does not hesitate to declare that to Wi-ne-ma he owes his life. He was engaged in combat with a Shasta Indian, when the squaw of the latter came to the assistance of "her man," with a drawn revolver. Wi-ne-ma, taking in the danger, sprang forward, wrenched the pistol from the hands of the infuriated squaw, fired it in the air above her head, then, holding her arms, compelled her to observe neutrality. The fight ended and no great harm was done. Wi-ne-ma brought the parties together, made terms of peace, and the combatants became personal friends.

In the autumn of 1867, Wi-ne-ma and Frank took up a ranch a few miles distant from Yreka. Their home became the stopping place for stock-hunters, Indians and an occasional wayfarer. Frank being an old-fashioned Kentuckian, always hung the "latch-string outside," and gave welcome to everybody. He was never known to accept pay for meals or horse-feed, except upon one occasion.

One rainy evening in February, 1868, just as darkness set in, a voice shouted, "Hallo!" Frank went to the door and found a pompous-looking man sitting on his horse. The stranger asked for lodging; it was granted, and his horse was put in the barn. A pine-wood fire lighted up the cabin, and Wi-ne-ma prepared supper. The stranger was evidently a merchant "runner" and like nearly all small-minded men made great display by calling for extra sauces, napkins, and such things as he knew were not in use among frontier people.

Wi-ne-ma was vexed; Frank bit his lips, and said but little. The stranger brought out some fine cigars, and after lighting one for himself, began to talk glibly on the cost, saying such cigars could not be bought in San Francisco short of twenty cents each by the thousand. He acted as though he was about the only man worthy to be heard on that occasion. He descanted loudly on the old times in the South; had much to say about abolitionism, miscegenation, pure blood, and other idle talk, taking pains to say "all good Indians were four-foot under ground," talked of the squaw-men, &c. When Wi-ne-ma had prepared a bed for him with snow-white sheets, he threw himself upon it, without undressing, taking pains to exhibit a pistol, which he placed under the pillow.

The breakfast over, the following morning, he ordered his horse, as though he had been a lord, and lighting another fine Havana without offering one to his host, he waited for his horse. With the cigar elevated at an angle, he pompously asked for his bill, and was brought to his senses when Frank quietly informed him that he did not run a hotel generally, but had begun about twelve hours since, and as the stranger was his first patron he would only charge him twelve dollars; saying, "I should charge you nothing, but you talk so rich, and smoke such fine cigars you had ought to pay according to your big talk." The stranger began to demur, but before he had succeeded in drawing his little pocket "popgun," Frank had covered him completely with a "Navy," and the pompous fellow paid the bill, Frank meantime reading him a short chapter upon miscegenation that was new to him. Before mounting, Frank handed him the twelve dollars, saying he had hoped that he would refuse to pay the bill, so he could have a good excuse for thrashing him and teaching him common sense and decency.

Soon after Frank met with an accident which disabled him for several months. The farm comprised thirty acres of arable land. The rainy season began; Frank was unable to plow. Wi-ne-ma, being physically robust, plowed the ground, sowed the barley, and with little assistance harvested the crop, hauled it to market, sold it, and saved the money. It was during this time that Wi-ne-ma demonstrated her ability to defend her husband's honor. A Yankee who had not "acclimated" well but had retained his native habit of "arguing" things, came to Riddle's one day, and after some talk about a stray horse, intimated that Mr. Riddle had behaved unmanly in the matter. Wi-ne-ma taking in the situation, pitched into Mr. Yank, and before he knew it, his head was bleeding profusely and a strong hand was grasping his throat. He fought back as best he could, but the poor little Yank was in the hands of an enraged Modoc woman, who was pelting him in the face, saying between her licks, "I'll learn you how you talk about my man." He begged for mercy, and Frank persuaded Wi-ne-ma to desist. Wi-ne-ma brought a basin of water and bathed the battered face of Yank while she preached a short sermon on slandering his neighbors, finally asking him to stay for dinner, which invitation Yank accepted, and the whole matter was amicably adjusted by him receiving the assurance that the story of his whipping should not be told of him. When he met his friends he claimed to have been dragged by his horse through the sage-brush for a half mile, and his face and clothing supported the lie. That man is now one of the best friends Wi-ne-ma and Frank have on the Pacific Coast.

The regular visits to her father's people continued, and thus Wi-ne-ma became a teacher and missionary to her own race, giving them much valuable information about the civilization of the white man. From one who was present I learned something of her efforts to bring the Indian up to a full realization of the necessity for adopting the white man's laws and customs. Said my informant, "In the evening you would see the woman and men gather around Wi-ne-ma while she told them of the wonderful things she had seen among the white people, of their manners and social customs; of the laws and rules of life; of their way of making law; making machinery, its uses, etc. For hours they would listen while she talked, and to her, much of the advancement of the Indians at Klamath and Yai-nax may be attributed."

Wi-ne-ma still resides at the Yai-nax, Klamath reservation, Oregon, near her children, grand-children, and great grand-children.

Rev. Steamboat Frank and son, and Mrs. Carrie Hood and her three sisters. They were the daughters of a Modoc brave by the name of Mowatuwas. They are all dead except Mrs. Hood, who resides opposite the Joe Coburn ranch near the Yainax.

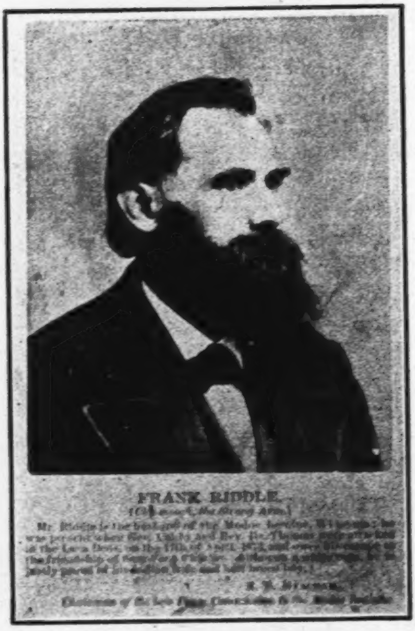
BIOGRAPHY
of
FRANK RIDDLE, AND SON, JEFF. C. RIDDLE.

[Extracted from "Wi-ne-ma and Her People," by A. B. Meacham.]

Frank Riddle, the husband of Wi-ne-ma, is a native of Kentucky. His parents were slave-holders, and Frank grew to fifteen years of age without receiving much attention from them. Several years before reaching his majority, in Western parlance, Frank "struck out for himself." Arriving upon the Pacific Coast in 1850, he first sought employment in Sacramento City, and subsequently drifted to the mines of Northern California. His life has been a counterpart of thousands who sought fortune at the point of the pick and shovel and the "Tail of the Long Tom sluice-box." Many thrilling episodes he had passed before we find him surrendering to the bright eyes of the Modoc maiden. This struggle against his destiny was brief, and as we have shown on a former page, he surrendered to this Modoc, and was married under the forms and ceremonies of her people. During his sojourn upon the Western coast, he has killed seven hundred and forty-three deer and elk, and one hundred and thirty-two bears of various species.

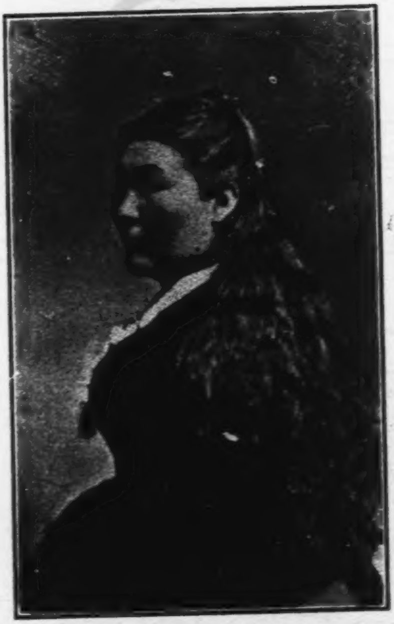
During the efforts for peace with the Modoc Indians, in 1873, Mr. Riddle was employed as an interpreter. His personal acquaintance with them, and with the difficulties existing between them and the white race, made him the man for the occasion. It is unfortunate that Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas should not have recognized the real character of Mr. Riddle, and appreciate, as I did, his integrity and good common sense. It would have saved many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars.

I have never heard an intimation that Frank Riddle ever "went back" on a friend or his own word, while his generous nature prompting to give, has kept him impoverished all his life. Mr. Riddle, appreciating the benefit this extensive travel would be to his wife and boy, consented to join my company on my promise to "do right by him and return him and his family to Yreka." I have found him a reliable man and a true friend, even in the darkest hour. He won the confidence and respect of those whom he had met on our tour; always an affable, plain Western man, full of interesting reminiscences of frontier life, he had always been well received and kindly treated by the friends of the Indian elsewhere. He is not ashamed to manifest his pride in his Indian wife and half-breed boy.


FRANK RIDDLE.

Frank Riddle, the Author's father. Taken in Washington, D. C.

"Charka" (the handsome boy), alias Jeff. C. Davis Riddle, son of Frank and Wi-ne-ma, was born in 1863, at Yreka, California. He is a remarkable boy, early evincing a fair amalgamation of Kentucky frankness and Modoc courage; while he has been much with white boys of his age in Yreka, he has also spent a larger proportion of his young life in the "latches" (wigwams) of his grandfather at Yai-nax, is expert with the bow and arrow, already a close shot with a rifle (accustomed to the saddle from infancy, going often with his father and sometimes with his mother's people, upon the big hunts), he has had rather a thrilling experience for one so young. Inheriting enough of his mother's Indian stoicism, he is never surprised, travels over the largest cities on errands, coming home by instinct, never lost, always pleasant and mannerly, but equally ready to resent insult, he has won his way rapidly to the friendship of those who know him. With his Indian habits of observation and faculty of retention, he is storing his mind with much useful information and themes for story when he



Wi-ne-ma Tobey Riddle, the Author's mother. Taken in New York, 1875.

again springs from his saddle into the outstretched arms of his illustrious old Indian grandfather.

One episode of this boy's life would find a place in the stirring scenes of the Modoc war. Almost without a tear he parted from his mother and father when they were leaving camp on the fatal day on which Gen. Canby was killed, although he was but ten years of age, saying to them, "If the Modocs kill you, I will avenge you if it takes a life-time." Taking his father's revolver and field-glass, he climbed partly up the bluff commanding a view of the peace tent where the

The author when a boy. He was given the Indian name of Charka, The Handsome Boy. This photo taken in Hartford, Conn., in 1876.

ill-starred council was held. When the first puff of smoke rose above the council, Charka shouted to the soldiers below him, "The Modocs are killing the Commissioners;" then dropping his glass, he started for the scene of blood in advance of the reserve which had been ordered out. Meeting his father, he demanded to know whether his mother had been killed, vowing vengeance meanwhile. It was with some difficulty he was persuaded from going to the scene of slaughter, nor was he appeased until she appeared, coming on her horse.

The Author. Present day.

BY JEFF C. RIDDLE.

My father, T. F. Riddle, was born in Kentucky, September 6, 1832. He came West in 1850, and he was all through California. During the gold excitement, he took part in three or four Indian wars.

He married Tobey or Winema in 1862. Working at different things, such as mining, farming, and stock-raising, he made plenty of money, in all his undertakings, but was always unlucky. He would have bad luck and lose all his money.

I was born November 30, 1863. I spent most of my life on farms. I did not go to school. Father was usually quite a distance from any school. I have only had six weeks schooling in my life. I went three weeks at Hawkinsville, California, and three weeks in New York City in 1876. I have been in nearly all the principal cities in the United States. I learnt more in my travels than I did at any other time. I have met some noted men in my time, such as Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Brigadier General Forney, U. S. A., retired, J. C. Ridpath, General U. S. Grant and many others. The warmest friends I have today are among the white people.

I am very sorry that my education was neglected. If I had even a fair education, I might have been of some benefit to my people, but as it is I am unable to be of much help to them. Perhaps if Colonel A. B. Meacham had not toured the United States in 1876, I would not have undertaken to write the history of the Modoc War of 1872 and '73. So I said in the fore part of this writing. I learnt to read and write while I was with Mr. Meacham in 1876.

Father and mother, I and several other Indians was with Mr. Meacham, also another man who is a man among men. That is Capt. O. C. Applegate, who now resides at Klamath Falls, Oregon. The Indian race never had a better friend than Capt. O. C. Applegate. If I did not know this to be a fact, I would not mention it. I am sorry to offer to the public a book that is not written or worded right, but my lack of education would not allow me to do better. I have tried to give plain facts in my writing. I think it is better to give the truth in common plain language than to write a whole lot of lies in nice flowery words. I have read several works on the Modoc War by different authors. I'm sorry to say they was written by men who wanted to be looked upon by the public as real heroes.

I am now fifty years old. I married the daughter of Chief Schonchin, brother to John Schonchin, who was hung at Fort Klamath. I live on the Klamath Indian reservation. I raise a few cattle and horses. I have five children living. My mother, Tobey or Winema Riddle, is alive yet and she gets a government pension (thanks to the late Senator Hearst, who introduced the bill in Congress) of $25.00 per month. My father is dead.

JEFF C. RIDDLE.

DEATH OF FRANK RIDDLE.

Romantic Life of the Daring Frontiersman, Formerly of Yreka, California, Husband of Wi-ne-ma.

[From the "Klamath Falls Express."]

Frank Riddle—this well-known frontiersman and pioneer, died at his home near Yainax, Oregon, at 7:30 A. M. on February 21, 1906, at quite an advanced age. Although his health had been rather poor for some months past, the illness which resulted in his death was only of three days' duration. To old-timers especially was Frank Riddle well-known, and they also know of the prominent part he took in the trying days incident to the early settlement of the Klamath country. This the late settlers do not know, and I think it may be fair at this time to briefly refer to the story of his life.

With other gold-seeking adventurers, he came to California in 1850. September of that year he arrived in Shasta county, where he spent some years in mining. In 1856 he came to Yreka and followed mining about that place and Hawkinsville, with varying success, until 1862, when he changed his occupation into farming and stock-raising and settled at a point twenty miles east of Yreka on Bogus Creek. This place, which is now known as Bloomingcamp Ranch, Mr. Riddle sold to David Horn in 1868, and went farther into the interior. He was fond of hunting and trapping, and was an expert in the intricacies of woodcraft. The winter of 1868-9 he spent in trapping at the Upper Gap on Lost River. Thus early he invaded the then wild Modoc country, which had already been the theatre of many bloody encounters between the races.

Winema, a bright and courageous Modoc girl, a cousin to Kientpoos or Captain Jack, who was afterwards famous as the leader of the Modoc rebellion of 1872-3, had become his companion, and together they spent most of their time in the lake country, largely with or in the vicinity of her people, the Modocs. Before the Modoc outbreak, which occurred on the morning of November 29, 1872, at the stone bridge on Lost River, some two miles or so below where the town of Merrill has since been located, Frank and Winema, who had loyally cast their fortunes with old Chief Schonchin in favor of peace, did all they were able to prevent the insurrection of Captain Jack.

After the war came, their efforts were faithfully continued to uphold the authority of the government and to maintain the influence with his people of old Chief Schonchin, who was as firm as a rock in his adherence to the treaty of 1864. Winema's own brother, Charley Riddle, a sub-chief of the Modocs, was a strong supporter of the old chief as long as he lived. * * *

Were it in order to do so, I could detail at greater length the story of those tragic days, illustrating the struggles of the early days when, through trials, dangers and privations our beautiful lake country was wôn for peace, development and civilization, so that all might see that lessons of loyalty and self-sacrifice and heroic devotion to law and government can be learned from the humble frontiersmen who have helped to open and subdue the wilderness.

Such a frontiersman was Frank Riddle. Though his life was humble and his sphere limited, he lived an honest, temperate life, was kind and true to his family and friends, and did good and true work for all in the darkest days that ever came to the Klamath country.

The foregoing sketch I have written by request of Jefferson C. Riddle, the only son and child of Frank and Winema, whose devotion to his parents has always been well known, and who can always be trusted to kindly care for his old mother, whose home is so desolate now since the loss of her companion of a life time.

*It is good to know that our government, in appreciation of Winema's valuable services during the Modoc War, granted her a pension of $25.00 a month for life, and this has largely contributed to the support of these people for several years. Pure blood Modoc though she is, Winema Riddle is a heroine who should be as well-known in American history as Pocohontas or Sacajawea, and her fame will grow brighter with the years.

O. C. Applegate.

Eugene, Oregon, March 12, 1906.

Another view of the Warm Spring Scout, Loa-Kum Ar-nuk.

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*At the same time it may be noted that the payment of the pension did not begin until the year 1890, or seventeen years after the war. A proper appreciation of the services rendered by Wi-ne-ma would have suggested the propriety of paying the pension from the time when those services were rendered.

BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL E. R. S. CANBY.

[Copied from the military records and other sources.]

Edward Richard Sprigg Canby, soldier, was born in Kentucky in 1817. Son of I. T. Canby, who was afterwards in 1828 an unsuccessful candidate for Governor of the State of Indiana. His parents removed to Indiana when he was a mere lad, and his school life was spent in that State.

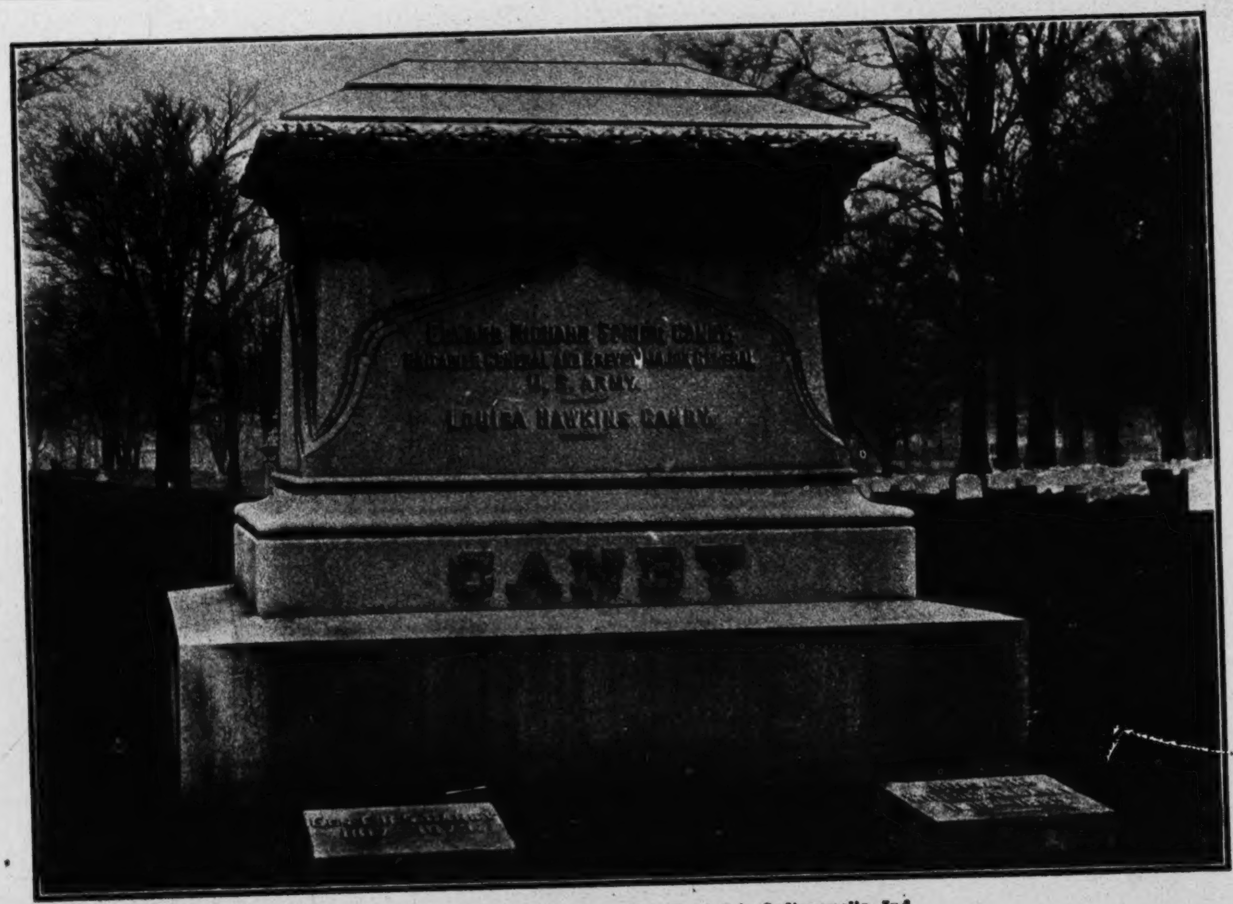
Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A. Killed April 11, 1873, in the Lava Beds, by Capt. Jack.
From the collection of the Smithsonian Institute.

In 1835 he was appointed cadet at the United States Military Academy and was graduated in the class of 1839. He numbered among his classmates Halleck, Stephens, Ord and other officers who distinguished themselves in the Civil War. He was commissioned second lieutenant and assigned to the Second Infantry, from October, 1839, to the end of the Florida War, in 1842. He served in the field as quartermaster and commissary of subsistance. He was then detailed to assist in removing the conquered Indians to the reserve set apart for them and afterwards known as the Indian Territory. He was on garrison and recruiting duty until 1846, when he was appointed adjutant of his regiment and June, 1846, was promoted first lieutenant in the Mexican War. In the Mexican War Lieutenant Canby served under General Ryley and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz and was in the battle of Cerro Gardo Contreres and Churubusco. In the final capitulation of the City of Mexico he was with the storming party that made the attack on the Belengate. For his service in this war he was brevetted major and lieutenant colonel, and in June, 1851, was promoted captain in the line, not wishing to relinquish his position as assistant adjutant general, with the rank of lieutenant colonel in the adjutant general's department, he did not accept the captaincy.

In 1855 he was made major of the Tenth U. S. Infantry, and with the regiment did frontier duty for three years. When the Utah trouble in 1858 directed the army to that territory he was ordered to Fort Bridger and his command there included portions of the Second Dragoon and Seventh and Tenth U. S. Infantry. This post was held by Major Canby until 1863, when he commanded the expedition against the Navajo Indians, and was at ort Fort Defiance, New Mexico, when the Civil War caused the resignation of many of the officers of the army. Major Canby was in 1861 made general of the Nineteenth Regiment and acting brigadier general of the U. S. forces in New Mexico. He succeeded in driving the Confederate troops under General Sibley from the Territory, after inflicting on the Confederate forces a loss of one-half of their men in killed and wounded and prisoners. On March 31st, 1862 he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers and was ordered to transfer the command of the New Mexico troops and report to the Secretary of War at Washington, where he rendered valuable assistance to Mr. Stanton during the draft riots in New York City, July, 1863. He commanded the U. S. troops and to his presence and resolute measures was largely due the suppresion of the rioters.

In November, 1863, he resumed his duties in the War Department. When the campaign of 1864 was laid out, General Canby was promoted to the rank of major general of volunteers and placed in command of the military division of West Mississippi, where he took charge of General Bank's retreating army and conducted them safely to New Orleans, where, for want of troops, he remained inactive until 1864, when he made reconnoissance on White River, Arkansas, and was severely wounded by Confederate guerillas. He was soon

Canby Cross, in the Lava Beds, where Gen. Canby and the Rev. E. Thomas were killed. In the picture are Capt. O. C. Applegate, and also Judge Geo. H. Burnett, of Salem, Ore., Attorney J. C. Rutenic and Attorney F. R. Mills of Klamath Falls, Ore., standing around the Cross. This photo taken by Ray Telford in 1908.



Grave of General Canby and wife. Buried in Indianapolis, Ind.

after reinforced and with an army of 25,000 men proceeded against Mobile, and with the aid of the Naval fleet captured that city April the 12th, 1865.

General Richard Taylor surrendered his army to General Canby on receiving the news of the surrender of General Lee, and the war in the Southwest was over. On March 13th, 1865 General Canby received the brevets of brigadier and major general of the regular army. In 1866 he was transferred to Washington and received, on July 28th, 1866, full rank of brigadier general in the regular army. General Canby had in 1866 command of the districts around the late Confederacy, and allowed the Confederate cavalry, before finally disbanding, to reorganize to suppress bushwhacking and his venture was fully justified in its good results. He was subsequently a member of special commission to decide claims on the War Department. He was on the board that determined the plans for the new building for the War and Navy Department. In 1869 he voluntarily consented to take command of the Department of the Columbia, in which he had the oversight of the Indian tribes of the Northwest. In 1872-'73 he went into the field to endeavor to bring the Modocs to accept the terms offered them by the government, in arranging a permanent peace. His views and intentions were on the side of mercy rather than justice and in a letter to the Department at Washington but four days before his death he outlined a policy that but for the treachery of the Indian leaders would have prevented a long and sanguinary war on April 11th, 1873. He, in company with two other officers, met Captain Jack, the leader of the Modocs, on mutual ground, who arranged for a treaty of peace. At a prearranged signal the Indians killed all the Commissioners before the escort could afford protection and the Indians escaped to the Lava Beds, which constituted the stronghold. Subsequently Captain Jack and three of his subordinates were captured and executed. The place of General Canby's assassination was the Lava Beds, Siskiyou County, California, April 11th, 1873. He was tall and soldierly in appearance, with a benevolent countenance. He had very little money saved at the time of his death and a few citizens of Portland gave $5,000 to his widow. It is stated that a brother was stricken with sudden insanity on hearing of his death. He was temporarily buried in the Lava Beds and later taken East and buried at the Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, Ind.*

Panorama of the Lava Beds, from the U. S. Signal Station which lies to the north of Gen. Gillem's camp.

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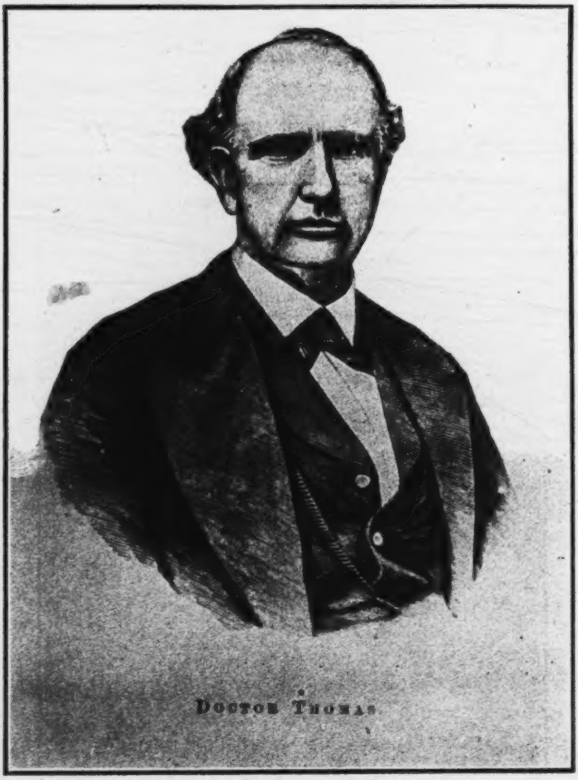
*In 1874, by order of the War Department and at the suggestion of the Assistant Adjutant General, H. Clay Wood, the Military Fort at Capt. Hancock, situated at the mouth of the Columbia River, Oregon, was named Fort Canby and the official name was to be used hereafter by the United States Army.

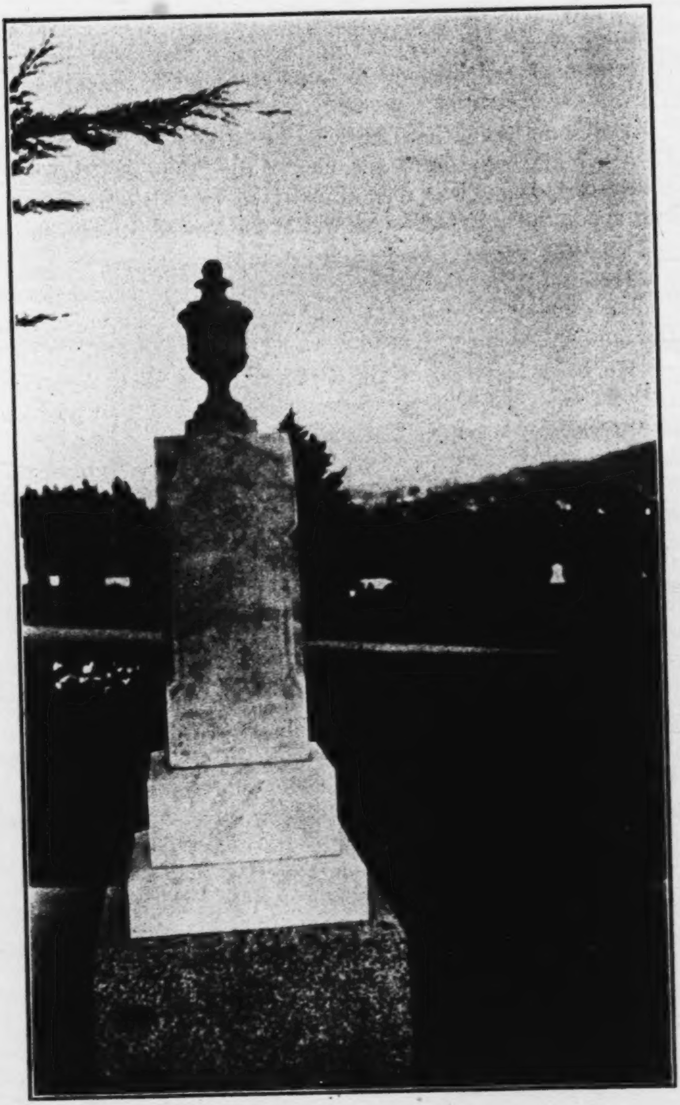
BIOGRAPHY OF REV. E. THOMAS.

[Contributed by his daughter, Mary Thomas Jarboe.]


Doctor Thomas.

Doctor Eleazer Thomas. D. D. Killed by Boston Charley. Buried at Lone Mountain Masonic Cemetery, and then removed in 1910 to the new Masonic Cemetery at Woodlawn, near San Francisco, California. Left a widow and three children to mourn his loss.

My father, Rev. E. Thomas, was born at Chatham Four Corners in the State of New York, on Jauary 16th, 1814. He was descended from many of the first Puritan settlers of the country, and inherited the strong characteristics of those people.



Plot where lies the remains of Rev. E. Thomas.

When about seventeen years old he went West as far as Western New York, and having become a Methodist, he very early in his manhood went to Lima Academy to prepare himself for the Methodist University.

For some years, until he was forty-one years old, he was an active and very useful member of the "Genesee Methodist Conference," and was then transferred to California. His first appointment in California was at the Powell Street Church in San Francisco.

He soon found that there was a great lack of church books and of everything relating to the work of the church in that line, and immediately went to work to supply the want.

He became editor of the California Christian Advocate (1856-1865), and while performing the duties of that position he traveled from one end of the State to the other, not once, but many times, carrying with him always his message of the Love of God, and striving to bring about the establishment in San Francisco of a branch of the Methodist Publishing Society.

This was at last accomplished to his great joy, and it was to his efforts that the ministers of that church owed the facility with which they were enabled to get the books for their own use, and for their Sunday Schools.

During these travels of which I have spoken he naturally became much interested in all questions relating to our Indian population, and so, when word was received by him from Washington that he had been appointed one of the Peace Commission to the Modoc Indians, he received the summons with joy and hastened to join General Canby and the others.

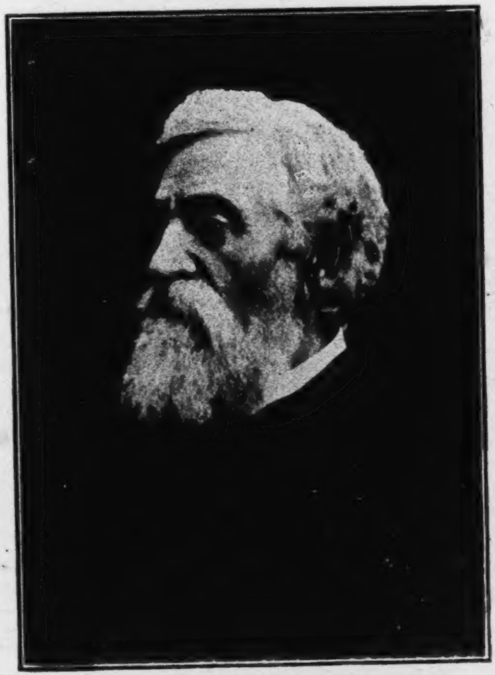
I need not speak of what followed, only to say he gave his life rather than break his word to the Indians, and this by a grand and heroic death ended in this world a beautiful life, and passed on to that in which he has secured the reward promised to those who are faithful to the end.

MARY THOMAS JARBOE.

BIOGRAPHY OF LEROY S. DYAR.

Leroy S. Dyar was born in Phillips, Franklin County, Maine, December 20, 1833. He was educated in the schools of Farmington, and for a time attended Kent's Hill Seminary.

In 1858 he came to California, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and for a year was engaged in mining on the Yuba River, going from there to Salem, Oregon.



Hon. Leroy S. Dyar, U. S. Indian Agent and member of the U. S. Peace Commission, April 11, 1873.

Here he resided for twelve years, being occupied in various lines of business, serving for four years as Postmaster, and was for some time secretary of the Board of Trustees of Willamette University, in which institution he also taught for a time.

In 1871 he was appointed Superintendent of Instruction on the Yakima Indian reservation, Washington, and the year following was made Indian Agent, in charge of the Grand Ronde reservation in Western Oregon, being transferred a few months later to the charge of Klamath Agency in the southern part of the State.

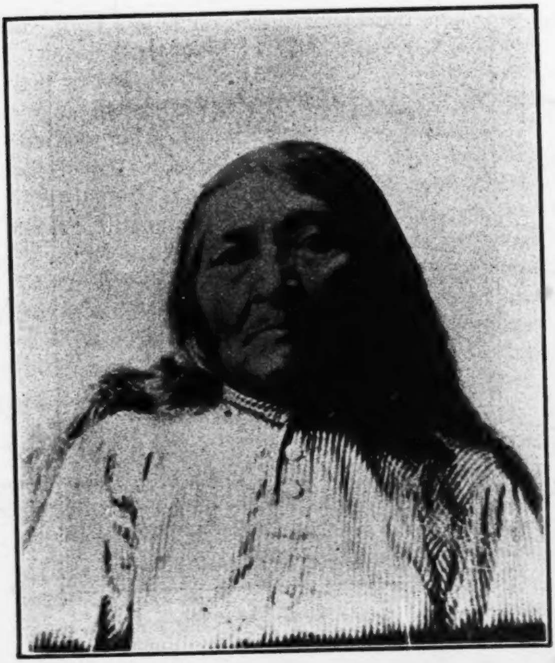
The Modocs were already in open rebellion at this time, and during the months of anxiety that followed, strength both of mind and body were taxed to the utmost in dealing with the problems that were constantly to be met. At last in April, 1873, he was appointed by the government a member of the Peace Commission, to meet the hostiles and attempt a settlement of the troubles that were causing the war, and went to the front to perform this duty.

Both he and Mr. Meacham were entirely convinced, from all indications, that the Indians meant treachery. Tobey's assurances adding weight to the convictions; but as General Canby and Dr. Thomas ignored all signs of danger and insisted that the meeting should take place, there was no other alternative. On the way out to the council tent on the fatal morning Mr. Dyar and Mr. Meacham talked over the situation and agreed that should they be attacked the only chance lay in running.

When the firing began both men tried to carry out the plan agreed upon. Mr. Meacham stumbled and fell among the rocks and was overtaken, but Mr. Dyar, through a combination of favoring circumstances, was able to run in such a way as to escape the bullets of the two Indians who pursued him and, unhurt, finally reached the picket lines and safety.

After five years Mr. Dyar retired from the government service and purchased a farm on the shores of Klamath Lake, where he remained till ill health caused him to remove with his family to Southern California in 1884.

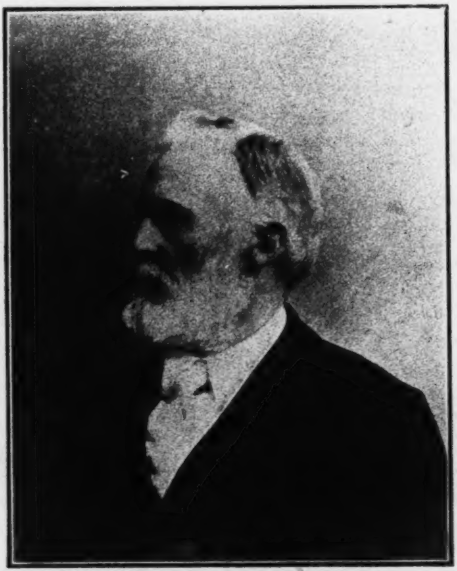
He was one of the pioneers of the thriving town of Ontario, San Bernardino County, in the heart of the orange belt, and has always been interested in and identified with its growth, serving as a director of the Fruit Exchange, member of the County Board of Horticultural Commissioners, president of the Ontario Power Company, and for many years as president of the Board of Trustees of Chaffey College, and a trustee of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. He still resides in Ontario, California.



Princess Mary, sister of Capt. Jack. Indian name, Ko-a-lak-a, meaning, Hard Working Woman. Died at Quapaw Agency, Oklahoma, Feb. 26, 1906, aged about 62. This photo taken in 1903.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN A. FAIRCHILD.

All that was mortal of the late John A. Fairchild, Coroner and Public Administrator of Siskiyou County, was laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery yesterday afternoon. The funeral took place from the Masonic Hall and was very largely attended. Deceased had for many years been an honored member of Howard Lodge, No. 96, F. & A. M., and he was buried under the auspices of that order. Rev. J. E. Wright spoke eloquently and impressively, the music was fine, the floral offerings, the large attendance and the evidences of deep regret on every face, were tributes to a prominent citizen, a loving husband, an affectionate father, a loyal and generous brother and an honorable and upright man, whose life had helped to



Judge J. A. Fairchild.

make history in Siskiyou County. Past Master F. E. Wadsworth, of St. John's Lodge, No. 37, read the Masonic service. The following officiated as pall-bearers: W. T. Laird, I. S. Mathews, H. B. Gillis, A. E. Raynes, Austin Hawkins and B. F. Smith.

John A. Fairchild was born at Raymond, Hines County, Mississippi, January 23rd, 1828. When but a small boy his father, who was a commission merchant, died, leaving a large family, of which he was the last survivor. His early education was limited, he having only attended the public schools, which were very poor and at the last moment, after getting ready to go to a boarding school at Vicksburg, his mother broke down and would not part with him. When a mere boy he was placed in charge of his uncle's large plantation, overseeing negroes and managing large interests which well fitted him for the position he afterwards occupied in life. When the gold excitement broke out in California, he was among the first to leave and joined a company of Mississippi and Texas rangers, coming by way of Old Mexico. While en route the company had many encounters with Indians and several of the company were thus killed. Mr. Fairchild arrived in San Francisco in August, 1849. He first went to mining in Calaveras County, where he became acquainted with I. S. Mathews, with whom he afterwards formed a partnership in Humboldt County, along in the 50's which continued for twenty years. He first came to this county in 1852, and after mining on the Salmon River went into the butchering business. In those days very few cattle were raised in this county and he and Mathews made a great deal of money by buying cattle and hogs in the Rogue River country and driving them over to the mining settlements and retailing the meat at good prices. In 1865 Mr. Fairchild moved his stock over into Butte Creek Valley, and with the Doten brothers, Cy and John, established the 6 Camp, where they had unlimited range, the only drawback being the Modoc Indians. Fairchild soon found it was cheaper to pay the Indians than to fight them and sent for Captain Jack and his followers to make a treaty. Coming into camp one evening he saw a young buck Indian sitting on his bed and he promptly booted him out of the house. Imagine his surprise on finding this was the young chief, afterwards known as Captain Jack, a name given him by the late Judge Steele, from his resemblance to a miner at Hawkinsville, California. It took considerable apologizing to avert an Indian uprising, and when Jack found it was a mistake, it inspired a respect which ever after made him and Fairchild close friends. A treaty was formed which, with the payment of a few head of cattle, horses and provisions, Fairchild and Doten were granted leave to run their stock unmolested on all the country south and west of the mountains bordering on Klamath Lake. The firm prospered until they got into litigation among themselves, which practically broke them all. On the dissolution of the partnership, the Dotens took the 6 Camp and the present Meiss ranch and Fairchild settled on Cottonwood Creek, southwest of Klamath Lake, now known as the Fairchild ranch.

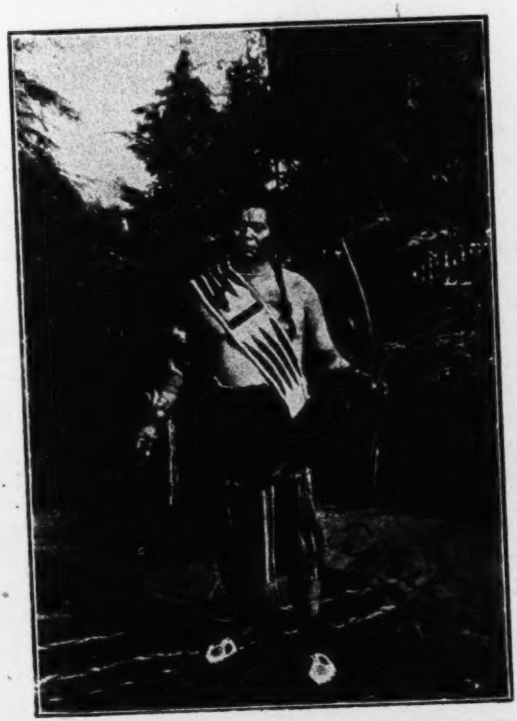
Mr. Fairchild was always a strong Democrat and a sympathizer of the South, during the Rebellion. His outspoken remarks during those troublesome times caused a warrant to be issued for his arrest, which was withheld by a cousin who was commander of the military forces at San Francisco, who notified Mr. Fairchild to be more circumspect. On February 1st, 1866, he was married to Mary W. DeWitt, the fruits of the union being ten children, eight boys and two girls, seven of whom, with his widow, survive him.

In 1867 Mr. Fairchild was elected to the Legislature. When the Modoc War broke out he assisted in forming a company of California volunteers and was elected captain. He and his company were in all the engagements and did much towards bringing the war to a close. In fact, when Captain Jack finally was surrounded he would not give up his gun to anyone but Captain Fairchild. The first and about the only words Jack uttered were, "When are they going to kill me?"

Mr. Fairchild made and lost several fortunes, and was well-known and liked all over Northern California.

For the past few years Mr. Fairchild has had stomach trouble, and when his daughter, Julia C. Quinne, died in April, he remarked he would soon follow. He was taken to his bed on Decoration Day and gradually grew weaker until he peacefully passed away, Monday morning, June 22, 1903, at a quarter past midnight.

He was first elected Coroner and Public Administrator of Siskiyou County in 1898, was re-elected in 1902 and was holding the office at the time of his death.



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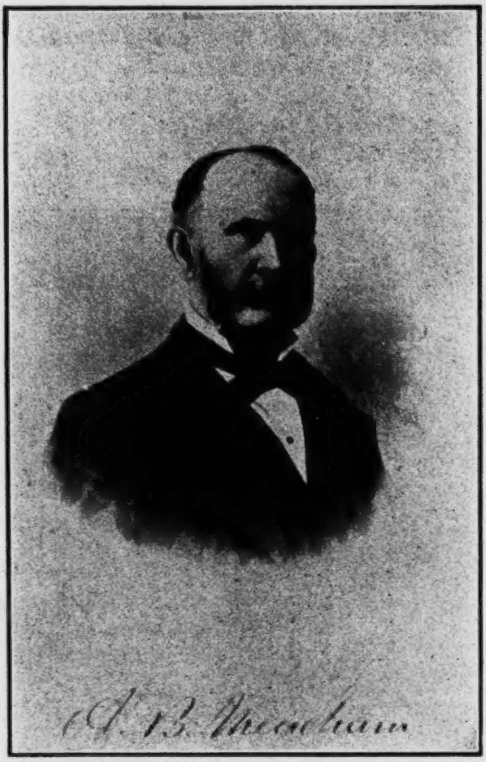
Toplash, a survivor of the Modoc War. He is blind. One of Donald McKay's chief scouts. Now resides at The Dalles, Ore.

BIOGRAPHY OF ALFRED B. MEACHAM.

[Extracted from "The Life of Alfred B. Meacham," by T. A. Bland.]



Col. A. B. Meacham, Chairman of the Peace Commission

Alfred B. Meacham was born in Orange County, Indiana, April 29, 1826. His ancestors were Quakers on one side and Methodists on the other. His parents removed to Indiana from North Carolina about 1818. One of the chief reasons that caused them to leave their native State was their abhorrence of slavery, and their desire to raise their children under the influence of free institutions. The father of Alfred, Hon. Anderson Meacham, was elected to the Legislature of Indiana about 1820, and a few years later to the State Senate, and his strong common sense and unflinching integrity, made him a most influential factor in shaping the policy of the young State. He was a farmer by profession, and he also built and managed a combined grain and lumber mill. The terrible financial panic of 1837 crippled his enterprises, and in 1841 he sold his mill, property, farm, etc., and paying his debts to the last dollar, he removed with his young family to Iowa, locating in the vicinity of Iowa City, where he continued to reside until his death, April 16, 1882, two months to a day after the death of his oldest son, the subject of this sketch. The father knew naught of the death of his son Alfred until he also passed to the higher life, his surviving children fearing that in his feeble state the sad news might hasten his own departure from their midst.

At the age of fifteen Alfred, at the request of his mother, signed the pledge of the Washingtonian Temperance Society, which he kept in letter and spirit to the day of his departure from this world of appetential temptation. In 1845, though but nineteen years old, Alfred assisted in removing the Sac and Fox Indians to the reservation assigned them after the Black Hawk War. This was the time of the beginning of his interest in the Indian, and his admiration for his character. From about this time to 1850 he followed the toilsome business of breaking prairie. He would go with his team of eight to ten stalwart oxen and enormous sod plow from place to place wherever he could secure a contract for work, and many hundreds of acres of virgin soil did he upturn to the fructifying rays of the genial sun. The money thus earned was almost wholly devoted to paying the mortgage on his father's farm, and when the debt was lifted, and his father and family secured in the enjoyment of a productive home, Alfred started with his ox team, accompanied by his brother Harvey, for the land of gold, the far-away California. His constitution was sound, his frame well-knit, his habits good, and his hopes high. The brothers reached the mines safely and were fairly successful, and at the end of two years Alfred returned to Iowa for the sweetheart he had left behind him, Miss Orpha Ferree. The wedding festivities over, the newly-married pair set out for Oregon, where they built a home and reared the children which were born to them in the years that followed.

* * * * * * * *

Colonel Meacham received but a limited education when a boy, but he was a reader of books and a student of human nature, and he had a vigorous mind of comprehensive and quick grasp; hence he was a man of superior intelligence and force in the arena of business, law and politics, and his powers of eloquence were extraordinary. In this respect he had perhaps but one superior in Oregon, Colonel Baker. Descended from anti-slavery stock and raised a Whig, it was but natural that Colonel Meacham should have been an enthusiastic Republican from the birth of the party. He was not a seeker of office, but he was an active and popular speaker, whose services were constantly in demand during campaigns. He was put on the Republican ticket as candidate for elector at large in 1868 and again in 1872, and in each of those campaigns he made a thorough and able canvass of the State. He was successful the second time, and had the honor of representing Oregon in the electoral college in 1872, and casting the vote of that State for President Grant, and he was one of, if not the first, to congratulate him in 1869 on his bold announcement of a policy of peace and justice toward the Indians. Colonel Meacham and General Grant had a long conference on the subject of Indian management, and at the close the President tendered him the responsible position of Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the State of Oregon. Colonel Meacham had not asked for this, nor for any other office, but he accepted it, and faithfully discharged the duties it involved. He visited and personally inspected every agency in the State and did all in his power to purify the service, and put in force and perfect wise plans for advancing the Indians in the arts of civilized life. Learning that Ki-ent-poos (Captain Jack) had left the Klamath reservation with his entire band of Modocs and returned to his former home on Lost River, Superintendent Meacham visited the chief in his camp at the peril of his life, and after a council which lasted three days, Ki-ent-poos said: "I believe that you are my friend, and I will do as you tell me." The result was that the Modocs returned quietly to the reservation, and war was for the time averted.

In the autumn of 1872, after Meacham had retired from office, and gone into the Presidential campaign as candidate for State elector, Captain Jack left the reservation a second time. Superintendent Odneal did not visit him, but sent him word that unless he returned at once to the reservation, an army of soldiers would be sent to compel his return. The soldiers followed this insulting message before the Modocs had time to duly consider the matter and decide what they should do. War ensued, and although Captain Jack had but fifty-three fighting men, he whipped our army every time he was attacked. In the spring of 1873 the President sent for Colonel Meacham (he being in Washington, as a member of the electoral college), and said to him: "I want you to accept the chairmanship of a Peace Commission, and go out and tender the olive branch to Captain Jack."

Colonel Meacham at first declined, but the President pressed him to accept, on the ground that he had the confidence of the Modocs, and could, probably, save hundreds of lives and millions of money; and also save the Modocs from extermination. Then he yielded. But my readers will find a history of the tragic result of this effort of Colonel Meacham's at peace-making, in his lecture printed with this sketch; hence I need not repeat it here. In April, 1875, I went with a friend to Cooper Union Hall, to hear the story of the Modoc War from the lips of Colonel Meacham, Scar-Face Charley, and Wi-ne-ma. But our personal acquaintance began in June, of the same year, on Boston Common, where we met in an accidental way, and were introduced by our mutual friend, Dr. Dio Lewis. Within an hour we were fast friends, and a few months later he became an inmate of my home in New York. He had written and published a book of 700 pages, *"Wigwam and War-Path,"* besides delivering many lectures, during the past five months, although still suffering seriously from the effects of the wounds received in the Lava Beds. His nervous system, shattered as it had been, so nearly gave way, that he must have rest and skilful treatment, or he would die. My wife and myself, both being physicians, as well as friends, it was but natural that he should come to our home. For months he lay on the border-line that divides this transient world of visible shadows from that invisible realm of eternal realities. But his work on earth was not completed; he was not then to die. In the spring of 1876 he was invited by the pastor of Hedding M. E. Church, Poughkeepsie, New York, to visit that city and fill his pulpit, in the morning or evening, or both as he should elect, and lecture on the Indians. He earnestly desired to accept, but doubted his ability to stand up long enough to give a lecture, or speak with sufficient force to do his subject justice. Mrs. Bland and myself, however, gave it as our professional opinion that he could, and that the brief journey and the pleasurable excitement would prove beneficial to his health, and on our saying, "We will go with you," he resolved to go.

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In the summer of 1877, we made a joint lecturing tour through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. On our return to the East, about the first of November, Colonel Meacham resolved to commence the publication of a paper devoted to his great theme, the Indian, his rights and wrongs and the advocacy of a true Indian policy. In pursuance of this plan he issued on the 20th of December, 1877, the first number of *"The Council Fire,"* bearing date January 1, 1878. During the succeeding winter he visited the city of Washington and gave a number of lectures, both in the leading churches and the public halls of the city. His lectures were largely attended by members of Congress, Senators, army officers and other public men, as well as citizens, and attracted great attention. He became fully convinced that he ought to reside in Washington, and issue his paper there, as he would thus be able to have vastly more influence on Congress and the Indian Department. Mrs. Bland and myself being much pleased with the capital, resolved also to locate there and make it our permanent home. We were influenced in this matter, also, by our desire to continue to furnish our friend, Colonel Meacham, a home with us, that we could still look after his health, and assist him in his work. But we were of opinion, also, that Washington would prove a pleasant place of residence, and as good a field as any in which to pursue our professional and literary labors.

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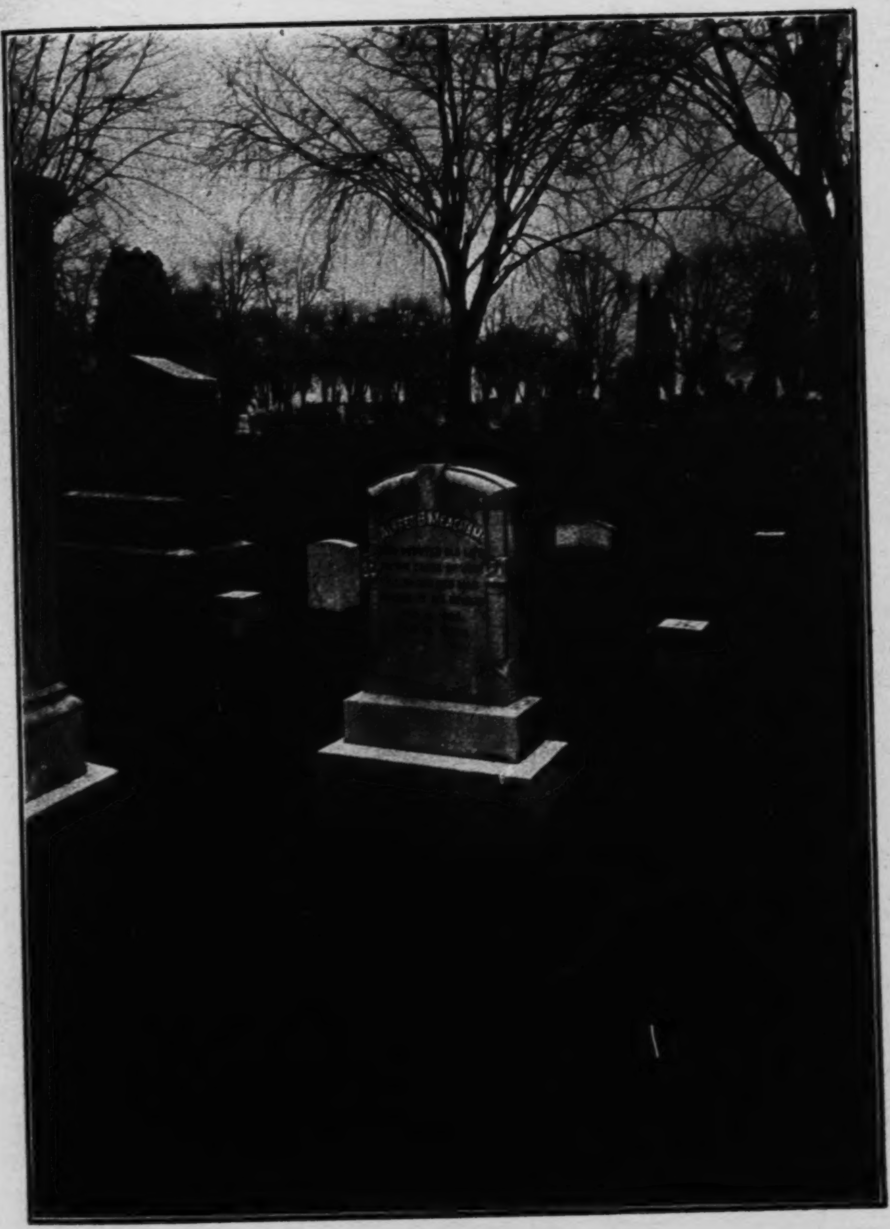
In the summer of 1879, the Secretary again sent him to Indian Territory to pay the Indians the annuities due them. This time he was gone but six weeks. During his absence on these occasions, Mrs. Bland and the writer had charge of his paper. In the spring of 1880, the Ute Commission was organized, and recognizing his eminent fitness for the position, Secretary Schurz, without solicitation, placed Colonel Meacham upon it. Again leaving his paper in the hands of his assistants, he left Washington for the Los Pinos Agency, Colorado, the home of the Uncompaghre Utes, the largest division of the Ute Nation. On meeting here and holding a preliminary council with the Indians, the Commission divided, four members going to the Southern Ute Agency, and leaving Commissioner Meacham to manage the Uncompaghres alone. He had about completed the work of enrolling the Indians, and securing the number of signatures to the agreement required by the act of Congress, when the whole country was thrown into a frenzy of excitement by the wanton murder, by a drunken white man, of Johnson, one of the most popular of the young Ute chiefs, and the lynching of the murderer, Jackson, by a party of Indians and white settlers.

Commissioner Meacham had no connection with the affair, save that at the risk of his life he urged the Utes to let the law take its course, and not execute summary vengeance on Jackson. His efforts were successful with the Indians then present, but another party who had not been in the council took the prisoner from the officers who had him in charge, and killed him by shooting him in the same manner that he had killed Chief Johnson. The adventurers who were hanging around the Uncompaghre valley (Colorado) waiting for an opportunity to get possession of the valuable lands of the Utes, knowing that Colonel Meacham would stand by the legal rights of the Indians, were anxious to get him off the Commission. Having little hope of this they now proclaimed throughout that country the incredible and infamously false charge that Colonel Meacham had conspired with Agent Berry, Captain Cline and the Utes, to have Jackson killed. The object of this was to have Colonel Meacham and Agent Berry hanged by a mob of ruffians. The mob was organized for this purpose, but although it comprised perhaps 300 armed men, and the officer in command of the military post declined all protection, yet the ruffians failed in the accomplishment of this hellish purpose, for the very good reason that the Utes volunteered to protect their innocent friends, and their vigilance overmatched that of their foes. After enduring four weeks of deadly peril Colonel Meacham and Agent Berry were escorted by Indian guides over a wild and dangerous route, never before trod by white men, to White River Agency; from thence they proceeded to Denver. Colonel Meacham came at once to Washington, and held a conference with Secretary Schurz. These Utes were entitled under the agreement to some forty thousand dollars in money, and Colonel Meacham had pledged his word to them that he would return with this money before two moons had passed. He therefore procured an order for the disbursing officer of the Commission. Colonel French, to meet him at Rawlings, Wyoming Territory, with a military escort, and at once started back to his post of duty. As he stepped from the train on reaching Denver, an officer arrested him on a warrant sworn to by a ruffian, to whom perjury meant nothing save the price he got for it. The charge was that he had conspired with Agent Berry and others to procure the murder of Jackson. The object of this arrest was to delay, if not prevent, his keeping his promise to the Indians to pay them their money, with the hope of forcing an outbreak which would give the conspirators an excuse and an opportunity to



Grave of Col. A. B. Meacham. Buried at the Congregational Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

rob the Utes, and also make money through army contracts. The Judge before whom he was arraigned disappointed the villains by allowing Colonel Meacham to give bonds for his appearance for trial six months later, instead of sending him to prison; hence he was detained but one day by this arrest. He proceeded at once to Los Pinos, paid the Utes the money due, according to promise, and returned in safety to Washington about Christmas. He reported for trial in April, 1881, but the prosecution was not ready. (The villians who started this prosecution never dared to let the case go to trial, and it was finally dismissed by orders from the Department of Justice, at Washington).

He then proceeded, under orders from Colonel Manypenny, Chairman of the Ute Commission, to White River Agency, charged with the difficult and perilous duty of getting these wild and rebellious Indians, who had killed Agent Meeker two years before, and who had no agent since, to sign the Ute agreement, and surrendering their old home, move on to Uinta. He succeeded, but the perils, excitement and privations incident to his year and a half of service as a Ute Commissioner, had so exhausted his already shattered constitution that he returned to Washington, October 15, 1881, in very feeble health. He was not confined to his room save for a day or two at a time, occasionally, but continued to edit "*The Council Fire*," and visit the Indian office on public business; but despite the most skilful medical treatment, the best nursing, and good social influences, he continued to lose flesh and strength. His physical body was slowly but surely sinking to the grave, and his spirit pluming its pinions for an immortal flight. He had premonitions of the approaching change, but when it came it must have been a surprise to him, as it was to his physicians and other friends. The final summons came at 3 P. M., February 16, 1882, in the form of a stroke of apoplexy, as he sat beside his editorial table in his chamber. He was buried at the Congregational Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

* * * * * * * *

His family consists of his widow, a son, George F., a young man of twenty-five, educated in the Willamette University.

who has chosen the law as a profession, and two daughters, Clara M., wife of Dr. J. N. Prather, of San Francisco (now of Adams Springs, California), and Nellie, the youngest child, widow of the late Captain Throop, of the Oregon Steamship Line, who died in October, 1882, at San Jose, California. Mrs. Meacham, Nellie and George reside in Portland, Oregon, and Clara in California*

U. S. Grant, a Modoc warrior, and his grandchildren. He was blind. Indian name A-ke-kis, meaning Running Fast. Died April 15, 1906, 86 years of age, at the Quapaw Agency, Oklahoma. Photo taken in 1903.

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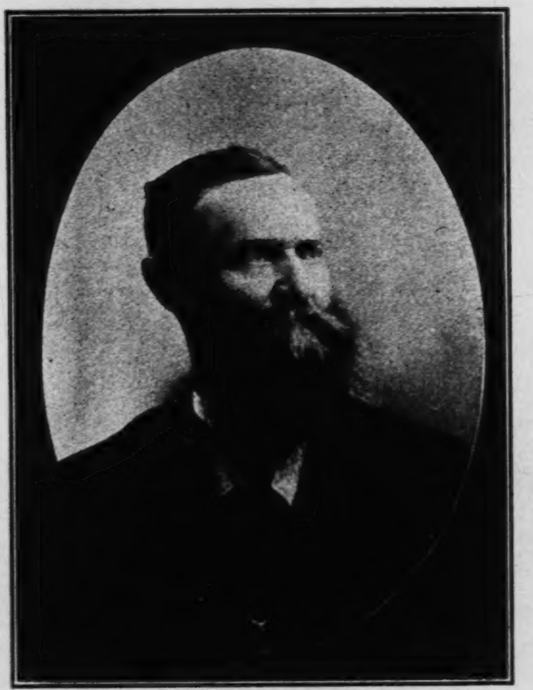
*The family at present lives in Seattle, Wash.

BIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN O. C. APPLEGATE.

Captain O. C. Applegate, known by the Indians as *Bli-was Lock-ie,* meaning Indian Chief, than whom no man is better known in Southern Oregon, was born in 1845 in what was then Yamhill County, Oregon Territory. His father, Lindsay Applegate, was a native of Kentucky and the son of a Revolutionary soldier. Lindsay was one of the three Applegate brothers, the others being Jesse and Charley, who came across the plains with their families in 1843 with the first great train



Capt. O. C. Applegate. This photo taken in Washington, D. C., 1890.

to cross the plains with wagons, and were among the leaders of that host of nearly a thousand people whose coming Americanized Oregon.

The Applegate brothers spent one winter at the Methodist Mission at Champoeg on the Willamette River, and then selected claims in the Salt Creek Valley at the foot of the Coast Mountains, about fifteen miles west of the present city of Salem, and there the subject of this sketch was born. After seven years spent there the three brothers removed to the then wilderness of the Umpqua County, and made their homes in the fertile Yoncalla Valley, close neighbors to the Umpqua and Calapooia bands of Indians, who yet remained in their native habit and outnumbered the white settlers many times to one. The judicious and equitable treatment of these Indians by the Applegate brothers and their neighbors established cordial relations with them, and many of the young Indians became the efficient aids of the settlers in caring for their stock and in the various labors incident to the improvement and cultivation of their farms. When the Rogue River War of 1853 occurred a number of them enlisted in the company of Captain Lindsay Applegate and went to assist in protecting the straggling first settlements in the Rogue River country from the depredations of the warlike Rogue Rivers and Shasta Scotons. The initial treaty with the Indians of the Northern sections of the Umpqua Valley was made at the log cabin home of Captain Lindsay Applegate in 1854 by Special Indian Agent Rev. H. H. Spaulding, a man well-known by historians, and the companion and missionary colaborer of the lamented Dr. Marcus Whitman, who, with others, was assassinated at his Waiilatpu Mission, November 29, 1847. So far as our record runs the Spaulding treaty was never violated, either by these Indians nor by the original settlers of the Umpqua Valley. Lindsay Applegate remained ten years in the Umpqua Valley, and there the subject of this sketch secured the rudiments of a practical education in the peripatetic common schools and in the rather ambitious development of one of these known as the Yoncalla Institute, an educational institution now only known to the historian.

In 1860 Lindsay Applegate removed to the Siskiyou Mountains, near the California boundary, and two years later to the village of Ashland. Here Oliver spent one winter in school and was promoted to the teacher's place, and the next year conducted the school for four successive winters. In 1863 a military company was organized in Southern Oregon under the militia law of the State, with headquarters at Ashland. Ivan D. Applegate was captain for two years in succession. In this company Oliver served a year as a private, under detail as company clerk, a year as sergeant and the third year as captain, receiving his commission from Addison C. Gibbs, the old war Governor of Oregon, before he had reached his twentieth birthday. The treaty having been made in 1864 with the Klamaths and Modocs, Lindsay Applegate was at their request appointed U. S. Indian Agent, and in the fall of 1865 went to Fort Klamath and took charge of them. The fort was the only place east of the Cascades where there were at that time any white people, and the agent made that for several months the seat of his operations. The treaty was not ratified by the Senate for two years and the incidental funds that the Oregon superintendency could provide for agency operations and improvements were very meager. Only one employe could be allowed as an assistant to the agent, at first and to this place Oliver was appointed, October 12, 1865, and that was the beginning of service that lasted for several years and under various agency administrations, during which period Capt. O. C. Applegate gained an almost phenomenal influence over the tribes of Southeastern Oregon that was used to good advantage when the Modoc outbreak of 1872 occurred and perhaps more than any other agency has resulted in the conversion of the most turbulent of the Indian tribes of Southeastern Oregon into quiet farmers and stock men, and made many of them our allies during the Paiute and Modoc Wars.

The first farming operations worthy of mention in the rich Klamath Basin were begun at the Klamath agency in the spring of 1866, and it was conclusively shown there that wheat, oats, barley, garden vegetables, timothy and other grasses could be successfully grown on the rich alluvial lands about the lakes and rivers of the great interior basin. In 1867 Supt. J. W. Perit Huntington, of the Oregon Indian Superintendency, undertook, with a large wagon train and a band of beef cattle, to convey from The Dalles, parallel with the Cascade Range, over $30,000 worth of clothing, blankets, farming utensils, etc., to the Klamath agency; the first slip in the commencement of operations under the great treaty of 1864 for the benefit of the Southeastern tribes in Oregon. Agent Lindsay Applegate was instructed to meet Supt. Huntington after his departure from The Dalles, and with a small detachment of regular cavalry and a hastily organized company of Klamath scouts, he left the agency in October and met the Superintendent's heavily laden train at Cedar Spring, near the Warm

ALLEN DAVID.

Allen David, one of the Klamath, Oregon, Indian head chiefs that signed the Great Treaty at Council Grove. This treaty was negotiated between the Hon. P. W. Perit Huntington, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, and the Hon. William Logan, United States Indian Agent at Warm Springs, Oregon, Commissioners on the part of the U. S., and twenty-six chiefs and headmen of the various tribes. This was the Great Treaty with the Indians of this region.

Springs Agency. Captain O. C. Applegate's scouts were called the "Axe and Rifle Company" because, on their return with the train, each man carried an axe in addition to his rifle and opened the way for the wagons through the jack and yellow pine forests and were encountered between Farewell Bend (now Bend) on the Deschutes, and Klamath agency, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, working with enthusiasm to clear the way for the train, but ever keeping a vigilant eye out for old Pannina, the predatory chief of the Snake Indians, then hostile, through whose domain the great caravan progressed day by day. The train crossed the highlands about the southern watershed of the Deschutes region in a snowstorm and reached the agency in November. The company was increased by the addition of twenty men under Chief Palmer after leaving the Deschutes, raising its aggregate to fifty men. In some respects this was one of the most unique companies of men to operate on the border in our initial days, as of the fifty men who constituted the aggregation the captain was the only white man and among the forty-nine others were seven of the principal chiefs, the head chief or lieutenant, all yielding a loyal obedience to the will of the white commander of twenty-two.

For some time precedent to the Modoc outbreak of 1872, Captain Applegate had charge of the Yainax sub-agency, forty miles east of the headquarters, Klamath agency, which was then under the supervision of the U. S. Indian agent, Leroy S. Dyar. Near the sub-agency were located the main band of Modocs under their famous old chief, Schonchin, and with him were to be domiciled the turbulent band under Captain Jack, then in their native habitat about Tule Lake, in case they should come voluntarily unto the reservation or should have to be compelled by force to comply with the treaty of 1864.

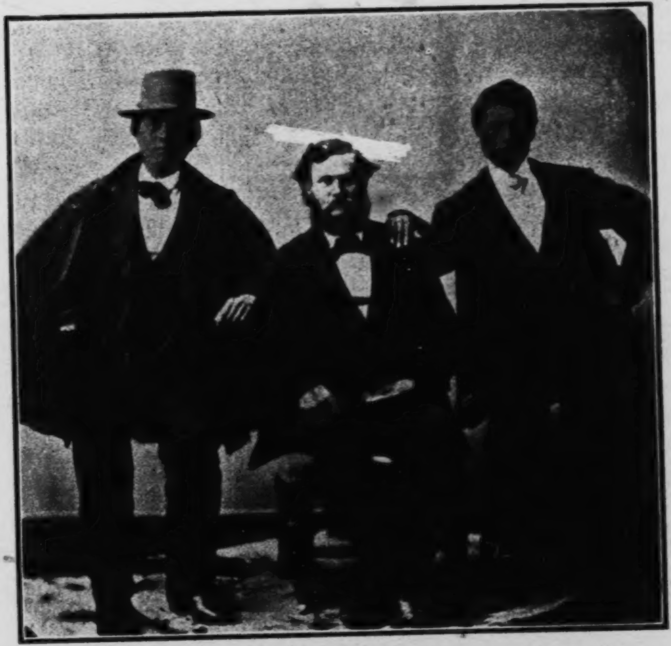
Late in the fall of 1872 Superintendent Odeneal received orders to bring these Indians unto the reservation, using force to do so if necessary. At that time Camp Warner was the headquarters of the military, District of the Lakes, which comprised the lake region of Southeastern Oregon and Northern California, and had within its area three other military posts, Fort Klamath, Camp Harney and Fort Bidwell. General Frank Wheaton, who commanded the district, could have placed in the field, without weakening his garrison too much, a hundred and fifty men and would gladly have done so if necessary to secure a successful settlement of the mixed Modoc question. Captain Applegate, fearing that an effort to compel the insurgent band to come unto the reservation might be undertaken with an inadequate force, made a formal request of the Superintendent through Agent Dyar to call on General Wheaton to have all his available men in readiness and near at hand before a demand should be made on Captain Jack to come, lest the settlements be endangered and the Indians escape to the almost inaccessible volcanic regions south of the Modoc lakes. Had this advice been heeded we probably should have been spared the bloody drama of the Modoc War; but when Superintendent Odneal came up from Salem and through a messenger found the rebellious chieftain in no temper to comply with the treaty, not willing even to counsel with him, he called upon the commanding officer at Fort Klamath, Col. John Green, to provide a force to compel the recalcitrant chief to come at once, provided he still held out in the face of the display of soldiery. It was thought that fifty men were available, at Fort Klamath, for active operations in the field, but when it came to preparing Captain James Jackson's troop for immediate service, properly mounted and equipped, only thirty-five could be gotten ready for the trip. This force proved inadequate, and the consequence was that nearly a third of Captain Jackson's command were disabled in the fight which ensued at Captain Jack's camp on Lost River, and the Modocs escaped to the almost inaccessible recesses of the Lava Beds, south of Tule Lake, California, massacreing most of the settlers about Tule Lake en route. Captain Jackson's force was too weak for aggressive action, no State troops were in the field and some days must elapse before troops could reach the scene of action from the other posts in the military District of the Lakes. Captain Applegate, sub-agent at Yainax, forty-five miles from Fort Klamath and eighty miles from Fort Bidwell, California, with five hundred Indians, a majority of them Paiutes and Modocs, was a nucleus of danger at that time, for should those warlike people unite with their brethren already on the warpath, no power was then in reach which could have been invoked to save the initial settlements in the Klamath Valley. Capt. Applegate, assuring himself of the loyalty of the old chief, Schonchin of the Modocs, and of Mosenkosket, of the Klamaths, took the situation strongly in hand, built a log stockade, enclosing the sub-agency quarters and storehouses, where thousands of dollars worth of annuity goods and supplies were then stored, organized a guard consisting of twenty-five picked Indians of various tribes and put them on guard over the establishment, under the supervision of a courageous young Klamath chief, and with another force of chosen men representing several tribes, took the field with them, the only white man in the force when it left Yainax, to assist in protecting the settlers until the arrival of troops from the other posts and a company of militia from Jacksonville, under Captain Harrison Kelley, should reach the front.

Later he became a captain of State troops, consisting of over seventy men, of whom about thirty were Klamaths, Modocs and Pitt River scouts, and stationing detachments of his company at points where they could aid in the protection of the settlers and in the garrisoning of Camp Yainax, participated actively in the campaigns in and about the Lava Beds, besides conducting the affairs of his agency.

In 1876 some of Capt. Applegate's friends asked to have him appointed General Indian Agent for Oregon, assuring that in such a way his unusual experience in the management of Indian affairs could be used to good purpose in promoting progressive conditions on the several agencies in the State. Ex-Senator Nesmith was an ardent advocate of the plan, and wrote as follows to Secretary Zach Chandler, Grant's Secretary of the Interior, with whom he had served in the Senate:

"Mr. Applegate is a gentleman of culture and ability, and, unlike myself, he is a prominent Republican and is as honest as it is possible for a man to be possessing his perverted political notions. You will pardon me, I know, for proposing appointment to an administration which I do not endorse, but I do so in order to promote the reforms which you have so happily inaugurated."

Captain Applegate has always been a leading man in his party in Southern Oregon, though seldom a candidate for public office. Supported by the solid delegation of the southernmost counties of the State for Secretary of State in 1870, he withdrew on the floor of the State convention. Four years later his delegation favored his candidacy for the same office,



No. 1 to the left, Tecumseh, Indian name Yum-nis-poc-tis, meaning Bead Breaker.

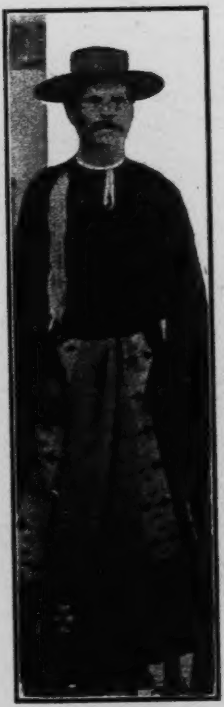
2. Capt. O. C. Applegate, Bli-was-Lock-ie, meaning Big Chief.

3. Dave Hill, Indian name Wal-aik-ski-dat, meaning Chief Side or Chief by the River; Chief of the Klamath Indians, Oregon, and one of the signers of the Great Treaty at Council Grove, near Fort Klamath, Oregon, with the Klamaths, Modocs and Yahooskin Snakes, Oct. 14, 1864. These three were back East with A. B. Meacham and Riddle. Photo taken in Washington, D. C., 1875. From the collection of Capt. O. C. Applegate.

but he gave way to a personal friend who earnestly desired the gubernatorial nomination. In 1892, as a delegate to the National convention, he was one of the seven Oregon delegates. The others being Charles W. Fullon, Thomas H. Tongue, Charles E. Wolverton, Joseph Simon, Jonathan Bourne and C. M. D. Donaldson, who led the movement in behalf of the nomination of William McKinley, which, though it did not at that time materialize, undoubtedly placed McKinley in the line of succession, so that four years later his nomination was a foregone conclusion. As a candidate for State Senator in 1898, although the miasm of Populism was then sweeping over the country with extraordinary violence, Captain Applegate received the largest vote given in his county to the candidate of any party for any office, an endorsement to be proud of, but he was defeated by another "favorite son," Dr. Bernard Daly, for whom a phenomenal vote was given in Lake through a combination of men of all political cults.

In 1898 Captain Applegate took charge of the Klamath reservation as U. S. Indian agent, and served as such for five years. Congress then discontinued the position of agent and he was appointed bonded Superintendent of the Agency and Training School, a position which he resigned after serving for two years. During this period of seven years he did much to advance the Indians in civilization, prosecuted to a successful issue their claim to over half a million of dollars for lands excluded from the reservation by erroneous boundary surveys and developed comprehensive plans for irrigation and drainage, which will add materially to the wealth of the reservation, an area approximately in size to the State of Delaware, when that splendid section shall be freed from reservation restraints. He is always an enthusiastic boomer of his native State and especially of the section where he has so long made his home and has been a forceful factor in the development of the entire country, in its moral, educational and material aspects.

As an optimistic believer in the future of his favorite section and of his native State in its entirety, Captain Applegate has no superior as an enthusiastic boomer. He has been an eye-witness and an observing one, too, of its development from the days when the inhabitants of Oregon Territory were confined to a little straggling frontier settlement in the Willamette Valley, isolated, lonesome and suffering many privations, until the State has become the home of more than half a million people who enjoy the advantages of a civilization not surpassed elsewhere in the Nation. He is still a resident of Klamath Falls, Oregon.



Jim Winnishett, a Modoc War survivor. Was one of Capt. Donald McKay's right hand men among the Warm Spring U. S. Indian Scouts during the war. Now resides at Warm Springs Reservation, Oregon.

BIOGRAPHY OF JUDGE E. STEELE.

Elijah Steele, Superior Judge, was born near Albany, New York State, November 13th, 1817. The son of Orlo Steele. When he was three years of age the family moved to Oswego, New York., where Elijah was educated. He read law in the office of Brant & Allen, the latter gentleman being Judge of the Court of Appeals. At the July term, 1840, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of New York, and then went to Wisconsin, landing in Kenosha; then South Port on the 5th of October. That fall he was admitted to the Circuit Court of Wisconsin. He practiced law there until April, 1850, during which time he was a member of the First Constitutional convention of Wisconsin. In 1849 he was elected to the

Judge E. Steele.

State Senate, but before his term expired he left for California for his health, intending to stay one year. He landed in Sacramento from across the plains, October the 5th, 1850, just ten years after he left Wisconsin. He went at once to Shasta and commenced mining at Middletown. He soon went below for medical aid. He fell in with some of the Scott River prospectors and went to Shasta to winter.

In January he started with others for Scott River. The trip was tedious and the estimated distance from Shasta to Shasta Butte was 190 miles. He worked for a few days at Scott Bar, then came to Yreka, when news was received of the discovery of gold here and took up a claim north of Rich Gulch. It was a poor one, and he met with Robert Atherton, Stephen Watson and others to the number of twelve, and took up a claim on Greenhorn with James McCummings and Barney Simmons. He went prospecting about Shasta Butte and lay camped back of Sheep Rock two nights in a terrible snowstorm, which dates he placed at the 21st and 22nd of March, 1851. In the fall of 1851, Steele joined with Sloan, Briggs and Tiernan, and started from Scott's Bar by Yreka to Sacramento. He took up a land claim two miles this side of Fort Jones and established a trading post with Tiernan in charge, and another at Scott's Bar with Sloan in charge. Steele drove the express on one of his trips; he was taken sick at Sacramento and it was reported he was dead. Early in the winter his partner closed up the business and departed. Steele met Briggs at Trinity Center with part of the mules. He took from him part of his own mules and took possession of the ranch near Fort Jones. He was joined by Lucius Fairchild from Wisconsin. He practiced a little in his profession and for defending a man charged with murder he received four head of beef cattle worth $500. With these Steele and Fairchild started butchering business. Fairchild took charge of the market at Scott's Bar and Steele stayed at the ranch. They continued together till 1855, when Fairchild returned home. He became Secretary of State, Governor of Wisconsin two terms, General in the Army, United States Consul at Liverpool, England, and U. S. Minister to Spain. Steele formed a law partnership with A. M. Roseborough and J. Berry. In 1856 he sold the ranch and invested in mortgages on Scott's River Ditch and lost it all. He then went to Yreka to practice his profession. He associated himself with John D. Cosby from 1857 to 1859, and afterwards partner with F. E. Ensign, and then practiced alone. In 1867 he was elected to the Assembly. In 1879 he was chosen Judge of the Superior Court, Siskiyou County. In 1843 he married Miss Lucia M. Hart, of Oswego, New York, by whom he had four children. In 1857 he married Louisa P. Hamblin of Yreka, who died in January, 1866. He was afterwards married to Louisa E. Lanz at Yreka, by whom he had three boys. The Shastas named him Jo Lane's Brother. Steele was a favorite among the Shastas. He was Superintendent of the Northern California Indians, 1863. He died in Yreka, California, June 27th, 1883.

There are also two younger sons of the late Judge Steele, both born in Yreka, Cal.: Charles Darwin Steele, the fourth son, born February 22, 1882, and Elmer Steele, the fifth son, born Nov. 11, 1883.

LETTERS FROM JUDGE E. STEELE TO HIS BROTHER, A. H. STEELE.

Dear Brother:—

At your request, I subjoin a brief statement of my recollection, knowledge, and intercourse with the Indians since my leaving the East in the spring of 1850. Crossing the plains that summer, while suffering much, with other emigrants, by short feed for my stock and loss of supplies in our train, I had no trouble with the Indians. Others did, but I saw or thought a cause with themselves, or with some that had shortly preceded them for it.

On the south fork of the Humboldt, I, with a Mr. Smith, since dead, went into a large village of Shoshones, to look for a mule belonging to a sick man, lying upon the plains. After considerable parley they allowed us to examine their stock, but we found none to answer the description of the one wanted. We found stolen cattle, taken from a train ten days before, but they claimed the owners of the train had commenced the aggression, and that they had these in retaliation. They treated us well and frankly, and we returned to our train in the evening. This was the only incident within my personal observation while crossing the plains.

On arriving in California, I located in the mines near Shasta City, where I worked with the pick and shovel until January, 1851, when, with General Joe Lane, I came to Scott's Bar, in this county, where I arrived in February of that year. At the foot of Scott Valley we found a numerous tribe of Indians, who were friendly, and came into camp, and among the rest a young Indian of fine appearance, the brother to the chief, we named Jim. These Indians had a custom of wearing beads or ornaments in their noses. A young man of the train had a brass padlock, which, unbeknown to others of us, he locked into the nose of this young Indian the next evening, who considered it a fine present. The next morning he came into camp, his nose much swollen, and unable to relieve himself of the ornament. He applied to his supposed friend for relief without success, when my attention being attracted to the matter, I compelled his release, which attached him and his tribe to me until this day.

Shortly after that, with a Mr. James McCummings, now living, I think, in Northern Illinois, and another man, whose name I have forgotten, I went on a prospecting tour via Shasta Butte to the western confines of the Modoc country. We passed unmolested through the Shasta Indians, then very numerous, and into the Modoc country, and thence back to Yreka. This was in March, 1851. The term Shasta is, I think, attached to this tribe from their residence in the so-called Shasta Valley, as Scott's River, Rogue River, etc., is the distinguishing term for those living in those valleys.

When I first came here the Indians inhabiting the lower end of Scott's Valley, thence to and up the Klamath River to the eastern line of Shasta Valley—the Shasta, the Yreka, and Rogue River Indians—all talked one language, and claimed to have been formerly under one chief, but were then subdivided into quite a number of tribes; the Rivers under

Chief John (so we called him); the Yreka Indians under Tolo; the Shastas under Scar-Face; the Siskiyou Mountain under Joe and Sam. These names were all given them by the whites. Tip Lie and the Rogue River Indians under Sam.

The Klamath Indians, then known as the La Lakes, inhabiting that district of country around Big Klamath Lake, and north of Klamath River, and west of Link River, talked a language peculiar to themselves, and also understood the jargon. The Modocs, inhabiting the country south of Little Klamath Lake, and around Tule Lake, east of Goose Nest Mountain and west of Goose Lake, also conversed in a language peculiar to themselves, and knew but little of the jargon; those of the Upper Scott River and the forks of the Salmon River, yet another language; also those of Trinity River and Upper Sacramento. This last tribe were more of the Digger in form and appearance; were very thieving in their disposition; and would commit murder for plunder when they could come upon one by stealth. Many of our people suffered in life and property from them, although by watchfulness I passed very frequently through their country unharmed.

They inhabited, in addition to Trinity and Sacramento Canyon, a portion of McLeod or Louid River and Lower Pitt River, and were as miserable a set of Indians as I ever saw. In June, 1851, the man that went out with Mr. McCummings and myself organized on Scott's Bar a company to go to the Modoc country for horses and took from these Indians, as near as I now recollect, sixty head, and, as it was reported—but of that I have no personal knowledge—some children, which they gave to their friends, for servants. In the spring of 1852, while I was in the lower country, a difficulty arose between the Indians of the Lower Scott's Valley, on account of the murder of a white man from Scott's Bar by Indians on Indian Creek, a tributary of Scott's River. A company was organized, and a fight ensued, in which Captain Whipple, now of the regular army, received a serious wound in the side. I happened to return home at that juncture, and, in passing down Scott's Valley alone, I found the Indians in great commotion; and upon inquiry of them as to the cause, hearing their version, told

Tolo, Chief John, and others to come to me at Johnson's the next morning for a talk. Getting to Johnson's, I found it surrounded by a stockade, and all the inmates in great fear, and also in wonderment at my coming through the Indians, unharmed. The next morning, agreeable to appointment, the Indians came in; claimed that it was none of their Indians that committed the murder, but a couple of young men from Rogue River, then stopping with the Shastas. They then gave me as hostages, Tolo, Jim, and another Indian, who were to go with a company I should raise to capture the murderers, or, on failure, to be dealt with as I should say was right. With our Indian prisoners or hostages we came to Yreka, where we found the people under great fear and excitement, and it was with difficulty that we could prevent an excited mob from taking our Indians and hanging them. Next morning, with a few more of my friends, at Yreka, with our Indians, we followed in the chase. Proceeding to the canyon of the Shasta River, we found all of the Indians of that branch of the tribe under great fear, and, after much difficulty, by sending Tolo out as a runner, we got them together on this occasion. A powerful spy-glass which I had, and of which they had no knowledge, by which I could see their Indians on the hills far off, had a wonderful influence on their superstition, and aided in their control. We remained with them all night, and during the talk learned that they had driven the Indians out that had committed the offense, for fear of bringing trouble upon themselves, and that the aggressors had gone to Rogue River. These Indians proposed to exchange two of their Indians, whom, they said, were acquainted with the passes of that country, for the ones we had, and we to continue the pursuit. Some of our men thought it was mere passes of that country, for the ones we had, and we to continue the pursuit. Some of our men thought it was mere pretext to avoid the responsibility, but a few of us, ten in all (one of the number being another Indian), resolved to accept this proposition. Frank Merrit (now with McConnel and Mr. McMannus of Yreka), Dr. Thomson (I think now in the employ of some of the Departments at Washington, D. C.,—

at least he was five years ago), and General James Bruce of Oregon, are all that I now know the existence of that went with me.

We received two bright, active Indians, whom we named Tom and Jack, and released our other hostages and proceeded on our way to Rogue River. On crossing the Klamath River we learned that the whole Rogue River country was in arms on account of a demand made by Old Joe of a white girl for a squaw for his son, and of his threats if the demand was not complied with. At arriving near the foot of the Siskiyou Mountain we met an Indian of that tribe coming over as a messenger to the Shastas to persuade them to join the Rogue River Indians in extermination upon the whites. As we came upon him before he saw us, readily surrounded him and asked an explanation of his visit (which was unusual), and the meaning of his hostile attitude. He refused to talk; when I ordered him to give up his arms and go back with us to his tribe and the Indian agency at Rogue River, which he refused to do; I then told Mr. McGavlin (now dead), a powerful young man, to take from him his weapons and tie his hands that we might take him back. Upon Mr. McGavlin's undertaking to do so the Indian wrested a pistol from Mr. McGavlin and turned and shot at me, cutting the mane of my horse's neck, and then fled. He went but a short distance when the bullet sent him home. On arriving at Coles, a short distance above, we found two men that were unarmed, that this Indian had forced to march ahead of him until they came in sight of Cole's house, when the Indian passed around by a circuitous route and left them. We then continued our journey over the mountains. In the night and early in the morning discovered an Indian on the trail, whom we took prisoner and kept with us. On arriving at the Mountain House on the Rogue River side we met some gentlemen on the way to Yreka for aid, and notwithstanding we had ridden all night, at their request we pushed on for the Big Bar, on Rogue River, where it was said the Indians had congregated. Shortly before reaching our destination we met the Indian agent, Judge Skinner, who asked us to pass on, and came at the river until he could come back next morning, in the hopes of adjusting the matter. On our passage from thence to the river we met one of Joe's or Sam's sons—I do not justly know which—heavily armed, passing out toward the other tribe. We took him prisoner and held him as a hostage with the other prisoner. On the next day the agent made his appearance. In the meantime one of our Shasta hostages had espied across the river the two Indians that we were looking for. We found at this point about one hundred and fifty citizens of Rogue River that we were looking for, on one side and between two and three hundred Indians, all well armed with guns, on the other side of the river. After a long parley, in which we demanded the two Indians we were after, in place of our prisoners, the agent ordered me to give up my prisoners and all of the white men to stack their guns fifty paces back and allow the Indians to come into council with their arms in their hands. This order I refused for our company to comply with. The Rogue River people stacked their guns, and a large number of Indians came over and were disposed to dictate all the terms of settlement. In a short time it was discovered that they were sheltering themselves within the range of the guns, whereupon the others on our side resumed their weapons, and in a short time the Rogue River company divided; one division to go on upper-crossing and the other to a lower-crossing, while our company should engage the Indians at that point. As the other companies left, leaving our small company, now increased by three or four from Jacksonville, among whom was Mr. William Burgess, now of Nevada. The Indians assumed a hostile attitude and the fight commenced; we killing thirteen of them and losing one man, wounded, of which he afterward died. We charged so rapidly on the Indians that they broke and ran, and as was supposed dispersed into the settlement in the valley, whereupon the company from that valley immediately started to cut them off and protect the settlers. This left us exposed, and an open plain to cross before passing into a thicket, which the Indians discovered and re-crossed the river with the purpose to ambush us there. Fortunately a gentleman by the name of Clugget, knowing the locality and danger to us, took shelter in the thicket and killed the foremost Indian, which created consternation in their ranks, and we escaped. That night we guarded the family of Mr. Tevault, now deceased, but whose family yet reside in Jacksonville, Oregon.

The next day it was found that the Indians had moved up to the head of Rogue River, and it was arranged for the Oregon volunteers to take their position at the foot of Table Rock while our company, increased to twenty-one, of whom were William Burgess, of Nevada, and George C. Pierson, of Boston Heights, should pass up the river in the night and, if possible, drive the Indians back the next day. Daylight found us at the head of the river, or nearly so, and above the Indians, and we commenced beating the bush and forcing them down until they were forced upon the company below, where the Indians called for a talk, which was had, and satisfactory terms were made without more bloodshed. The Indians we were after had, in the meantime, escaped and started back across Siskiyou Mountains to join Tip Tie tribe. My men in the fight captured two Indian ponies.

I have been thus prolix in the statement of this affair, inasmuch as for rendering these people this service at that time and at their request, I was branded by this agent, Skinner, in an official report, as a leader of a band of horse-thieves, who had come over and made disturbance with Indians then in peace with whites. Then, as I do now, under the charge of Superintendent Odeneal, I held myself in readiness to appear before the District Court of the United States, to answer any charge of crime they can present against me. I did and do object to false official reports, or newspaper libels, to blacken my name, with whom I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance.

But I have digressed. After learning that our criminals had escaped through our Indian hostages and guides, we struck their trail and started again in pursuit, our company reducing itself down to its original number. Recrossing the Siskiyou Mountains, we fell in with Ben Wright, who, learning from a squaw with whom he was living that the Indians had taken that course, he, with a band of Shastas, had started in pursuit and intercepted and captured them. We came in together, and took the Indians to Scott Valley, and there gave them a fair trial, proving their identity by both white men and Indians, and the Indian testimony and their own story, all of which was received in evidence. One was found guilty, the other acquitted and set at liberty. Our present Superintendent of Instruction, Professor G. K. Godrey, was one of the jury. During our absence the people remained under great excitement, as all kinds of rumors were afloat; and our company was so small, and I had started into a country inhabited by hordes of wild Indians, and those of Siskiyou Mountain and Rogue River Valley notoriously warlike. Old Scar-Face, of the Shastas, learning of the difficulty at Rogue River, contrary to advice given him when we left, had come out from the canyon, appeared on the mountain lying east of Yreka, as the Indians afterwards told me, for the purpose of letting the whites know the trouble, as the roads were waylaid by the Indians on the mountains, so that travelers could not pass. As soon as he was seen a wild excitement ensued, and a company started in pursuit. Scar-Face, seeing the danger, fled up the Shasta Valley, on foot, his pursuers after him well mounted. After a race along the hills and through the valleys for about eighteen miles, he was finally captured and hanged upon a tree, at what is now called Scar-Face Gulch. His son, Bill, then became chief of this branch of the tribe, as successor to his father, in an usurped authority in the fight, for which he had received the wound in the face, whence the scar, which gave him the title among the whites. Peace was then restored, and all things seemed to be moving on finely, and I, with a few others, started out to find a trail over the mountains, from Rogue River Valley to the coast. This was a very rugged trip, but was finally successful. On coming near the coast we found a band of Indians and squaws gathering berries. We took the Indians as prisoners and held them as hostages for good behavior of their tribe during our investigations. From them we learned that a company had been up by a boat from San Francisco exploring the bay, and had all died, or, as we believed, been killed by the Indians, they wearing some of their clothing. When we started back we took our prisoners up to the top of the mountains, where we thought ourselves safe, and then sent them back, and we returned by the way of Klamath River to Yreka, passing through a great number of Indians, but without any trouble. We had got out of provisions and when, at the mouth of Salmon River, we made known our destination to the chief, Euphippa, he took his spear and caught us some fish, but would take no pay. Afterward he came to Scott's Valley to call upon me several times. After my return to the valley the young Indians we had as hostages on the River Heut came and desired to live with and work for me. I took Tom and kept him until about the time of his death, he leaving while I was on Rogue River on business.

In 1854 or 1855 there was one more excitement in Scott's Valley by the whites fearing an attack from the Indians from the fact that they had held a dance and gone back into the hills. Here it may be well to state a custom among all those upper country Indians, which not being generally understood by our people, has led to much difficulty. It is at the commencement of the fishing season and at its close they hold what is called a fish-dance, in which they paint and go through all the performances of their dances at the opening and closing of war. They also hold a harvest dance when the fruits and nuts get ripe, but this is of a more quiet character, more resembling their sick dance, when they tried to cure their sick by the influence of the combined mesmerism of a circle of Indians, in which they are in many instances very successful. But to return to my subject. Hearing of the gathering of the whites, and knowing the danger to our people and property if a war was then inaugurated, I got on my horse and rode to the place of rendezvous. After consulting it was determined to fall upon the Indian camp at about daylight next morning, as it was thought that at that hour they could be mostly killed and easily conquered. I returned to my house, took my young Indian, Tom, and started by a circuitous trail in the mountains for the Indian camp, and before morning had them all removed to a safe place. In a few days all fears were quieted and harmony was restored without the loss of any lives or destruction of property. About this time a young Indian from Humbug Creek, visiting the Scott Valley Indians, had stopped at an emigrant camp and stolen two guns. Word was brought to me; I sent for Chief John and required him to bring the guns and Indian, which he did. I tied and whipped the Indian, and then let him go. Late in the fall, afterwards, I was sitting near the top of the mountain back of my then house, witnessing a deer-drive by the Scott Valley Indians on the surrounding hills, when I heard a cap crack behind me in a clump of small trees. Getting up and immediately running into the thicket, I discovered an Indian running down the opposite slope of the mountain. I returned to my house and sent Tom after Chief John and from him learned that when he left this Humbug was there. I directed him to bring him to my house, which he did next morning. The Humbug Indian told me it was not the first time he had tried to kill me, but that his gun had failed him, and now that he and all the Indians thought that I had a charmed life. I gave him a good talk, which impressed him much, and then unbound him, and told him to go and do well thereafter. He was never known to do a bad act afterward, but was finally killed by the Klamath Lake Indians, about a year afterwards, in an effort to recover some guns stolen from some people on Greenhorn Creek. All these things tended to establish with me a great control over these Indians in these valleys. During this time Judge Roseborough, now our District Judge, came up here as an Indian agent, and for a year or more made his home with me. In his whole intercourse with the Indians he was scrupulously careful to do exact justice toward the Indians, and compel a like care by both our people and the Indians toward each other. This led to a better acquaintance on my part with the Klamath Lake and Modoc Indians, who came several times to see him. After that, my business occupying my whole time, it was only occasionally that I saw any of the Indians to hold conversation with them, and then only when called upon to settle some difficulty among the tribe, or between them and our people. During this time, and if my memory serves me right, in 1855, the Shastas, for some cause unknown to me, became hostile and took refuge in a cave on the north side of Klamath River, and about thirty-five miles from Yreka. They then were quite numerous, well armed, and skilful in the use of the gun. Here they repulsed a large company of volunteers with heavy loss to the whites, and finally two companies of regulars were driven from the field. Learning of the difficulty, and judging the Indians were not wholly to blame, I proposed to Lieutenant Bonicastle, then stationed at Fort Jones, and Judge Roseborough to accompany me, and with Tolo and another Indian to visit their company, and arrange terms of peace. We went and spent two days with them, before arriving at a solution of the difficulty. During this time they several times pointed their guns at us with a determination to shoot, but as often were talked into a better turn of mind, and finally agreed to go and live at Fort Jones, and remain in peace with the whites. The third day thereafter was settled upon for their removal, when Bonecastle was to send a company of soldiers to escort and protect them. In the next day a white man, who had a squaw at the cave, went out unknown to us and told the Indians he was sent for them and thereupon they packed up and started for Fort Jones with him, one day ahead of time agreed upon. On their way in Klamath River, about twenty miles from Yreka, they were waylaid, and their chief, Bill, shot from behind the brush and killed. They kept their faith, nevertheless, and came in, when I explained it so they were satisfied. This was known to the Modocs and they talked of it on our last visit to the cave. Occasionally thereafter I was applied to on matters of trifling moment and easily arranged. until my appointment to the Indian Superintendency, in the summer of 1863, for the northern district of California. In this narration I have passed over several Rogue River wars without notice, as I had nothing to do with them; also the Modoc War of 1852, which took place whilst I was away at Crescent City, therefore all I know of that was hearsay; but I know it was generally known that Ben Wright had concocted the plan of poisoning those Indians at a feast, and that his interpreter Indian, Livile, had exposed to the Indians, so that but few ate of the meat, and that Wright and his company then fell upon the Indians and forty out of forty-seven, and one other, died of the poison afterward. There is one of the company now in the country who gives this version, and I heard Wright swearing about Dr. Ferrber, our druggist (now of Vallejo), selling him an adulterated article of strychnine, which he said the doctor wanted to kill the cayotes. That the plan was concocted before they left Yreka defeats the claim now made for them, that they only anticipated the treachery of the Indians. John Schonchin was one of the Indians that escaped and in late interview then he made this as an excuse for not coming out to meet the Commissioners. The story of the Indians corresponds so well with that I have frequently heard from our own people, before it became so much of a disgrace by the reaction, that I have no doubt of the correction in its general details. At the time others, as well as myself, told Wright that the transaction would at some time react fearfully upon some innocent ones of our people, but so long a time had elapsed that I had concluded that matter was nearly forgotten by all, and nothing come of it until the night of my second visit in the cave, when Schonchin would get very excited talking of it as an excuse for not going out. The history of that night you have probably seen as it was given by Article B, the Sacramento Record and San Francisco Chronicle, for which paper he was corresponding; he was made wild; he was with me the whole time after. A final peace was made with the Modocs, but the year is now out of my mind; about 1857 or '58 they came to Yreka with horses, money and furs to trade and get provisions and blankets. On their way out they were waylaid at Shasta River, as was claimed by Shasta Indians, and several killed, robbed and thrown into the river. Many of our citizens thought white men were connected with this murder, and it is probably so. The Shasta Indians retreated; they claim that but few of their people were engaged in the massacre, but it was mostly done by the white people; and in their negotiations for peace in the spring of 1864 mentioned hereafter.

But to return to the thread of my history. On taking possession of the Superintendency of September, 1863, I found the Klamath Lakes, the Modocs and the Shastas in war with each other, the Humboldt and the Mendocino Indians in war with our people, the few on the reservations naked and dying of starvation, and truly a heart-rending scene. As soon as possible I furnished them relief; and after the second day, none died of hunger or want, and in a short time I had the Humboldt War closed, the Indians, as far as desired, on the reservation and cheerfully at work, and the next July found the products of their labor equal to all their wants. For the next year I was legislated out of office by Mr. Conness, our Senator, Mr. Lincoln having refused to remove me at his request. In the spring of 1864, on returning home from a trip to San Francisco I found my lot adjoining my house south of Yreka (since burned) filled with Indians of the Modoc, Klamath, Lake Shasta, Scott River, Salmon River, Klamath River, and Sacramento River tribes, numbering several hundred, and awaiting my coming. My wife had been lecturing them upon the best way to live with each other, and with our people, and that they were more than ready to enter into treaties with each other, and with us; the work left for me to do in arranging all matters was light and two days found all happy and friends; at this time all were so well pleased that they agreed that I should be the chief over them all, and, when any difficulty arose among them, that it should be submitted to me, and my decree should be binding. This proposition came from Captain Jack, the chief of the Modocs, and cheerfully agreed to by all. I called quite a number of our citizens to join the treaty, and from that day to the outbreak of the war, they have troubled me with their difficulties, which have generally been decided to their satisfaction. After this I was removed from office and Roseborough was on the bench. I frequently persuaded them to go to him, as he was the Boston Tyee, and they always looked upon him with great respect. So, among us, we have managed to keep peace until last November. As to the charge through the Oregon papers and the reports of Superintendent Odeneal, that I advised them to leave the reservation, or that I advised them to remain off the reservation, or to resist the authorities in trying to take them back, or that I at any time gave them encouragement of being able to cope with the soldiers; or that by any word or act of mine they had been induced to commence or continue the war, or that I am or have been a squaw man, or that I have or had half-breed children in the Lava Beds or elsewhere, or that I have had intercourse with squaws, or that I was a spy in favor ot the Indians, advising them of the movement of troops, or that I advised them or encouraged General Canby, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Meacham, or others to go in the Lava Beds to meet Captain Jack and tribe in council, or that I have written letters to Captain Jack or other Indians, or that I ever proposed to marry Queen Mary, or that I ever wrote any letters of the kind certified to by Mrs. Lehira, or that she ever saw any letters from me of the import of the one she certified to, is simply and unequivocally false, severally and collectively, and the authors of these several charges, whoever they are or may be, are low, contemptible cowards, spending time in secret, in trying to traduce the character of one they do not know and would not if they should meet him on the street; and further, here, where I have been known for twenty years, they could not find one respectable witness that would make either of these charges, and much less swear to them or any one of them.

Now, a few words as to the facts in the case. Some time after Captain Jack and party had left the reservation, they called upon me, and stated what they had done on the reservation (all of which had been confirmed to me by Mr. Meacham and others), and why they left, claiming that instead of feeding them, they had been obliged to kill their horses for food, and instead of a pair of blankets only one or, as they called it, half a blanket, had been given to each of the adults, and but half of that to each of their children, and those of an inferior quality; they looked very squalid and poor, more so than I had ever seen them before or since. My advice to them, and always had been, was to return to the reservation, and further, that the officers would compel them to go. They replied they would not go, and asked why the treaty I had made with them when I was Superintendent of the northern district of California—then supposing the State line included their village, the fishery—was not lived up to. They said they were to give up all the balance of their lands, would ask nothing for it; would take care of themselves as fish and fowl were abundant there; and that white men's cattle might graze there and they would not disturb them; and that when people came there to cross the river they would assist them. I told them they had made a new treaty with the Oregon agency since I sold their lands, and that done away with the one. Jack said that he did not agree to it, but old Schonchess did; but he was no chief. But he finally went to the reservation, as they made him such good promises, and all his friends wanted him to go; but when he got there he said none of their promises were kept. I frequently urged upon him the power and number of our people; and that it would be folly to resist—all to no response. I have written several letters for him to the settlers, in which I stated his words to them, as he said that there were many that could not talk to him or he to them; and that he wanted them to know that he was determined to be a friend of the white people, and wanted to learn their way of living. Always when he came to town, when I was home, he called and stated his purpose in visiting Yreka, at which time I would advise him not to let his men and women get whisky or remain in town after sundown. That some did remain and did drink whisky is true, but they were generally women that were claimed by and living with white men, either in the vicinity of Yreka or on the frontier, and would come here and meet with relatives and tribes. I have never known Jack to take a glass of liquor in my life, and I have known him to whip his men for taking it. After trading they uniformly came to bid me good-bye and ask a letter to pass them back to their country so that if they should meet strangers they could show them that it was all right, and they need not be afraid. All this put me to much trouble, but for which I received no compensation of any sort. As for my being their attorney, it is simply absurd. All my acts were in the cause of humanity, and to avoid, if possible, any collision with our people, as I knew them, and know if properly managed, there was no cause; for one white settler frequently came in from their country and corroborated their stories and all that I saw gave them a good character.

In the fall of 1871, the first time for twenty years, on my return from a business trip to Surprise Valley, in company with Mr. H. C. Tichnor, I came through the country of the Modocs. We had to sleep out one night, which we did at the foot of Tule Lake. In the morning early we started for Miller's (since killed by Indians), ten miles distant, to get some breakfast. We found Miller out at the time, but his house all open and no way to close it up. Miller soon came in, and set about boiling us some coffee. I found he had a good supply of flour, bacon, beef, etc., on hand and in that open cabin, and asked him if the Indians did not steal from him. He replied that he had been there for several years, and had always left his cabin open in that way day and night, and had never lost anything by the Indians that he knew. That the Indians provided for themselves, by fishing and hunting, and the only fear he had was that the reservation people would try to remove them, and would create war, in which settlers would be sacrificed; for, said he, they are determined to die, rather than be taken back to the reservation; and you know how inaccessible portions of the country are, and if an outbreak should occur it would be a severe struggle, in which many valuable lives and innocent people would be lost. How well he prophesied! And he and Brotherton, both good men, and as good friends to the Indians as any, fell victims to this ill-advised project. Passing to the Indian village we found only a portion of the tribe there; the balance of them went with Captain Jack, having come to Yreka, to purchase their winter supplies. The few that were there expressed a fear that the soldiers were coming after them, and wished to know if I knew anything about it. I did not, but tried to quiet their fears, by telling them that the big chief would send a man to tell them when he wanted them to go. Coming into Ball's ranch the like character was given to the Indians as by Miller, and about dusk Captain Jack and company came and camped close by. On their return from Yreka, whilst talking with Jack, he expressed fears of trouble because a white man had come and settled in their midst and claimed their land, and said that he was all the time quarreling with them. I advised him to go to the soldier-chief at Fort Klamath, and get him to furnish protection. In 1873 I came past there again, and found the Brothertons settled near Miller's. Mrs. B. and the children only were at home, Mr. B. and Mr. M. being absent for winter supplies at Rogue River. Mrs. B. then told me that the Indians were very much excited because they had been told they were to be taken back to the reservation. I remained all night. The next morning before leaving a squaw came along, and upon inquiry I learned that Captain Jack and his men had gone south, and she expressed wonder that I had not met him. As we did not, he must have turned off at the road and gone to the Lava Beds. Shortly before this, Mr. Miller had been to Yreka to procure my professional services in making an application for a track of swamp-land lying near his residence, which as yet had not been surveyed. I made out his application, and sent to Mr. Varrium, our County Surveyor, in accordance with our laws. After finishing business he spoke on the Indian matter again, and said one Monroe and they were having much trouble, and that Monroe wanted their land and had applied to the Indian Department to have them removed; and that he feared it would cause war; and that the lives of the settlers would not be safe, as they determined not to return to the reservation. He wished to know why, as they were industrious and peaceable, they could not be allowed to take up farms there as others did, and remain. I told him my opinion was they could if they would give up their tribal character, pay taxes, and improve the land. He said that was what they wanted to do. I then told them I would make the application for them to the Department and get their answer. I did not immediately sit down to work, as other business was pressing, but thought I should see him the next morning; but before leisure presented he had returned home. Soon afterward the Indians came in and told me that Miller had told them I would ask the big chief to give them land if they would pay taxes, and which they said they would do. I sat down and made the application, and found my observation of the country they actually wanted so limited, and their want of knowledge of all points of the compass, that I could not make an intelligible application. I had also just received a note from the County Surveyor saying he could not go out to make Miller's survey, and therefore I wrote to Miller the letter that was afterward taken from his house, and by Superintendent Odeneal reported to the government as evidence of my guilt. The note barely stated that my knowledge was not sufficient to enable me to make out the application and that I had not required the Indians to pay taxes, and that I would have to send to Sacramento City, California, to get a surveyor appointed, and also asking him to send me by an Indian a description of the land wanted by the Indians. I never received an answer. The war was precipitated too soon, and Miller was not at home as I came by there, but I then found by personal observation that the land desired by the Indians was about three miles long and not over a mile in width, and much of it covered by a sage-brush, but with very superior fishery upon it. At the last interview with Captain Jack I tried to persuade him that he had better go to the reservation, but I must confess that it was as much to avoid the trouble and expense that would fall upon me in getting the land grant through for them, as from any other motive, as I did not think any reasonable Superintendent would try to move them. I yet believe that if Superintendent Odeneal had gone down there instead of sending the soldiers to surprise them in the night, all could have been quietly settled. Now, as for Mr. Odeneal, he has threatened my prosecution. There is a court for the United States for this district government to back him in expenses. I have to bear my own and suffer the loss of time. Now, then, if, instead of false reports and libelous articles in the newspapers, he will enter this prosecution, I will agree to ventilate the whole matter, and if I am guilty, I will cheerfully submit to the penalty. At this last interview with Captain Jack his reply was very determined, that he would not go to the reservation to be starved. I told him of the great number and power of our people, and the futility of resistance, to which he listened with his usual stoical composure, and then replied, "Kill with bullet don't hurt much starve to death hurt a heap!"

This was said through the interpreter, Scar-Face Charley. In all my intercourse with Indians, I have only talked or held communion with their leading men, and have never indulged in any jesting or sociability with them. When I needed one for a messenger, as I occasionally did, when they were in, by which to send a letter to Mr. Davis or Fairchild, or others on the frontier where there were no mail facilities, I always applied to the chief for a man for the service. Captain Jack talks no English, except the names of a few articles in trade, and no jargon, and as far as my knowledge of him is concerned, he always brought to the conference an interpreter, and usually for that purpose Scar-Face Charley. A word as to the charge of treacherous disposition of this people. This is a charge instituted since the treacherous massacre of General Canby and Mr. Thomas, but before that no one can point to an act of treachery on their part; but on the contrary they were known as a bold and fearless people, warlike, and a dread to our early emigrants and the surrounding tribes, and very punctilious to their word, so far as I have occasion to know. My visit to the cave was at the request of the Commissioners, as the Indians expressed a confidence in me and wanted my advice; and I yet think had it not been for a by-play at that time I could have persuaded them to terms, but they were frightened out of it, by the threat of hanging on the Jacksonville indictment. That desire for revenge has cost us dearly in blood. I went in the cause of humanity at a great sacrifice of my time and at great personal risk, asked no pay for my time, but did expect a return of my cash expenses, but even that has not been allowed by the Indian Bureau. My conscience is clear, and I knew the blood of the murdered white men or Indians will not cry out in judgment against me. I only wish that the war was prosecuted by those in person who are so earnestly urging it on from the first, instead of their remaining at so respectable a distance; as the Indians and those men feel, I could see a war go on between them if it could be confined to them and not have my bowels of compassion moved much on either side. The Lava Bed is about four miles wide by seven long, and the Indians in these not exceeding 100, men and women and children, and they mean to stay there as long as they can. The location is the most inaccessible of any part of the world I ever saw, and one man fairly secreted in it is more than equal to twenty engaged in trying to ferret him out.

As for the generals that have been engaged in prosecuting the war: General Wheaton I have not had the pleasure of meeting, but I think under the very unfavorable circumstances of his attack, the limited knowledge of the stronghold which he possessed, and the few men under his charge, he performed wonders and should not have been superseded. General Gillem I knew and a more gallant gentleman and soldier you will hardly find, and in prosecuting the war he has shown masterly skill. The late massacre, I think, could not properly be charged upon him, as there were men enough there to defend themselves, had they not been taken by surprise. My advice to General Canby and the Peace Commissioners on my return from the cave the last time was that all negotiations should cease, until the Indians should become the soliciting party. I told them further that my opinion was that they thought our people afraid of them and that they were carrying on the negotiations with a hope to get General Canby and Gillem, Messrs. Meacham and Applegate , in their power, and in such an event they would certainly kill them all. I thought I could go, no one else could safely, and that I have witnesses to that; yet I also met Mr. Thomas at Yreka, on his way out, when he desired me to accompany him. I gave him the same caution, and told him as well as I knew them, I would not feel safe in going again to the Indians. I went out to see the Indians once after my visit to the cave, but General Canby and Gillem then felt the danger so great that they were inclined not to let me go; but as parties claimed there was a misunderstanding, I told them I would go to the rendezvous, and if all was right, I would bring them in; and if they killed me it would be only one instead of six or eight. To test the question I went to the place designated, found no Indians or signs; went on about ten miles farther, yet found no Indians, and returned about dark, and then returned to Yreka.

YREKA, MAY 26TH, 1873.

DEAR SIR:

The above is a copy of the hastily prepared paper to my brother, who has seen the charges in the Oregon papers and felt much alarmed at it. In it I have only noticed the leading questions and those falling under my observations with all the contradictory reports it will be found my judgment of the purpose of the Indians was uniformly correct. I have been so long on the frontier and have seen the natives in their native disgusting state that I have no special regard for them further than making out justice, and I have none of the poetry entertained by many that do not know them. The Modocs are generally a whiter tribe of Indians than any other that I have met with; Captain Jack is very dignified generally and is a full-blood Modoc. Scar-Face Charley is one of the Rogue River Tipue Tie's tribe, extinct. I have just arranged at the suggestion of a member of Congress, Luttrell, for all the straggling Indians of various tribes surrounding us to go to Fort Jones military reservation in Scott Valley, and remain under supervision. They are highly pleased, but they have been under great fear ever since the Modoc War broke out and were nearly starving from the fact that they did not hunt, fish or dig for roots from fear from both whites and Modocs. They desire a tract of country between Scott and Shasta Valley called Moffitt's Creek, a valley about twelve miles long and one-half mile wide, and that they have a little assistance of seeds and tools and be allowed to take care of it themselves. The application of part of the appropriation that had been made for the Shastas, but of which they have never received a dollar, would be all that would be required, if they had no white man over them. They are industrious and know how to farm. One of the tribe has here a farm of 200 acres and close on the north side of the Klamath River and I have advised him to stay there. He has his log house. quite a number of fruit trees growing and is very ambitious, and this example inspires the others. Were I in moderate circumstances, so that I could offer to go out and teach them occasionally I could do much good. But I am not thus favored.

E. STEELE.

This is the new building which was erected about 1875, shortly after the Modocs were brought to Quapaw as prisoners. It is still used by the Agent.

MAJOR FRANK WHEATON.

Frank Wheaton, born in Rhode Island. Appointed from Rhode Island first lieutenant First Cavalry, March 3, 1855. Captain First Cavalry, March, 1861; Fourth Cavalry, August, 1861; lieutenant-colonel Second Rhode Island Infantry, July 10, 1861; colonel Twenty-first Infantry, July, 1861; brigadier General Volunteers, November 29, 1862; honor major Second Cavalry, November 5, 1863; brevette lieutenant colonel, May 5, 1864, for gallantry and meritorious service in the Battle of the Wilderness. Major general of volunteers, November 29, 1864, for gallantry and meritorious service in the Battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia; brigadier general, March 13, 1865, for gallantry and meritorious service in the capture of Petersburg, Virginia; major general, March 13, 1865, for gallantry and meritorious service in the field during the war and for gallantry and meritorious service in the Battle of Opequean, Fisher's Hill and Middletown, Virginia. Honorably mustered out of volunteer service, April 30, 1866. Lieutenant colonel Thirty-ninth Infantry, July 20, 1866; transferred to the Twenty-first Infantry, March 15, 1869.

Served in the Modoc campaign of 1872 and '73 as lieutenant colonel of Twenty-first Infantry; colonel Second Infantry, December 15, 1874; brigadier general, April 18, 1892, and major general, April 21, 1897. Retired May 8, 1897.

He surrounded the Modoc stronghold with 400 U. S. soldiers, January 16, 1873, in his attempt to capture Captain Jack and his band of Modoc warriors.

Major General Frank Wheaton died June 18, 1903, at Washington, D. C.

GENERAL A. C. GILLEM.

Alvin Cullen Gillem was born in Jackson County, Tennesse, July 29th, 1830. He was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1851; took part in the Seminole War in

1851-52, and was promoted captain May 14, 1861. He served as brigade quartermaster at the commencement of the Civil War. Earned the brevet of major for gallantry at Mill Springs and was in command of the siege artillery and chief quartermaster of the Army of the Ohio in the Tennessee campaign in May, 1862. He was appointed colonel of the Tenth Tennessee Colonel Volunteers; was provo-marshal of Nashville, commanded a brigade in the Tennessee operations of the early part of 1863, and then served as adjutant general until the end of the war, being promoted brigadier general of volunteers, August 17, 1863. He had charge of the forces guarding the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad from June, 1863, until August, 1864. Afterwards commanded the expedition to Eastern Tennessee and won the brevette of colonel in the U. S. Army for bravery at Marion, Virginia. He was elected vice-president of the convention of January 9th, 1865 to revise the Constitution and to organize a State government of Tennessee, and also served in the first Legislature.. He joined the expedition to North Carolina and took a prominent part in the capture of Salisbury, which secured him the brevette of major general in the U. S. Army. He became colonel of the regular Army July 28, 1866, commanding the district of Mississippi, 1867-68. Served in Texas and California and later held a command in the Modoc campaign. He died near Nashville, Tennessee, December 2, 1875.

GENERAL JEFF. C. DAVIS.

Jeff. C. Davis was born in Clark County, Indiana, March 2, 1828. His ancestors were known as superior fighters in the Indian uprising in Kentucky. When the Mexican War broke out in 1848, he immediately left the seminary where he was a student and enlisted in Colonel Lane's Indiana regiment. On June 17, 1848, he was made second lieutenant of the First Artillery for gallant conduct at Buena Vista. In 1852 he became first lieutenant, and was placed in charge of the garrison at Fort Sumpter in 1858. Shortly after the bombardment in April, 1861, he was promoted to a captaincy and allowed a leave of absence to raise the Twenty-second Indiana Volunteers, of which regiment he became colonel. Subsequently, he commanded brigades under Generals Fremont, Hunter and Pope for single service at Milford, Mo. In December, 1861, he was made brigadier general of volunteers. He participated in the battle of Pea Ridge and the siege of Corinth, and after the evacuation of the latter place by the Confederates, he was assigned to the Army of the Tennessee. It was about this period that he had some trouble with General William Nelson in regard to alleged harsh treatments received at the latter's hands. The two officers chanced to meet in Louisville, Kentucky, September 28, 1862; a quarrel was precipitated, and Davis, unable to control himself, shot the other and killed him instantly. He was arrested only to be released in a short time and was assigned to duty in Covington, Kentucky. In the engagement at Stone River he led the Twentieth Army Corps with conspicuous bravery and in April, 1864, he commanded the Fourteenth Army Corps of Sherman's Army in the march to the sea.

He received the brevette of major general in 1865 and was promoted colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry July 23, 1866. Later he went to the Pacific Coast and Alaska and after the murder of General Canby by the Modoc Indians in Northern California he commanded the troops and finally forced Captain Jack and his men to surrender. He died in Chicago, Illinois, November 30, 1879. Was colonel of the Twenty-third Infantry in the Modoc campaign.

GENERAL J. A. HARDIE.

James Allan Hardie was born in New York County, New York, May 5, 1823. Graduated at the United States Military Academy 1843, and entered the artillery service when he was an assistant professor of geography, history and ethics, and served as company officer in garrison frontier and Indian service until 1861. During the Mexican War he commanded a New York regiment of volunteers, with the rank of major, and in 1857 he was appointed captain of the Third Artillery. He was transferred to the Fifth Artillery in 1861, with the rank of lieutenant colonel and aide-de-camp, and served on General McClellan's staff during the Peninsula and Maryland campaigns and on that of General Burnside in the battles around Fredericksburg.

He was made brigadier general of volunteers, November 29, 1862, assistant adjutant general, 1863, assigned special duty in the War Department and was assistant secretary to Secretary Ed. M. Stanton, while he held office.

General Hardie was appointed Inspector General in 1864, and in 1865 was brevetted brigadier and major general in the United States Army for his service during the war. In 1866 he was senior member of the Commission to inspect ordnance and ordnance stores in forts and arsenals and commissioned to audit the military claims of Kansas, Montana, Dakota, California and Oregon.

He edited numerous military reports and was one of the leading commanders in the Lava Beds during the Modoc War of 1873.

Died in Washington, D. C., December 14, 1876.

Yreka, Siskiyou County, California, July 30, 1873.

To the Honorable C. Delano,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

Sir: Herewith please find petition in matter of Modoc Indians. It is a matter I have no interest in, other than any other citizen of our country. These Indians are used to take care of themselves, talk our language and understand all kinds of farm work. They ask the privilege and name Mr. Burgess, as they have full confidence in his integrity towards them. He can use them to advantage and will pay them wages that will support them well. As to the other Indians, Capt. Jack and others, whom it seems fated, must be executed, permit me to ask an interference to the extent of working a delay until a full and fair investigation of the causes of the war be had as they are very important witnesses. I ask this as Mr. Odeneal officially and through the Oregon papers, has persistently attacked my character and that of others, including our District Judge, Roseborough, and we are anxious that the whole matter be ventilated and the truth exposed.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
E. Steele.

To the Honorable C. Delano,
Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.

The undersigned citizens of Siskiyou County, California, would respectfully represent that the Modoc Indians now held as prisoners of war there are some that no charges are made against except open warfare against the U. S.; of which Scar-Face Charley and Miller Charley; that there are others who, for service rendered as scouts in the capture and subjugation of the tribe, have rendered material aid to the government, and earned exemption from rigorous punishment, of which are Bogus Charley, Shaknasty Jim, Hooker Jim and Steamboat Frank, the so-called scouts. We would also state that all these

Indians are youthful farm hands, capable and fully competent intellectually to trade for and take care of themselves; that they have expressed a desire to make their own living and be no burden to the government; that they be allowed to seek employment for themselves and enter the service of John C. Burgess, late Sheriff of Siskiyou county, California, who is a large farmer near Yreka. We would therefore respectfully ask that they be permitted to enter the service of said Burgess on such condition as shall be deemed advisable.

Very respectfully yours,

E. STEELE,
WM. H. MORGAN, *Sheriff.*
JOHN A. FAIRCHILD,
H. WALLACE ATWELL, alias
*BILL DAD, *the Scribe.*

TO THE HONORABLE C. DELANO,
Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.,
Headquarters Lava Beds.

DEAR SIR: The Modoc War is over. The Modoc tribe, except five or six, are captives. Capt. Jack and his confederates are soon to be tried for the murder of General Canby and the Peace Commissioners. There can be but one verdict or result, viz.: The conviction and execution of all those who participated in the murders of settlers and Peace Commissioners. I have spent several days in the Lava Beds and the country adjacent thereto. I have investigated so far as I could the cause of the war between the whites and the Modoc Indians and after careful investigation, I can arrive but at one conclusion, viz.: *That the war was caused by the wrongful act of bad white men.* It is charged by responsible parties here that the Indians were compelled to slaughter their horses for food on the Klamath reservation to keep from starving, and when they had no more horses to slaughter, they were then forced by hunger to seek their fishing grounds on Lost River, a tract of land set apart by the Hon. E. Steele, late Superintendent of Indian Affairs of California. The land is valuable.

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*Correspondent N. Y. "Herald."

Land speculators desired it and thought to have the Indians removed. The Indians say there was but one of two deaths left to them—by starvation or by a speedier death by the bullets in the Lava Beds. They chose the latter. I am in favor of hanging all those who participated in the murder of the Peace Commissioners or the settlers, but humanity and justice demands an investigation of the war and its causes from the first inception.

Let's have both sides of the question. Let us have the sworn statements of the Indians, which will be corroborated by the testimony of responsible white men. If you have any authority to order it, direct that the testimony of all those who are likely to be convicted and executed be taken. I regret that I have to say it, but I believe that there never was a time since the organization of our government that there was so much corruption and swindling, not only of the government and people, but of the Indians, as it is today being practiced on Indian reservations on this Coast.

Mr. Meacham and Mr. Steele managed affairs to the satisfaction of the people and the Indians. I regret that they were not retained as Superintendents. I do not know who is to blame, nor do I accuse any particular agent of corruption, but we do know that wrongs have been perpetrated and before launching these Indian chiefs into eternity, let their testimony be taken, that the guilty parties may be found. We have lost many valuable officers and men in this contest. Justice demands that if any particular individual or individuals are guilty of inciting the Modocs to war, that he or they should be punished. I am willing if you can delegate to me the authority to aid and assist in the investigation of all the causes and charges which may or can be brought out before the court-martial or board who may be designated to try the prisoners at Fort Klamath. As the representative of the people immediately concerned, and who have suffered most by reason of the war, I feel that justice demands a thorough investigation.

If I can in any way serve the government and people in aiding or assisting the investigation, command my services by telegraph at Fort Jones, California.

Very respectfully yours,
O. K. LUTTRELL,
Member of Third Congressional Dist.

The executive order, dated August 22, 1873, approving the sentence of death of certain Modoc Indian prisoners is hereby modified in the cases of Boncho, alias One-Eyed Jim, and of Slolux, and the sentences in the said cases be commuted to imprisonment for life. Alcatraz Island, Harbor of San Francisco, California, is designated as the place of confinement.

U. S. GRANT, *Pres.*

By order of the Sec. of War,
E. D. Townsend, Adj. General.

General Court-Martial Order, No. 34, War Department, Adj. General Office, Washington, D. C., September 12, 1873. The following orders of the President will be carried into effect under the directions of the Major General, commanding the Division of the Pacific.

HON. C. DELANO,
Secretary of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

The foregoing sentences in the case of Capt. Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley, Boncho, alias One-Eyed Jim, and Slolux, Modoc Indian prisoners, are hereby approved and it is ordered that the sentences in the said cases be carried into execution by the proper military authorities. Under the orders of the Secretary of War, on the third day of October, 1873.

U. S. GRANT, *Pres.*

This is a picture of the Modoc prisoners' children in charge of Mr. A. C. and Mrs. Emaline Tuttle of the Society of Friends. This photo taken at the Quapaw Agency School, Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, about 1874.

REPORT ON CONDITION OF THE MODOC PRISONERS.

BOARD OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS,
Washington, D. C., November 21, 1874.

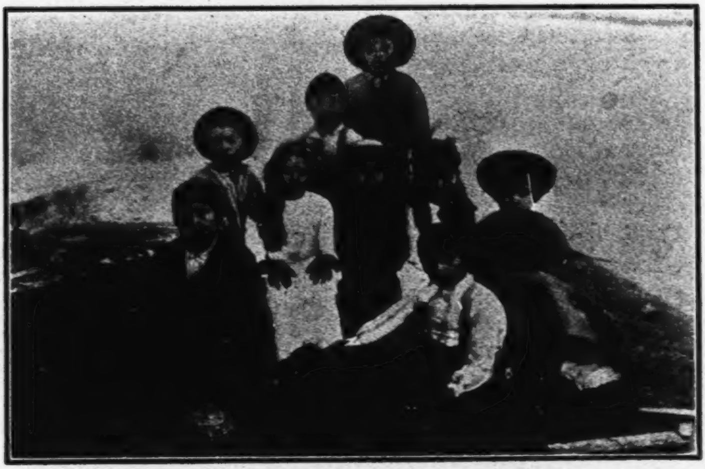
SIR: While in the Indian Territory in company with Col. J. W. Smith, special commissioner of the Indian Department, in September last, I visited the portion of the Modoc tribe of Indians now located in that Territory, and found them in camp near the Quapaw agency headquarters. I learned that a portion of the Shawnee reservation, under that agency, had been obtained by purchase for the permanent home of these Modocs. The Shawnees declined to sell except upon condition that possession was not to be given until the first installment of the purchase-money had been paid, which condition not having been complied with, the Modocs were still at the agency. Funds for that purpose had, however, reached the superintendency, and it was expected the Indians would enter this new reservation during the succeeding week.

The report of Special Agent Jones and of every one about the agency as to the conduct of these people was very encouraging. No difficulty had occurred in enforcing the strictest discipline. The agent had as far as practicable furnished them employment during the season, and had found them willing and energetic in the discharge of every duty.

One instance of friction had occurred in the persistence of some of the members of the band in the practice of gambling, resulting, in some instances, in the disposition of blanket and of every other article of clothing. The chief, Scar-Face Charley, declining to interpose his authority for discontinuing the practice, was deposed, and Bogus Charley appointed.

Twenty-five of the children had been in constant attendance on the school of A. C. Tuttle, in care of the Friends, twelve or fifteen miles distant, and had made unusual progress in the acquisition of the English language and rudiments of education. Several of the adults remaining at the agency had also learned to read during the summer.

In a formal talk, for which every member of the band, male and female, assembled, on the morning of the 23d of September, the expression of satisfaction in their present location and prospects, and of their determination to go to work immediately on their new reservation, and become like white men as rapidly as possible, was hearty and unanimous by the chiefs, and assented to by the entire band.



Some of the Modoc prisoners' children attending the day school at Quapaw Agency.

In the rear, standing to the left: Bert Hood, living. Alva Denny, dead. Willie Stand, Pawnee.

Sitting down, left to right: Jim Kirk, dead. Stella Hood, living. Francis Denny, dead. Edith Johnson, dead. Hazel Clinton, dead.

In the front: James Rhodes Charley, son of Scar Face Charley, dead at the age of 15.

This photo taken about 20 years ago.

On learning of my intended visit to Oregon, and that I might possibly see the remaining portion of the tribe, great solicitude was expressed for the removal of their Oregon brethren to this Territory, and a large number of individual

Indians were desirous immediately to send messages, photographs, and fraternal greeting to their friends in the West.

It was impossible, in the time at my disposal, to visit the Oregon Modocs; but at the instance of the Department in Washington I made inquiries of Agent Dyar and others in respect to their present condition and probable assent to removal, if deemed advisable by the government. I was informed that no objection would probably be interposed on their part. The number now remaining in charge of Agent Dyar at Klamath, men, women, and children, is about one hundred and fifty. The country in which they are located is not favorable to cultivation, and the inclination and habits of the Indians do not lead them to engage in industrial pursuits; nor are they likely to make any advancement in civilization under their present conditions.

The cost of transportation to the Quapaw agency in the Indian Territory, should removal be determined upon, will not be far from $12,000, nearly all of which would be applicable to railroads, the interest of whose bonds are guaranteed by the government, and under existing law the money would not actually be withdrawn from the Treasury.

I respectfully recommend that authority be given by Congress for the removal, and that the amount named be appropriated for the purpose of transportation; also, that the additional sum of $8,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be appropriated for subsistence and defray such incidental expenses as may be incurred.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. H. SMITH, *Indian Commissioner.*

HON. C. B. FISK, *Chairman Indian Committee.*